

# Soldier of Liberty

## Casimir Pulaski

*By Clarence A. Manning*



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## DEDICATION

*To the intrepid Polish Nation, its Valiant Sons, its Honored Dead and its unconquerable spirit which will restore Poland's sovereignty and greatness; To the General Pulaski Memorial Committee which honors that Polish "Soldier of Liberty" who died in the American Revolution to establish the liberties which we cherish; To my friend John A. Pateracki, Founder and President of the Pulaski Committee, this work is respectfully dedicated.*

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## FOREWORD

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Casimir Pulaski gave his life for the cause of American independence. He was one of those rare souls whose selfless devotion becomes a symbol for lovers of freedom everywhere.

Born to wealth and privilege, he sacrificed both in the struggle for the freedom of his native land. He fought always for principles and ideals. He sought no personal advantage, no rewards, and he found none. His life is a story of reverses, defeats, privations and disasters.

He was forced to leave his native land to save the lives of patriots whom he had led in a lost cause, the fight for Polish freedom. He became a fugitive, hounded from one country to another. In France he was thrown into prison for debt. Finally his friends bought his release and he set out for America with the support of Franklin, who recognized his value to the cause of the Revolution. By his ardor and military skill he won the confidence and respect of Washington. He encountered vexation, opposition and discouragement in trying to put his ideas into effect, but with Washington's support he organized an independent cavalry command. At the age of thirty-two he was mortally wounded at the battle of Savannah and did not live to see the victory to which he had contributed.

Our people have never forgotten the services and sacrifice of the young Polish patriot. He might well occupy a still greater place in our history had he been spared for longer and fuller achievement commensurate with his genius and devotion.

Professor Clarence Manning in this timely volume tells a story every American should know. It is peculiarly timely at this moment when Pulaski's countrymen are so worthily carrying on his tradition of gallantry and patriotism, when they have deserved so well and fare so ill in the great holocaust of World War II.

*New York, 1945.*

*Hugh Gibson.*



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## BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

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**I**N the autumn of 1771, the name of Casimir Pulaski was on the lips of every one in Poland. A young man of twenty four, at the head of the rebellious troops of the Confederation of Bar, he had the winter before defended the monastery fortress of Czestochowa against an overwhelming force of Russians and had compelled them to retreat. He had revived the tradition of Polish bravery and military skill. To patriots throughout the country who were chafed and angered by the haughtiness and overbearing actions of the Russian garrisons, he was considered to be the hero of the hour and open and secret friends looked to him as the liberator of his country.

To the supporters of King Stanislas August Poniatowski, the one time lover of the Empress Catherine the Great, his name was anathema. They were forced to admit his ability but they derided his efforts and tried to spread all kinds of rumors to destroy his popularity. Yet they could not help but fear his sudden appearances even in areas more or less remote from the actual scene of operations. They trembled at his skill in sending armed detachments throughout the country and were constantly wondering where he would strike next.

Yet Warsaw itself seemed outside of his possible sphere of influence. There order was firmly maintained by a strong Russian garrison, and the ambassador of Her Majesty, Count Stackelberg, was able amid his card games to keep his fingers upon every passing current of public opinion or of popular manifestation. Here in the city at least it was possible to breathe freely and not to worry about wars and rumors

of wars, about raids and battles, which only upset the beauty and the harmony of life.

Unpleasant subjects easily escaped the attention of the gracious King Stanislas. There was time enough for them in the scanty hours allotted to business and they could not be allowed to disturb the dinners and the conversations and the pastimes of the King and his polished courtiers. The formal informality of the day took no account of the troubles of the land and just as Count Stackelberg could not forego a card game, King Stanislas calmly and fearlessly pursued his routine of giving and attending dinners in the great palaces outside the walls of his capital.

So on the afternoon of November 3, 1771, he honored his uncle, Prince Michael Czartoryski, the Chancellor of the realm, with his august presence. It was only a simple dinner, if the word "simple" can be applied to anything done by these masters of the art of good living, and after a few hours of pleasure and of conversation, where poetry and painting and sculpture were intelligently and gracefully discussed, he summoned his carriage and prepared to return to his palace. About eight thirty in the evening, the royal coach which had long been waiting, dashed up to the door and the King, his adjutant, and a friend entered it. They started without delay and as they vanished from sight, Prince Michael ordered that a supper be prepared. The Czartoryski palace was locked for the night and the stillness of the autumn evening settled down upon the place.

A group of elegantly uniformed heyduks started off before the coach as a guard of honor. They were merely for show, for no one expected any trouble and it was the Russian garrison who would be responsible, if Pulaski and his rebels dared to make a move. Yet what was there to fear? The decrees of the rebels which had announced the deposition of the king were treated as dead letters, even by the rebels themselves. No one had ever raised a hand against King Stanislas. The night was quiet and there was nothing to disturb or interrupt the reverie of the King.

So as he drove along, he ran over in his mind the latest gossip of the day, the latest developments in the field of art, and he indulged to the full his dreams and his meditations. Stanislas was a true king of the eighteenth century. He had the best taste in art and food and women in all Poland. Despite the poverty of the peasants and the political disorder, he could find money for buildings more and more beautiful palaces and public buildings. He was the patron of art and literature. He was interested in a new system of education which promised much for the land, if the Russians allowed it, and as a peaceable soul, he was annoyed and shocked by the outbursts of the self-styled patriots who refused to give him credit for good intentions in his subservience to the Russians and who amused themselves and upset the country with their military forays and ceaseless intrigues.

As King Stanislas drove home through the autumn darkness, there was not even a pretence of military precautions. Part of the heyduks galloped off ahead to reach their barracks the sooner and to go off with their friends for a gay evening. Only two or three remained with the coach to act as outriders and lend an air of dignity to the scene.

Suddenly a disagreeable thing happened. A small Russian patrol appeared very near the palace near what is now the corner of Senatorska and Miodowa Streets. There was a slight altercation when they stopped the leading heyduks and then they gathered up the King's guard and marched them off. It was unpleasant but what of that? The Russian soldiers were the masters of the situation and while it was unusual for them to interfere with His Majesty's own movements and his direct attendants, the King well knew that it was undignified to protest. Stackelberg would not like to have his card game interrupted and Stanislas knew that a direct interference at that hour would only lead to further humiliation. He decided to say nothing and to speak to the ambassador at the first convenient moment.

Then shots rang out and another party of men disguised with masks surrounded the coach. The few heyduks who were

left returned the fire but their resistance was useless. They were sharply outlined against the lights of the carriage and they could not see their assailants. One fell mortally wounded from his horse. The hostile band swept up, seized the heads of the horses and the coach came to a halt.

There was utter confusion and consternation. For an instant the idea flashed through the mind of the King that Pulaski had appeared in Warsaw. There was no time to think or to hesitate. He leaped out into the darkness and started on foot to his uncle's house. In the meanwhile his adjutant had slipped under the coach and was hauled out by the strangers who at first thought that he was the King. The King was overtaken and identified. Resistance was hopeless and with royal grace, he yielded to his captors. He mounted a horse which they had in waiting and went quietly along with them.

He soon realized what had happened. He was not in the hands of the redoubtable Casimir Pulaski but he had been captured by a group of members of the Confederation of Bar who had come to Warsaw to seize him and take him back to the monastery fortress of Czestochowa, there to disavow his Russian connections or to stand trial for treason. The real leader of the enterprise was one Stanislas Strawinski. He was himself in the hands of one Walenty Lukawski. The Cossack patrol which had seized his heyduks was another part of the group and there was a third party following in the rear to escort him to Czestochowa.

The kidnapping had succeeded but precious time had been lost by the King's attempt to escape. The advance guard and the rear guard acted as planned. They did not wait for the actual success or failure of the seizure of the King but they speedily retired to the rendezvous at Bielany about three miles away to the southwest. They reached the appointed spot and waited and waited, but there was no sign of the King. The hours of the night were passing and as dawn broke and rumors of the strange attack could begin to filter through the countryside, they started on their re-



turn. It never entered their heads to look for their missing comrades.

Meanwhile what had happened to the King? He was securely in the hands of the captors and it was a nerve racking experience for a man who had never known any experiences more disagreeable or dangerous than being detected in the apartments of Princess Catherine of Russia by her husband, the future Peter III. That had turned out to be a joke rather than a tragedy and it was all that Stanislas could find as a precedent. Now he was in the hands of determined men who were taking him to the seat of the despised rebels. What could he do? How could he send word to his uncle or to the Polish guards or to the Russians? With the same resignation that he had shown in yielding to the demands of the foreign invaders, and with which he had admitted the Russian armies to his capital, Stanislas August followed his captors without any show of opposition.

The little band started off for the rendezvous. On their way they had to cross a ditch which formed part of an undefended outer ring of fortifications for Warsaw. In the middle of some thick woods, they came unexpectedly upon it and the King's horse stumbled and fell and broke its leg. This was a serious blow. There was no extra horse and no Polish gentleman would go anywhere on foot. A heated discussion followed and still more time was wasted. It was nearly midnight before one of the men dismounted and gave his horse to the King. Then he disappeared in the darkness. The party rode on but they could make no time. The branches of the trees lashed their faces and tore their clothes, but they did not come out upon the expected path. They had lost their way. The captors became still more worried as time passed and they floundered deeper into the apparently endless forest. They listened for the sounds of pursuit for they could not imagine that the absence of the King would not be noticed by some of his attendants and they expected at any moment to be challenged by a detachment of Poles or of Russian Cossacks. One after another

of the group lost heart and vanished into the night. One thought filled every mind. Why had they listened to Strawinski instead of Pulaski? Why had they come against his advice upon this mad adventure? They now realized that Strawinski was no Pulaski, that their leader was not even with the band that had secured the royal captive. They realized that Pulaski always took the post of danger and of responsibility. They remembered the warnings of Pulaski while the plan was under discussion and they cursed their part in it.

Each man thought only of himself, and as man after man sought his own safety, the numbers of the escort diminished until finally the King was left alone with but one captor, a poor devil Kuzma Kosinski. It was very evident that this man intended, come what might, to carry out his undertaking. He alone was fearless and resolute. He told the dismayed King, "I have sworn to my chief, Pan Casimir, to bring you to Czeszochowa and I intend to keep my word."

This gave Stanislas a new idea. "Did you not swear to obey me seven years ago?"

The captor started: "I had forgotten about that."

"Then take me to the mill at Mariemont and all will be forgiven."

From his many hunting trips the King knew well the outskirts of Warsaw and even in the darkness he realized where he was and so he guided his captor to the mill. This was the last straw. They arrived without any incident but Stanislas August was no longer the pattern of fashion that he had been when he left the palace of the Chancellor. His clothes were torn to rags. He had lost his cloak and his shoes. He was covered with blood and scratches from his wild ride, but he was safe and unharmed.

From the mill a messenger galloped back to Warsaw with the amazing news. Colonel Coccei, the commander of the Royal Guards, could scarcely believe the tale, when he heard it a little after dawn. No one had missed the King and all refused to credit the report. No one would believe that such a thing could happen right in Warsaw. Finally

the Colonel was persuaded to investigate the rumor and start out with a body of men and in a few hours he returned with the disheveled monarch.

As Stanislas August entered the palace, he was a tired and bedraggled man but he was greeted with overwhelming joy by the mass of the city's population. With a truly royal gesture, he at once visited the family of the slain heyduk and then he retired to rest and recuperate.

During the wild ride, his mind had concentrated upon one idea that was never again to leave him, that Casimir Pulaski and his associates had deliberately plotted his death. In no uncertain terms he denounced the regicides far and wide throughout Europe. He wrote immediately to France, to Austria, to Saxony, to Prussia and of course to his beloved Catherine of Russia. He used all his social and political connections to spread the story and to turn the episode to his own political advantage.

It never entered his head that there was no evidence for his statements. Why should the murderers, if such they were, have dragged him around all night, through forests and by-ways, and then turned him loose unharmed? If murder had been their goal, they could have wished for no better opportunity. With their identity unknown, with his absence undiscovered, they could easily have killed him in the forest and escaped without a trace. If murder had been their goal, the forest would have been a far better site for the deed than Czystochowa. He was alone with them, unarmed and in their power for an entire night and not one hand had been raised against him. His injuries, slight as they were, had been due to chance and the woods and not to human malice.

Stanislas August refused to see or understand this, just as he obstinately refused to face any of the problems that had confronted him during the seven years of his reign and as he would continue to the end twenty years later. To Stanislas

August with his eighteenth century philosophy, any interference with the rights and habits of a king save by a brother monarch was an attempt at regicide and he acted upon his belief.

There was much of the opera bouffe in the whole episode. It was clearly the work of irresponsible men who had planned without avail and did not know their own spirit or that of their associates. It had none of the earmarks of the skilful planning and execution of Casimir Pulaski in all of his undertakings. It lacked any definite idea of political or military importance. It could have been disastrous, even if it had met with full success.

Yet that kidnapping exercised a tremendous influence on the history of two continents. It doomed the Confederation of Bar. It shattered the sympathy and respect of Europe for the Confederate noblemen fighting for the liberty of the ancient Polish Republic. It touched off the first division of the country, for it seemed to the hostile and intriguing enemies of the Polish state that a new spirit was abroad in the land, a more dangerous agitation which might drive patriotic Poles to any act, however rash and ill-considered, a more active national sense, and that it was necessary to destroy the country before the patriotic elements were aroused and it was too late. It threw the King into more utter dependence upon Catherine and her Russian armies and isolated him more surely from all independent Poles who might oppose his policies.

It was even more important for Casimir Pulaski. He had been surrounded by a halo of charm. He had become for Europe a legendary figure of a knight errant fighting for the cause of Polish liberty. Now through no fault of his own, because all the evidence shows that he had opposed the undertaking and insisted upon the safety of the king's life, he was branded throughout Europe as a regicide and murderer and a foe of the established order in Poland and in Europe.

His career was blighted. His armies were overwhelmed by public sentiment even more than by hostile troops. A patriot and a gentleman, he was cast out of his native land as a murderer and a bandit, and he was started on that path of wandering that was to bring him to his death eight years later at the battle of Savannah, Georgia, in the New World as a Brigadier General in the Army of the United States of America, and thereby make him a hero of the American people in their struggle for liberty and independence.



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## CHAPTER ONE

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### POLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

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**I**N the eighteenth century Poland was but a shadow of her former self. She still retained a nominal control over the territory that she had won some centuries before but in many areas it was purely nominal. Crushed between the growing military despotisms of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the unfortunate state floundered along its inglorious course. No part of the population seemed aware of the consequences of their own actions or cared to devote much thought to the realities of the present or the dangers of the future. A casual observer would almost imagine that here was a people fired only with the desire of committing suicide.

What was the condition of the country? There was little or no central authority. The king was powerless to do good, although he was free to do ill and to inflict irreparable injuries upon the state. The system of government perpetuated the worst abuses of the mediaeval period and neglected or denied all those provisions which had once mitigated the defects of the constitution and had allowed the development of a powerful state. The cities and the towns were losing every year in population and influence. There was little or no commerce and less desire to have any, for the nobles who controlled the state thought it beneath their dignity even to attend to their own financial affairs and left everything of a business nature in the hands of the Jews. The foreign policy was abandoned to the ambassadors of the neighboring countries of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Saxony and France to handle as suited the best interests of their own lands. It was evident everywhere except in Warsaw that their one policy was to keep Poland weak until such

a time as one or another of the competing lands could absorb the entire country for its own benefit.

Gone were those days when Poland in her own right and for her own interests controlled the whole of eastern Europe from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Gone were those days when a Polish King could dream of sitting in the Kremlin of Moscow. Gone were those days when the incomparable Polish cavalry under King Jan Sobieski had delivered at Vienna the crushing blow against the Turks which had freed Europe from the menace of Islam. Those times were past and the story of Polish greatness on the field of battle hardly lived even in memory. The people, if they thought at all, remembered the sacking of Warsaw by the Russians and the Swedes, the defeats of the Polish armies, the national disasters, and with an almost unanimous agreement, they decided that since war and especially unsuccessful war was the most terrible of national misfortunes, it was better for Poland to be the battleground for the armies of her neighbors than it was to stand and fight in her own defence. Decade after decade foreign armies crossed Polish soil, sacked Polish cities, plundered the villages, and met with no organized resistance, while the Polish government prided itself upon its peaceful policy.

The army was neglected. Its numbers shrank to insignificance and even this small force was used more for show and parades than for action. It had beautiful uniforms but no equipment. There were no factories for war supplies, there were no arsenals or depots of any size. Its morale sank until it was freely admitted that a dozen Russian Cossacks could meet and scatter a hundred soldiers of the Polish regular army and run no personal danger. Frederick the Great of Prussia looked and grinned, convinced of the un-military character of Poland, while Maria Theresa smiled in her own sweet way and pondered what profit she could draw from her neighbor's weakness.

The Kings Augustus II and Augustus III were foreigners, and Kings of Saxony. They rarely visited their domains in



Poland and cared only for the financial and honorary perquisites which they received from it. They regarded its needs and its problems only as they affected their own lands and they used their post and influence for the same purposes as did the ambassadors of the other intriguing powers.

The Diet tolerated all this. There were countless speeches as to the greatness of the country. There were loud demands for a regeneration of the national spirit but at the first proposal that something be done, some member would utter the fateful words, *Nie pozwolam*, "I do not allow it," and the law of unanimity was at once invoked, the session adjourned and every one went to his home with the firm assurance that the problem had been solved and that the old constitution had been preserved together with the rights of the members.

The magnates dominated the scene. Members of a few great families with thousands of acres to support them and with dozens and hundreds of estates, they lived a life of ease and pleasure. They indulged their hobbies and their whims and did not realize that there was such a thing as a self-sacrificing patriotism that subjected personal profit to the common good. Their homes and palaces were miniature courts with hundreds of noble retainers and thousands of servants. They maintained private armies with magnificent and ornate uniforms for show but few among them sought to train these men for any practical purposes, and none of them dreamed of putting them at the service of the state in time of foreign invasion. They sought rather to outshine the court of Versailles in its gaiety and frivolity.

The clan spirit ruled among these men, and certain groups stood out sharply for their wealth and their importance. Foremost of all was the Family, the Czartoryski clan, with their estates in all parts of the Republic. Honors and wealth flowed in upon them, as they consciously strove to be the decisive factor in the country. To secure this position they were not above accepting presents from Russia and carrying out the policy of that country in return. Opposed

to them were the Potockis, but to support their bitter hatred of the Family, they willingly cooperated with Saxony and its French allies. Then there were the Radziwills in the north, the real rulers of Lithuania, who sought their own hegemony in special regions.

So lived the magnates, but many of them were not negligible figures. They had the wealth and the time to be independent and as they indulged their whims, they showed themselves no weaklings. Take for example Prince Karol Radziwill, always nicknamed, Panie Kochanko, My Dear Sir, for thus he addressed every noble whom he chanced to meet and he met no other people. As a child, he had learned to read by shooting out an alphabet set up on targets, and in adult life, amid feasts and entertainments which cost thousands of dollars, he would hunt for days in the coldest winter weather without gloves. He was a splendid horseman and remained so until the end of his life. Such a man was no weakling and though he was scarcely a great asset to his country he remained a potential threat to all who differed with him.

Below these magnates ranked the szlachta, the lesser nobles, jealous of the wealth of the magnates but ever ready to depend upon them and receive the crumbs and loaves that fell from their tables. They filled the local diets, they controlled the national assemblies, and they stood stubbornly for their honor and their sacred right of the liberum veto whereby any member could annul the proceedings of any legislative gathering. Often poorly educated and always turbulent, they made Poland the joke among the neighboring empires and blocked all practical plans of social reform.

Below them again were the peasants, serfs on the estates of the magnates and the szlachta. They had no rights but to work and pay taxes and what scanty property they secured was plundered again and again by the invading armies.

The chief excitement in the country and the only method for the accomplishment of any political change lay in the Confederations and these were nothing but a challenge to

civil war. Once a diet had been dissolved, the advocates of any policy, whether it were good or bad, would solemnly meet and form a Confederation. With many oaths and much ceremony, they would set forth their program, lead out their armies, and promise to risk their lives and their sacred honor to carry through what they decided. It was an awesome and threatening procedure and a visitor to Poland was always sure that a civil war was impending which would bring down the state in final ruin.

It did not happen. Discords would arise among the Confederates, there would be questions of supremacy and rank, and the Confederations usually went the way of the diets. There were few occasions when the test of battle was finally invoked. The leaders on both sides had their palaces in Warsaw, they attended the same balls and parties, and hardly any political questions were important enough to hold their attention long. In fact Poland was remarkably peaceable. Few of the country houses were ever plundered. Little blood was shed. During the period when civil war was constantly in the air, crimes of violence were of rare occurrence. There was a really orderly conduct and it seemed as if the whole political turmoil was but a show to lull the minds of the people to sleep and to attract attention away from the steadily growing shadow of foreign domination. Everything was done to prevent men from realizing the aggressions of the neighboring empires who were day by day increasing their insults and extending their demands.

The arts flourished. The magnates might have little formal education. They might barely be able to read and write (a secretary could always do it for them, while their own scrawl would be preserved in the family archives). Yet they traveled abroad. They brought with them from France masterpieces of art and all that was best and most costly. They acquired a real taste for good living and scattered money on native and foreign artists of the highest quality. Nowhere, perhaps not even in France, was there more intelligent discussion of the cultural problems of the day,

more exquisite connoisseurs of art and architecture and painting and gardens.

With it all, the Church was the most powerful institution in the land. The bishops were themselves magnates and often worldly to a fault. They were the brothers and the cousins of the men who were leading the state along the path of irresponsibility. It was in vain that the Papal nuncios begged and commanded them to take their duties seriously and to initiate reforms. They casually refused, for they could not be bothered. Yet the hold of the Church upon magnate and peasant alike was unshaken. Every magnate had his own chaplain whom he honored, if he did not obey. Every magnate was most happy to obey the general laws of the Church and to oppose Her enemies. Hence they objected to the Russians and the Orthodox religion. They were hostile to the Schismatics or the Russian Orthodox living within the borders of the state. They were a little more tolerant to the Uniats of the eastern part of the country, because at least they acknowledged the Papacy, but they had no use for the Protestants who were largely German and who could always secure the support of Prussia in their desire to make trouble in the land.

Finally in 1764 at the death of Augustus II, the Family, the Czartoryskis, elected to the throne their nephew Stanislas August Poniatowski, a former lover of Catherine the Great. In fact she placed him on the throne, for it was her ambassador, Prince Nikolay Vasilyevich Repnin, who called and arranged and manipulated the elections. It was he who controlled the bribery and the cajolery and the threats, and it was his troops which dominated the election and completed the discomfiture of the Potockis and the Saxon party. The election of Stanislas was a still more unconcealed domination by the Russian power and the progressive demoralization of the Polish body politic.

Yet there were portents of a coming storm. The careful observer could detect changes beneath the surface. For example the Piarist priest, Stanislas Konarski, had established

in Warsaw in 1740 the Collegium Nobile, a new type of school for the children of the magnates and upper szlachta, where they could learn something of the modern world as against the antiquated mediaeval schools which had not changed except for the worse in many centuries. It was a little thing but with each year there came out of the Collegium Nobile a few young men who stood apart from the meaningless political struggle and who desired something better for their country than national dishonor. More and more these men demanded the ending of the outrageous liberum veto, they demanded that ideas and customs of civilized European government as it was then understood be introduced into Poland, and that the nation reject its old attitude of disordered liberty and slavish submission to a foreign land.

Yet how could they hope to achieve their goal? There were Russian garrisons in Warsaw and in the other principal cities of the country. The King had had to promise to maintain the old constitution, and Catherine, in her benevolence and love for Polish liberty, had promised to use her power to preserve the worst abuses of the old system. The young reformers and idealists felt that they had small hope of success, unless something should happen to eliminate these promises of Catherine but none of them could even suggest the first step.

There was then a real political and ideological struggle between that part of the magnates and szlachta who cared little for political reform but who felt in moments of irritation the dishonor of the country in its political helplessness and wanted to revivify the old system, and the newer group who insisted upon reforms, even if they involved for a brief period the acceptance of more foreign control. . . . It was a hard choice, for with every step forward there came a strengthening of the Russian grip upon the land, and when the King and the Czartoryskis began to accept some of the new ideas, their enemies threw up at them their subservience

to Russia and in turn began to drift with the Potockis to an acceptance of the Saxon position.

On which side were the real patriots? Which party represented the best interest of the country? It was hard to say. Meanwhile the hunts and the balls continued and in Warsaw and the neighboring capitals, the diplomats continued to play cards and carry on the old intrigues on behalf of their own governments. Poland was indeed living on borrowed time and only because of the mutual jealousies and greed of her imperialistic enemies. If and when they settled their feuds, her doom was sealed. Meanwhile the plots, the intrigues, the confederations, the diets continued. Who cared?

Yet salvation could only be achieved by a definite change of spirit at home. What could a new school do against the armed forces of Russia and Prussia and Austria? What could a lackadaisical confederation and a diet dissolved by the liberum veto accomplish against the same overwhelming force? The Polish people had again to become conscious of their own power and for this they needed a hero worthy of the Polish tradition. They needed some one ready to fight and die in reality for the Polish name, some one to call them to the struggle and lead them in it.

Where could he be found? Who would risk his property and his life in a desperate struggle against the foreign invaders? Was it worth the danger? Would that man accomplish his object or would he merely add to the problem? Would his appearance be the signal for the final blow? Would his task be aided by some mistake of the hostile neighbors who would themselves overplay their hand and shock even the placid Polish public opinion by some new insult which would penetrate the minds and hearts of all the people and rouse them to a desperate move?

It was hard to say and as the magnates and the szlachta talked and argued, as the reformers and idealists worked and wrote, there was no answer. Yet it was abundantly evident that Poland could not survive without a real hero. His appearance might ruin everything but it was the only chance.

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## CHAPTER TWO

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### THE YOUNG CASIMIR

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THE man who was to answer these questions and for the first time in a century to bring glory upon Polish arms was Casimir Pulaski. By the time he was twenty one, he was to defeat the Russians in several battles and by the time he was twenty four, he was to have a European reputation as a sincere patriot and a hard and resourceful fighter. Once again it was possible for the Poles to lift up their heads and to proclaim to the world that their national valor was not dead and that the state amid its confusion still had men who were willing to fight and die for their country.

Who was this young man? As we might suspect, he did not spring from a family that was progressive and modern. He was not one of the products of the newer school of idealists and thinkers who clustered around the court and recruited their members from Poles who were well known abroad from their travels in Western Europe. Quite the contrary. Casimir Pulaski with his stubborn pride and his disregard of personal safety came from the ranks of the *szlachta* who, with all their turbulence, still counted among their number the majority of the men who were willing to risk their all for a definite cause.

Casimir Pulaski was the second son of one of the richest of the *szlachta* and was born on March 4, 1757 on the family estates of Winiary, in south central Poland, somewhat to the southwest of the capital city of Warsaw. His home was in the province of Mazowia, one of the most fertile and beautiful parts of the country, where the Polish spirit was less in-

fluenced by the distractions and allurements of contemporary politics.

We know little of his early education but we can well suppose that it was under the direct influence of his father, Josef Pulaski, and his mother Marjanna, née Zielinska. It was undoubtedly a carefree childhood but from his early years he was made acquainted with the difficulties of his country, for the father had had a prominent, if not too glorious, role in many of the events of recent years, and the family had maintained a fairly consistent anti-Russian attitude since the battle of Kalisz in which the young boy's grandfather had been killed.

Josef was born in 1704, shortly before the death of his father and had been brought up by his mother in the traditional Polish way of the middle szlachta. He had acquired perhaps more than a smattering of the classics and then he had drifted into the profession of lawyer and became a client of the Czartoryski family, although he had always maintained a certain amount of independence. Such a profession of which it was said in the stilted language of the day that with a sword enfeebled by peace he sharpened the goose-quill pen of his patron, was not held in too much respect by the great magnates of the day.

The latter sought rather to satisfy their own individual whims and looked with disfavor upon such men as Josef but they found them highly convenient in many of the troubled situations which they made for themselves. Lawyers were handy, if it became necessary to satisfy in the courts their claims against other magnates or if they wanted to draw up some statement to read at one of the numerous diets and confederations. Josef early won his spurs in such cases and he was richly rewarded. As early as 1732 he was made the starosta or mayor of Warta for services to the Czartoryski family and many were the honors and the properties that he received during the following years.

In 1736 he married Marjanna Zielinska, also an heiress in her own right, from the province of Lomza. Backed by



his own not inconsiderable fortune and also by her dowry and her possessions, he rose rapidly up the ladder of social well being.

By 1754, in the grandiloquent manner of the day, he could sign himself—Josef Pulaski in Pulaz, Kostry, Grabowo, Jeruzal, Dolecko, etc., court secretary of the crown, starosta of Warta, Swidnik, Mszczonow, master of Nowosielce, Sapohow, Wichrad, Niemojowscy, etc. All this was his formal title and he owned fourteen cities and 108 villages located in the provinces of Podlasie, Mazowia, Kalisz, Podol, Wolyn, and Braclaw. In addition he controlled the enormous properties of his wife and he could add to his list of titles the control of all of those towns and villages which he had secured on life tenure or by advancing loans to needy magnates and szlachta. The troubled system of Polish politics had certainly paid Josef Pulaski well and he could feel that his legal and political career had certainly brought him a fortune and that he had done better than most in amassing wealth from his country's weaknesses.

Yet with his concentration on politics and financial aggrandizement, he realized also the problems of the military defence of Poland, and devoted a great deal of time and energy to formulating plans for the reform of the Polish army. He himself had at one time been the companion of the ensign of the Royal Hussars and he had dabbled in the military attempt of Leszczynski to make himself king of Poland. He spoke at almost every diet on the need of military reforms but of course he was doomed to failure and amused his companions by his impassioned pleas for the restoration of the Polish military virtues.

Such were the public activities of Josef Pulaski but at home on his estate at Winiary where his family spent most of its time, he had an almost idyllic home life. His wife bore him eight children, three sons and five daughters, and (a remarkable thing for the period) all of them lived to grow up. There were Franciszek (born in 1745), two years older than Casimir, and Antoni (born in 1752), five years

younger than his more famous brother. Of the girls Josefa married Marcin Slawoszewski, Joanna married Atanazy Walewski, Paulina married Antoni Suffczynski and Malgorzata married Adam Skilski. The oldest child of all, Anna, later became a nun in the Convent of the Canon Sisters at Marywil near Warsaw. The three sons and the daughters and their husbands all remained closely connected in one Pulaski clan which steadily increased in power and which worked together and shared good and bad fortune with one another.

All this points to the happy and normal childhood which Casimir and his brothers lived. It was an almost ideal existence for a young child and the customs of the day prescribed that children should not be overburdened with discipline and education. From their parents they could imbibe a point of view on the social manners and customs but there was plenty of good and active exercise in the open air, many objects of diversion around the one-storied manor house with its spreading wings and near by were the villages with the homes of the retainers and the peasants, and the innumerable barns and outbuildings of the estate.

Everything possible was done to make life pleasant for the children. At every season of the year there were the special rites and customs of the Church and still more the traditional ceremonies connected with each in a true Polish household. There were special ceremonies on Midsummer Night, on the leading holy days, and in general the timeless existence was closely knit with the ecclesiastical life and the patriotic celebrations.

From this delightful home Josef would go up to the capital and the local diets and we can well believe that on his return with new laurels and new wealth, he brought back also a despairing feeling that all this was not enough and that Poland needed a definitely new system of administration.

At first the children thought little of it. From the time when they were old enough to sit in the saddle, there was an abundance of horses for their pleasure, and as they grew

older, the boys could ride over to other estates and join their comrades of like age in the balls and entertainments that were the habitual pastimes of the Polish countryside. From his earliest days horses fascinated Casimir and he became an expert and daring rider. This brought with it the sports of hunting and shooting, and Casimir Pulaski at a very early age was recognized in all manly sports as a natural leader.

There is perhaps less to be said of his mental development. He had received some early instruction from governesses and tutors at home, and then he was sent to the parochial school in the neighboring town of Warta. The curriculum was extremely limited and formal and we can be sure that a boy who was already more interested in horses and the outdoor world than in study profited very little by the dry as dust methods of instruction in a small Polish town.

For a more formal education it was necessary for the boy to go to Warsaw and so when he was eleven or twelve years old, his father took him to the capital and entered him in the School of the Teatyni Fathers. This was a school maintained by the foreign order of the Teatyni and it made a strong bid for the sons of prominent men who were far more interested in advancing their sons socially than intellectually.

At the time the best school in Warsaw was the Collegium Nobile which had been founded by Stanislas Konarski and from which there were to come the leaders of the Polish thought during the next quarter century. It was more or less patronized by the Czartoryskis and it might have seemed that Josef who was well above the average in intelligence and a humanist of a peculiar sort would have sent his son to this institution.

There were apparently political reasons for his avoidance. In 1754 King Augustus III had turned his favor away from the Czartoryskis who became a sort of opposition. Josef used the opportunity to break with his former patron, August Czartoryski. He denounced the arbitrary acts of the Family

and instead of joining closely with the Potocki faction, he practically withdrew from active life and remained more or less steadily at his home in Winiary.

When it came time for his son to enter a Warsaw school, he picked out for him one that was practically and socially unobjectionable but which was not noted for its strict discipline or for its high standards. Perhaps he felt also that Casimir was not naturally a scholar and he thought that he would be happier in a school where activity took precedence over study and where the rules were none too strict.

At the School of the Teatyni, the boys lived in private quarters in the city and were not hampered by restrictions upon their comings and goings. Out of the vague curriculum they chose only such subjects as they desired and then studied only as the fancy struck them. What were the subjects? There were French and Italian, to familiarize the boys with the two social languages of the day, the one the speech of diplomacy and society, the other the language used in Rome by the high dignitaries of the Papal court. Elocution and oratory were included, for they were necessary if the young gentleman was to play his part in the local diets and the larger meetings of the gentry. They were ostensibly the key to political advancement, although every one recognized that a good knowledge of the proper way to distribute bribes and perquisites gave a more secure career. Then to round out the picture, the students had the opportunity to study dancing, good manners, and the art of carrying on such social correspondence as might befit a gentleman in his more formal and his lighter moments.

It is easy to see the kind of a man turned out by this school. He was a gentleman of the eighteenth century, well equipped to move in a polished and frivolous society but hardly a man to answer the call of duty or to put the state above his own desires for pleasure and enjoyment.

There are no records of the grades which Casimir received in this school and no statements as to his scholarly successes. We would not be far wrong, if we pictured him not as a

student but as a young adolescent enjoying to the full the friends of his own age whom he met in a gay and frivolous capital where balls and parties and entertainments of every kind were the order of the day. He undoubtedly kept away from the more serious intellectual circles of Warsaw which were by no means on a low plane and he was another of the almost countless scions of the szlachta and magnates who were living to the full and enjoying every moment of their time.

When he had completed his course at the school of the Teatyni, his father planned to give him further training as a courtier. The obvious place for this would have been at the court of Poland but the King much preferred to live at Dresden and not to embroil himself with the situation at Warsaw. Josef did not want to see his son brought too much under the Dresden influence and so he sent him to Prince Karl of Courland at Mitau.

The situation there was decidedly abnormal. Courland was a part of the Polish crown lands but a Duke of Courland had married a Russian and for many years the province was in the anomalous position of being ruled by a Russian Duke under the King of Poland. The result was a strong Russianizing policy and there was little that the weak Poland could do but assert its formal rights to the province and allow the Russians to do with it what they would. As a last gesture King Augustus III took advantage of the fall of Biron into disfavor at St. Petersburg and sent his son Karl to administer the province.

It was a situation that called for a strong hand and a clever head. Karl had neither. He was an amiable and agreeable young man, fond of dancing and all kinds of pleasure and much averse to being bothered by serious political affairs. Yet his personal charm was such that he had convinced a large group of influential and anti-Russian Poles that he was the destined savior of the country, that he would succeed to the crown of his father and that under his rule

Poland would reform and resume a dignified place among the nations.

What was more natural than that Casimir should be sent to his court? It was a wise move. If Karl did become King, the fact that Casimir had been a courtier with him as a young man would certainly advance the fortunes of the Pulaski family. He could hope to be in the inner circle of the friends of the King and the opportunistic old lawyer realized what that would mean in financial and social prestige. There was little to lose. If Karl did not become king, there would be no proscriptions and Casimir could live quietly on one of the estates, become another one of the Polish gentlemen, enjoy a good life and come out into public affairs or engage in political work just as he wished.

Yet the atmosphere of Mitau was hardly the air for a young man of the type of Casimir to breathe. He could enjoy the festivities that were going on whenever Karl was in residence, for the young prince spent most of his time traveling to St. Petersburg and Warsaw and Karlsbad. The main attraction that drew him back to his post was the beautiful Franciszka Krasinska, the daughter of the starosta of Nowe Miasto. Franciszka was as brilliant intellectually and as ambitious for her native country as she was lovely to look at. Karl became completely enamored of her and married her without the consent of his father. As a result the marriage was considered morganatic in Dresden and for many years Franciszka was not allowed to enter Saxony. Yet she remained true to her husband and never lost hope that some day he would be King and she Queen of Poland.

Casimir met her there. Perhaps he had been one of her pages and he felt for her all the worship and adoration that a boy of fifteen can feel for a young woman of nineteen. It was the nearest to a love affair that he was ever to know. It was worship from a distance, the bowing down before a beautiful idol and this adoration took the place of everything for the young Casimir.

He attracted very little attention at court but it was

here that he first turned his interests in riding and outdoor life to subjects that were directly connected with war. A contemporary who came to serve with him remarked that his favorite pastimes were to practice shooting with a pistol, to wrestle with any one strong, to practice various stunts in horsemanship and to play cards all night long. The same man tells us that he was extremely temperate in the use of liquor and women. Every detail agrees with the later life of Casimir Pulaski and we can be very sure that the six months which he spent at Mitau were among the most important formative influences of his life.

As he busied himself with these sports, he could not fail to become painfully aware of the weakness of his country. The influence of Catherine the Great was more than apparent. She was obviously trying to force Karl out of Courland with the avowed intention of replacing him with Biron, whom the Empress Elizabeth had deposed.

To meet the threat, Karl had only a few Polish boys and officers around him and absolutely no military or political backing and the Czartoryskis in their opposition to the King of Poland were determined that he would receive none. The Russian resident Simolin with several battalions of Russian troops controlled the city and without allowing a battle with the followers of Prince Karl, he simply blockaded him in his palace, he prevented supplies from being brought in and without firing a shot or doing any violence, he subjected Karl to a series of humiliating insults.

The situation was rapidly becoming impossible and in response to the repeated urgings of Prince Karl, the Polish government sent a commissioner general, Tadeusz Lipski, to investigate the situation. In February 1762, he arrived and on February 11, he wrote to Count Mnischez, "There is no day, when the rebels or the Muscovites or Simolin or Biron do not commit some new violence against the rights of majesty, and I, since I do not have the soldiers for whom I asked, cannot oppose them. If you do not permit us to have our Confederation with His Majesty, if you do not use the

proper means for this, if you do not cooperate with other powers, especially Turkey, I am certain that we will lose not only Courland and Semigallia, but the whole Polish Low Countries, and perhaps Lithuania."

Nothing was done. Oh, yes! A detachment of forty horsemen were sent to protect Prince Karl against several battalions of Russian troops. Apparently there was a slight altercation, when they insisted upon entering the palace instead of allowing themselves to be turned back peacefully and everyone was surprised when a single Polish dragoon dared to face a group of Muscovite soldiers. Yet there was little more than a show of resistance and the little band was treated with amused disdain by the Russians.

All this galled Casimir. His stubborn pride rebelled at the contempt with which his beloved Karl and Franciszka were treated by the Russians. He grasped every opportunity to study Russian organization and tactics and he used his time to good result. Whatever may have been his feelings when he came to Mitau, he apparently was fully convinced that a great struggle was imminent between the two countries. He could not fail to hear the proposals that were made, for none of them rested on the recovery of Polish rights by Polish arms alone.

Some of the leaders urged that the neighboring countries be incited against Russia and that an army of two thousand Poles be sent to Mitau. It was an impracticable procedure for there were not the men in the Polish army. Others urged Karl to visit Frederick the Great of Prussia and secure an army of five thousand men to rescue the Polish territories and work for a grand alliance against Russia. It was equally evident that if Prussian troops marched in, they would remain and the condition of Poland would be no better. By the end of March the Polish commissioner could sum up the situation by saying that he would rather bear the yoke of slavery incurred through the fortunes of war as a man and a hero than as an ox or an ass becudgelled by the stick of a Muscovite baba (woman).



Casimir could and did echo these sentiments. He was only about fifteen but he was treated as an adult and he felt the responsibilities of a grown man. He felt himself a representative of Poland and he blushed with shame at the pusillanimous policy of his country. Yet he was convinced that Karl was doing the best that he could and he never changed his mind.

The situation was solved in the traditional way. The King determined not to force the issue of Polish sovereignty but to maintain it in word and sacrifice it in deed. He recalled Karl from Mitau and with him went Franciszka Krasinska and all of their court including Casimir Pulaski.

He returned to his home in Winiary. His education was finished. He had seen little or no military service. He had taken part in no battle but he had had an unparalleled opportunity to study Russian methods and Russian character. He had gained an ideal of what Poland should be and he determined to do his best to bring his vision into action. Back home, his father too felt keenly this new disgrace to the Polish King and the Polish reputation, but the time was not ripe for action. Life went on at Winiary but in the Pulaski family the sufferings of Poland and the need for a revived army were emphasized. Patriotism replaced personal ambition. Petty questions of law and of personal profit receded into the background and father and son thought earnestly of the situation.

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## CHAPTER THREE

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### THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY CROSS

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IN 1763 Augustus III died and again the Polish throne became vacant. It was the signal for a new outburst of international intrigue. The partisans of Prince Karl expected that he would be elected and that the crown would remain in the Saxon dynasty. Catherine the Great had other ideas and so did the Czartoryskis. They hoped that one of the members of their own clan would be the new sovereign. Catherine sent Prince Repnin with a large army and still larger funds to be used in bribery to run the election. It was a flagrant interference with the rights of Poland, but by force and chicanery, by dispersing the electoral gathering and by postponing the actual election, Repnin had his way. The Czartoryskis were compelled to give up their candidacy but Catherine selected as the next king Stanislas August Poniatowski, one of their nephews and her former lover. Her will was law and Stanislas was duly elected.

Josef Pulaski and his three sons, Franciszek, Casimir, and Antoni came up to the elections. He played a very inconspicuous role in the events, he made no speeches, and apparently was chiefly interested in introducing his oldest son Franciszek to various influential leaders in the hope of launching him on a political career. The young men took part in the general festivities but that was all.

After it was over, the family returned to Winiary to resume their lives as Polish gentlemen living in retirement on their estates. Riding and hunting and entertainments crowded the days but there was a new undercurrent of seri-

ousness. It was abundantly evident that the new King would be but wax in the hands of the Russians. Each reform that he and his friends advocated was but tightening the fetters with which Catherine was binding the unfortunate country. Every elimination of a minor evil only seemed to increase the greater ills of the day and Josef became more and more disgusted with the reformers who were busied with every task except that of strengthening the Army and putting the country in a condition to defend itself.

Then came the last straw. In 1766 Prince Repnin forced through the Diet by order of Catherine a bill conferring equal rights upon the Dissidents, the Orthodox and the Protestants within the Republic of Poland. This was a highly progressive measure in the mind of the liberals of the eighteenth century but it was a bold slap at the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church which was equated in the minds of the people with Polish independence. The result was as Prince Repnin had planned. Furious discontent was aroused in the country and the resulting protest alienated the sympathy of Protestant countries like England and Prussia from the patriotic movement in Poland. On the other hand, Repnin encouraged the nobles to form the Confederation of Radom and protest against the new measure. Any club was good enough to beat the unfortunate country, especially since Catherine's one purpose was to ruin Poland and to disintegrate its government in every possible way.

The nobles fell blindly into the trap and with them went Josef Pulaski. He hurried up to Warsaw and offered his services to the leaders of the Confederation at Radom as Counselor. It was a forlorn hope and he very soon saw that he and his friends had been tricked, but this time the aged lawyer was not going to be silenced. As meeting after meeting took place and nothing constructive happened, he became more and more exasperated. Finally on August 15, he spoke out plainly to Prince Repnin and denounced him to his face. This was too much for the Russian ambassador, and he told the defiant Poles, "I will come to the Diet with

15,000 troops and the Diet will have to do what the Dissidents wish, with the protection of Her Majesty."

Pulaski replied, "One hundred thousand are too few, for a free people, citizens zealous for their faith and freedom, will come to such courage and desperation, that all will be ready for their faith and freedom to shed their blood and lay down their lives."

The interview ended with a scuffle in which Repnin kicked Pulaski but friends separated the two men and there were no untoward results of the encounter. It had gone beyond the conventional quarreling of the day but neither the King nor Repnin paid any attention to the words of the old lawyer. To them he was merely another opportunist who had lost his temper and they did not dream that Josef was thinking of acting up to his bold defiance of the Russians. There was no attempt to arrest him and he continued to live in the palace of Bishop Soltyk and busy himself with the growing opposition to the Russian rule.

Words were passing into action. Slowly but surely the leaders came to understand that war was the only solution of the problem. Some of the nobles toyed with the idea of starting a revolt in the Province of Podol near the Turkish border. They revived the idea that had been advanced some years before at Mitau of securing the aid of Turkey in the enterprise, for Turkey was the only neighbor who was not desirous of annexing any Polish territory. They knew that Turkey and Russia were not friendly and it seemed very simple to them to create an alliance by which Russia would be attacked in two directions simultaneously. Likewise they sought aid from France and despatched Bishop Krasinski of Kamieniec to Paris to look for help and supplies from Louis XV.

Yet with all these plans, there was still a great deal of hesitation and it seemed quite possible that the patriotic enthusiasm of the leaders would be dissipated in endless talk and waiting for some foreign power to come to the as-

sistance of the stricken country. Many of the magnates were not prepared to jeopardize their estates and they were trying to win by diplomacy what they did not dare to undertake in the field.

This hesitation and delay infuriated Pulaski. He was no longer the opportunistic lawyer but a man determined to force the issue here and now. From his vantage point in the Palace of Bishop Soltyk, he was well informed of all the proposals that were being made, of the notes that were being written, and he determined to use this knowledge to create a situation where there would be no alternative but war.

Early in December he suddenly resigned his post as a counselor to the opposition noblemen and departed hurriedly for his home in Winiary. Even then no one suspected what was actually in his mind and perhaps he himself was none too sure of his own course of action.

He was now sixty four years old and was a man without any real military experience. He had argued for years for the foundation of a real Polish army and he had seen his ideas ridiculed and neglected by every one. Now he determined to build one himself. Perhaps Casimir, at twenty, had already seen more of armies and war than had his father but it made no difference to Josef.

We probably will never know exactly why he suddenly took the responsibility of leadership upon himself. Perhaps it was a misunderstanding of military science. Perhaps it was a firm religious conviction amounting to almost an obsession that God would not allow the cause of the Church to be defeated and that he, himself, was a chosen person to bring earthly deliverance to his country.

Once again at home at Winiary, Josef fired his sons with his own enthusiasm, he dropped his legal work, and commenced the formation of a secret conspiracy and the preparations for a private army to head the revolt. For the next couple of months, he worked incessantly. His estates were well scattered throughout Poland and he was thus able to

send his emissaries, chiefly his three sons, into all parts of the land and appeal to landowners whom he could trust.

He was especially eager to get control of those private supplies of guns and powder that were stored on so many of the great estates, where the private armies had been maintained only for show. These were the one source in Poland from which equipment could be secured. It was hopeless in the beginning to dream of placing orders in France or Austria or Prussia. His plot would have been detected by the Russian agents who could easily confiscate the supplies as they crossed the border into Poland. But with the confused state of the country, he could reasonably hope to bring together the cannon and the powder that was already in private hands. It seemed a mad plan to challenge the entire power of Russia with such scanty resources but Josef was superbly indifferent to the dangers and the risks that he was running.

Even this was not enough. Josef wanted a definite religious coloring to the entire movement. He wanted to set out on a definite crusade for the Faith and he wanted to do it in such a manner that no one could mistake his purpose. He turned therefore to a Carmelite priest, Father Mark Jandolowicz, who lived at his home and the two decided to establish a military order of chivalry, quite in the style of the long past Middle Ages. About Christmas, 1767, the details of this order took shape in the mind of the old lawyer and then in a solemn service in his private chapel before Father Jandolowicz, Josef Pulaski, his three sons, and a nephew took the most solemn oaths that they would never forsake the cause of their country and their religion and would be prepared to sacrifice their lives for these purposes, if it were necessary. The die was cast.

Early in the New Year, Josef decided that the time had arrived for action. He said farewell to his wife and left his estates to go to Lwow where he had many friends and which was not too far removed from the Turkish border. He was never to see his home again nor was Casimir.

When they reached Lwow, father and sons separated. Josef remained in the city, more or less secretly. He was obliged to cover all of his movements for he did not wish to attract attention to his undertaking before he was ready to throw off the mask and issue the summons for war.

In the meanwhile he sent his two older sons, Franciszek whom he had made the starosta of Augustow, and Casimir, the starosta of Zezulince, further to the east to the area where he intended to start his military operations. They travelled around the country, visiting at the homes of the hospitable nobles, seeking support and supplies. Already the two brothers more or less tacitly divided their roles. Franciszek was more interested in the diplomatic aspects of their mission. It was his task to explain to discreet people the causes of the revolt and to secure sympathy and help. Casimir, with his predominantly military interests, emphasized rather the raising of troops, the gathering of supplies, and he bothered less with the political aspects of the movement. He was a soldier and now he saw his dearest ambitions well on their way to fulfillment. He visualized himself as a dashing leader, sweeping the enemy before him in the name of Church and State. He saw himself entering Warsaw in triumph along with his father and the other members of his family and he had a new vision of what Poland should and must become through victory on the field of battle.

Those were the dreams. The reality was far more sombre and humdrum. It meant the raising and training of troops, fifty here, one hundred there. It meant constant watch lest the Russians become aware of what was going on, and suddenly strike with their scattered detachments who were in every important city and town. It meant the endeavoring to secure recruits and supplies from the regular Polish army which was likewise scattered in small bands throughout the country under the command of officers, many of whom the Pulaskis knew personally and on whom they felt that they could rely.

The task was enormous. There was only the personal fortune and connections of Josef Pulaski back of the enterprise. There was no organized government on whose support they could rely. There was no widespread and organized movement. There was no diplomatic force ready to carry on negotiations with foreign powers. Father and sons had to do everything, be everywhere, superintend and carry out everything themselves. And the slightest mistake meant detection and failure.

Finally the movement could no longer be hidden. The Russians in Lwow began to suspect the old lawyer and to watch him. The important city could no longer serve as headquarters and so at the end of February Josef appointed the little town of Bar as the rallying place for his men. He went there himself with his soldiers, and the commander of the town, whether from carelessness or sympathy, allowed him to set himself up in the ruined fortifications of what had once been an important frontier town. Here too came Franciszek and Casimir and soon in small detachments their little army began to drift in. Drilling became the order of the day and the leaders looked at and admired what had been accomplished. But it was lamentably little.

Josef had decided to establish a Confederation in the traditional Polish manner with a civilian head. Then he planned a military organization dependent upon this civilian framework. It was all in the approved form and he selected Michael Krasinski as the temporary head of the civilian movement, until Karol Radziwill, My Dear Sir, was able to escape Russian supervision and take the leadership.

On the twenty-ninth of February, a solemn service was held at Bar with Father Mark Jandolowicz. There was waving of banners, blowing of trumpets and the Confederation was launched. Josef hoped that the example would be contagious and that from one end of the country to the other similar confederations would be established and that they would unite in a great national movement which would end the aggression of Russia for good and all.



Four days later with more ceremonies and more fanfare of trumpets the military movement was initiated and Josef Pulaski was, as he expected, formally made the commander-in-chief. Josef made his confession to a Franciscan priest and then the organization was publicly announced.

At the same time, he formally established in that organization the Military Order of the Knights of the Holy Cross, and promulgated the rules and code of the order. A few extracts well illustrate the deeply religious spirit with which the old lawyer set to work to save his country and his imitation of the old orders of chivalry.

1. The Order is to defend the Roman Catholic faith with their lives and blood.

2. It is to commit no violence or outrages among Catholics, Jews, and Lutherans.

3. Each member is bound to obey the command, to carry out orders faithfully, even at the risk of his life, and to be subject to punishment for disobedience; the command is to provide sternly that there be no women in the camp.

4. There is to be one chief banner of the Catholic League; the Lord Jesus crucified on a gold or silver background. A second banner is to have a representation of the most noble Mother of God on the same background. There can be other banners under the sign of the Holy Cross but these two are to be preserved at all cost in battle, man after man dying rather than allow them to fall into the hands of the enemies of the holy Faith.

5. The general slogan is to be: Jesus Maria.

6. The members will have no correspondence with enemies of the Faith or with Catholics who are not pledged to the order.

7. Each sworn knight need have not more than one or two horses, pistols, sword, and standard. He will be properly outfitted and will wear on his left side and on his cap the sign of the Holy Cross, according to the old model, in crimson color; he is not to assume it, until he comes to the

headquarters. He is also to have with him a high Tatar cap and a green or gray uniform and is to bring no carriage or cart, unless he is a commander.

8. A troop is to be one hundred strong, composed of sworn knights, except the privates and is to have four officers, a captain, lieutenant, ensign, and doctor, also a trumpeter and a drummer.

9. Our pay is to be Christ and His supreme protection, and he who is in a position to aid and assist others, is obliged to do so.

10. The commander is to be chosen by heart and voice, the other officers by lot. Each commandant is to take an oath of loyalty, love, and obedience.

11. No Lutheran, Calvinist or Schismatic will be admitted to this Confederation. The members are not to reveal any secrets of it to any person, either wife, or mother, or any woman.

It hardly seems possible that this code was drawn up in the middle of the Eighteenth Century. Even when we remember the role of the Catholic Church in the political life of the day and the part which the priests were playing in reviving the national spirit, and the fanaticism of many of the nobles, we are still surprised that the worldly wise Josef Pulaski should pitch the movement on this key. The Order of the Holy Cross carries us back to the great military religious movements of the Middle Ages and speaks of that chivalric past which was ridiculed out of existence by Don Quixote.

It goes quite without saying that the first members of the Order were Josef Pulaski and his three sons. The solemn vows made a deep impression on the young Casimir, who now felt himself formally dedicated and devoted to a great cause. He felt himself, as he was in fact, a young knight errant riding forth to do battle with the unbelievers, and the young man was never to prove false to his vows. From this moment until the day of his death Casimir Pulaski allowed

no thoughts of personal comfort or ambition or romance to interfere with the great task of serving liberty and freedom.

It was natural also that Josef Pulaski amid shouts and blasts of trumpets was at once formally elected Grandmaster of the Order as well as the head of the military organization of the Confederation. It was a strange transformation for the old lawyer but he too believed in all that he promised and the Knights of the Holy Cross were ready to do battle with all comers. He took his post. His sons and the other Knights knelt before him and Michael Krasinski and swore to obey them and uphold the ideals of the order. Then the old commander delivered a long patriotic and religious address in which he set forth the purpose of the movement and expressed assurances of its success.

Two days later there was a third solemn religious service in the Church of the Franciscans and a session of the military council. It was voted to establish a special regiment of the Knights. This was to consist of thirteen troops of hussars and heavy cavalry and six troops of light horse. The first three troops were to be composed of Knights only, without recruits but with their proper servants and attendants, a hundred to a troop. The other ten hussar troops were to consist of fifty knights and one hundred recruits each. The light horse were to have fifty men in a troop. Naturally Josef Pulaski was also made colonel of this regiment, and the other commanders were Wawrzyniec Potocki, the three sons of Josef, Franciszek, Casimir, and Antoni, and their brother-in-law Antoni Suffczynski. Then they added to their banner the inscription, *Pro Fide et Libertate*, For the Faith and Liberty. They adopted a seal for the Confederation, a representation of the crucified Jesus against the White Eagle of Poland and the device, *Aut Vincere Aut Mori*, To Conquer or to Die. The Confederation was complete.

Over a week had been spent in religious ceremonies and public meetings but Josef had more to do than this. There was the overwhelming task of gathering recruits and prepar-

ing for the coming struggle. The die was cast. The Knights of the Holy Cross had to rely upon themselves and their own resources. They had acted without the cooperation of the Warsaw group of patriots who had been seeking for foreign support before they struck the first blow. War was in the offing.

Their one hope of foreign aid was from Turkey and it comes as something of a shock after the pious speeches and the religious ceremonies to realize that Josef Pulaski was building his hopes on the Mohammedan Turks. The friendship of Poland and Turkey was of long standing. They both had a common enemy in Russia and with superb inconsistency Josef tried to construct a joint Christian-Moslem movement. He was soon disappointed. Relations between Russia and Turkey grew steadily worse but the Porte showed no signs of declaring war and when it did, of cooperating directly with the little group at Bar.

All this meant simply that Josef Pulaski and his sons had to work harder and harder to prepare themselves for the decisive moment that was coming and it was during this time that Josef became aware that it was far harder to build and administer an army than it was to plan one.

Casimir and the other sons were everywhere. They were perpetually going somewhere, seeing some one, circulating among the soldiers of the Polish army and on the estates of the landowners, begging, pleading, persuading men to join the Confederation and to give it supplies. It was good practice for Casimir during the period of watchful waiting that came after the formal proclamation of the Confederation.

Fighting was slow in starting. Both the army of the King and the Confederates maintained an armed truce. There was a general feeling that a civil war between two groups of Poles was sinful and neither side was in a hurry to begin. Now and then an enterprising commander might try to seize the leaders of the Confederation but for the most part

there was peace and friendship between the two groups. Every one knew that the real enemy was Russia, that the real fighting would come when the Russian armies seriously attempted to put down the movement, and until those troops made their appearance in the southeast, there was little to be done. When they came, it would be at once shown whether Poland would rise up as a united nation and fight or whether it would allow its resources to be exploited by the Russians as in the past.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

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### THE FALL OF BERDYCZOW

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THE armed truce could not last long. Casimir and the other leaders of the Confederation were continually in the saddle. They were dashing here and there, visiting nobles, collecting supplies, recruiting men. The whole province was filled with small detachments headed by Knights of the Holy Cross, proclaiming openly their hostility to Russia and daring any of the Russian detachments in the province to try to capture them. The little guerrilla bands were everywhere and each and every one of them acted as if they were a part of a huge army able to destroy at one blow the entire forces of Russia.

It was only a question of time when the empire would accept the daring challenge. At the beginning there were apparently barely 800 Russian soldiers, largely Cossacks, in the area and these had been split up into bands little larger than those of the Confederates. Yet had they been brought together, they might have been a formidable force. Apparently they were poorly led. Their officers waited for orders from Prince Repnin in Warsaw and in the meanwhile endeavored to ignore what was happening.

This was normally a good policy. The Russian garrisons were accustomed to the bluster and confusion of the Confederations. It would have been an exhausting task to track down every Polish landowner who ventured to get tempestuous and issue grandiloquent orders. Repnin much preferred to hold the main body of his men intact in the larger cities to the west and to allow anarchy to prevail, if it would, in the eastern provinces.

Besides that, neither he nor the King held any too high an opinion of Josef Pulaski. They had known him as an opportunist and a lawyer. They could not imagine him as a soldier and a patriot. Nevertheless the constant stream of reports from the area of Bar and the ever more daring operations of Casimir and the other adherents of the new movement showed them that something serious was afoot. Replin decided to act and act emphatically.

At the end of March he ordered General Peter Krechetnikov with about 8,000 men to make a forced march to the disaffected area and restore order. The expedition was well supplied for the day with artillery and munitions and besides that, the further they marched to the southeast, the nearer they were to the Russian bases at Kiev and within the Empire. The Russians had a simple plan of attack which was clear and definite. Their object was to drive the Confederates to the north and northeast and to occupy those points on the Polish-Turkish frontier which would prevent the Ottoman Empire from making common cause with the Polish rebels.

Pulaski very soon heard of this expedition but his own preparations were not ready. His recruits were still not united, his supplies were scattered, and instead of working energetically to gather all together in one force and create a formidable army, he continued the lackadaisical policy of scattering his men in many isolated bands. He had no general plan of campaign. He still hoped for the Turkish alliance and his one positive act was the sending of his son Franciszek to the Khan of the Crimea to ask for aid.

He seems to have been still uncertain as to whether or not there would actually be war. He had proved to his own mind by strictly legalistic methods that the movement of the Confederation was not a declaration of war on Russia but rather an open defiance of the King and his Russian supporters and that it would be a sinful civil war, if the Polish army interfered, and unlawful aggression if the Russians

took part. So sure was he of this that on the approach of Krechetnikov, one of his supporters, Wawrzyniec Potocki, actually sent a mission to the Russian commander to ask why he was moving his troops into this area. It was a superfluous question for the Cossacks attacked the mission but Potocki and Pulaski arrived in time to drive them off without too much damage.

It was in such an atmosphere that Casimir had his baptism of fire. About April 20, he and his men fell in with a Russian detachment of carabineers, hussars and Don Cossacks near the village of Podhorele near the town of Staro-Konstantynow. It was apparently a detachment of Krechetnikov's advance guard. There was a sharp clash and the Russians withdrew. Colonel Gizycki made a moderate report. "Heavy fire for three hours with artillery compelled the Russians to retreat and they then moved to Labun, but we restrained our troops, so that after the victory excessive activity might not harm us."

Casimir made no such simple report of the encounter. He painted the victory in the most glowing terms. "Our knowledge of the battle is absolutely definite; the number of those who fell in the battle is absolutely unknown to us, for since the firing lasted a little over three hours and every one shot well, we saw almost 200 Muscovites lying on the field, but they left none; as soon as any one fell, others carried him from the field and we took only two, one alive, in the pursuit, when they began to withdraw and we to pursue. The number of the attackers was over 2000 and there were about 400 of us, for we did not all have hand weapons; it is known that one man with a star received a shell by my favor, for after I fired a shell at one platoon, more than ten falling made a significant breach in their line and then I secured another shell and the ball which was aimed high rolled under the horse of the commanding general, and greatly frightened him, so that he with his whole army had to retreat rapidly."

The young Casimir who signed himself by now "Guer-



rilla Colonel" was certainly not lacking in enthusiasm. He magnified his victory in the most approved manner of war communiques of every age and was proud of his success. He certainly had done well, even though it is evident that this was a clash of two small columns which had met more or less unexpectedly and could have no important result on the outcome of the struggle. He had won his spurs in actual battle and had begun to feel the dignity and the responsibilities of command. He undoubtedly exaggerated the Russian superiority in numbers and the damage which he had caused them, but it also made him aware of the defects in his own men and opened his eyes to the danger which confronted him and his friends.

For the next weeks he showed considerable skill as a tactician. He rapidly withdrew to the town of Staro-Konstantynow and prepared the town for defence. He destroyed the bridges across the River Slucz, built a network of trenches outside the town and placed thirty guns in position to repel the expected assault. On April 23, Colonel Podgorychanin, a Serb or Croat in the Russian service, appeared before the town. One view of the preparations convinced him that he had found the main body of the Confederates whom he estimated at about 5,000 men. He at once sent a message to Krechetnikov, asking for reinforcements and adding that he had not been in so severe a campaign even during the Seven Years War.

The next morning he attacked the Polish position. The battle lasted, according to his account, over four hours and the Russian attack was repulsed. Such a procedure was distinctly unorthodox to the Russian mind and increased the feeling that the present disorders were but a symptom of things to come.

Pulaski for his part estimated the attackers to number over 4,000 and his own forces considerably less than half that number. According to him, the battle lasted over ten hours. Then because of the small size of his force, he slipped away under cover of darkness, carrying off all of his supplies and

eight wagon loads of the wounded. He withdrew to the town of Chmielnik, where he again fortified himself and waited for another attack. This was not immediately forthcoming and as he heard that a Cossack detachment had attacked Tereszpól and were committing atrocities in the neighborhood, he dashed off with a body of his troops and again defeated this detachment.

There followed a few days of bitter fighting and raiding but unfortunately Casimir was ambushed near Kaczanówka and driven into a swamp. Over one hundred of the Knights were killed and seven were captured. Pulaski himself was nearly killed, but his detachment was able to build a road through the swamps and to escape. They returned sadder but wiser on April 29.

For nine days there had been more actual fighting than there had been for years and under the dashing leadership of Casimir, the Poles had given a good account of themselves. The morale of the Confederates rose and so did the hopes and self-confidence of Casimir. Yet to his father the news of these battles was extremely sobering. He realized now, if not earlier, that Russia would accept his challenge but he did not yet have any idea whether the forces of King Stanislas would take sides.

Podgorychanin immediately followed Casimir back to Chmielnik and laid siege to the city. There was stubborn fighting and in three days the Russians made five separate attacks without result. The city still remained in Polish hands. Then the Russians learned that a relief force under Wawrzyniec Potocki and Antoni Pulaski, the youngest son of Josef, was on its way. Without wasting any more time on the siege, Podgorychanin moved to meet the new menace. Here he was more successful. At a battle near Ulanów, he surprised the relief column and took 4 guns, killed or wounded 1000 of the Confederates and captured 240 prisoners. It was an overwhelming defeat for the Poles and the Russian victory would have been greater, had Casimir not noticed the Russian withdrawal and immediately set out in pursuit of the

retiring forces. He arrived in time to save the remnants of the expedition. Then he was ordered to evacuate Chmielnik and move to the southeast, in order to cover the Turkish border, for Josef was determined at all costs to maintain his contact with Turkey and not allow himself to be completely isolated.

Just at this moment a new figure appeared on the horizon of the Confederates. Prince Joachim Potocki, one of the most powerful of the magnates and a bitter foe of the Czartoryskis and the King, decided to throw in his lot with the Confederates. He had a large and well trained private army which was supposed to be devoted to him. This was located in the province of Halicz where it could menace the flank of General Krechetnikov and cut him off from Warsaw and the western cities. The accession of Potocki to the movement promised a great deal, for his authority was all powerful in many parts of the Republic and might turn a local movement into a national uprising.

He made a good start, once he had stirred his magnificent will. His first act was to requisition the arms of August Czartoryski and then with the additional supplies, he was ready to take the field. Krechetnikov saw the danger and decided to act first. He sent one column to seize the fortified town of Podhajce and the place fell without opposition. This was too much for the proud magnate and Joachim Potocki with his entire force moved to recover it.

He arrived late in the afternoon and commenced an attack at once but it soon grew dark and Potocki was hungry. So he called off the attack until morning and secure in his pride and power as magnate, he posted no guards, put out no sentinels, but waited for the next day. The Russians noticed this and as soon as it grew dark, they sent detachments through and around his lines and then at a given signal attacked from the Polish rear and from within the city. Caught in a hopeless situation, the army of Joachim Potocki melted away and by dawn it had ceased to exist. The discomfited magnate wandered around for a few days

and then slipped quietly across the Dnyester into the province of Bukovina and found a refuge in Turkey.

This was a severe blow to the Confederates and especially to Josef Pulaski. While his son Casimir with scanty supplies was successfully winning even minor victories and holding up the cause of the Confederates, the great Joachim Potocki, the most powerful man to join the movement, had been crushed almost as soon as he had declared himself. Warsaw, the King and the Russians were astonished at the complete routing of this once vaunted leader, and the sympathizers with the movement in Warsaw became more subdued. Only Josef recovered his poise and wrote, "God Who created everything out of nothing in a twinkling and a moment can destroy and wipe out everything. We must believe and endure as Christians." It was a beautiful thought but poor military strategy.

By the middle of May the cause of the Confederates was desperate. The ruin of Potocki made it impossible for them to secure assistance from western Poland. There seemed no hope of foreign intervention. In the southeast Catherine had precipitated a revolt of the Ruthenian-Ukrainian population who under the name of the Hajdamaki were massacring the Polish population. There was only one course left open—to spread the movement into the provinces of Kiev and Zytomierz and seek for reinforcements and supplies from those quarters.

If this was to be done, it was vitally necessary that some strong point should be held midway between the provinces so as to cover the communications between the two areas. The place selected was Berdyczow on the Gnilopiat River. The man selected to hold it was the only tested leader of the Confederates, Casimir Pulaski. In a real sense the success or failure of the whole movement now rested upon his shoulders.

As always, he accepted the responsibility but his position this time was very different. In the past he had acquired his reputation by daring manoeuvres in the open field or by his

defence of fortified towns, which he could evacuate almost at will. He had never allowed himself to be cut off and surrounded in a position that did not admit of manoeuvre. Here that was impossible, for the place which was indicated as the centre of resistance, the Carmelite Monastery on the bank of the river, was a strong position but if it could be attacked only from one direction, retreat from it could only be effected in the same way. It was a question of holding or losing.

Like many of the old monasteries, it had been constructed in early days with an eye to its defence. On the river side, the monastery walls ran down to the precipitous bank of the river and attack from there would have been costly. On the land side, where alone assault was possible there was a dry moat eight yards in depth outside of the walls. Artillery could not easily be used against the single gate in view of the terrain. Everything indicated that the place could undergo a prolonged siege, if it were held by a strong garrison.

The weakest spot was the morale of the monks. They and especially the prior had on many occasions declined to enter into full sympathy with the Confederates, even though they had in the monastery on deposit most of the treasure of the leaders, for, in their piety, the Knights of the Holy Cross had entrusted their worldly possessions to the monastery for safekeeping. However, the small garrison of the King had gone over and had enthusiastically welcomed Casimir and his men. He made it his headquarters, strengthened the already strong fortifications and prepared for a siege.

It was not long in coming. On May 30 Krechetnikov moved up his troops and commenced a bombardment. In reply Pulaski sent out a messenger under a flag of truce to state that the besieged did not desire war with the Russians or with the Greek Church but that they were ready to fight the dissidents to their last drop of blood. They also asked for the safety of the cloister.

It was a naive letter but it reflects the legal training of his father. The situation was legally as he painted it. Poland

and Russia were officially at peace. The fortress was on Polish soil. The Confederates affected to believe that the war was between them and the Polish Orthodox who with Russian backing were trying to force their way into the councils of the King of Poland.

On the other hand every thinking person in Poland knew that the Russian army was acting solely on the orders of Catherine the Great to subjugate and humiliate Poland and the Polish government and that for nearly a half century they had acted within the country exactly as if they were at home. Casimir had seen it at Mitau and it had inflamed his patriotism. For over a month he had been in actual combat with these same troops and the same generals and he could not imagine that they now would suddenly change their tactics and withdraw.

Krechetnikov wasted no time in defending his course. He bluntly declared that he had no wish to destroy the cloister and would allow the garrison to leave peaceably and take up another position for defence, but that he had his orders from his Empress and intended to carry them out and put down the Confederation. Besides he pointed out that resistance was hopeless for more reinforcements were coming under Count Apraksin and that he was not far from other Russian bases, if he needed still more assistance. It was a plain, realistic answer to a legalistic quibble, in which no one believed.

The Russians had an overwhelming superiority in men, in guns, and munitions. Pulaski had only the supplies that were already in the monastery and he could hope for no more unless a supporting column could cut its way through to his assistance. He must have realized already the inefficiency of many of his companions in the military sphere. Nevertheless he declined surrender and the battle started.

By June 1, ammunition supplies had run so low that he could use only one gun. Later he was able to mount others, but for shells and cannon balls he was obliged to use stone and glass. Even under this handicap, he did not yield and

with the aid of a former Austrian officer, a Major Pawel Lopacinski, he so handled his little force that the Russians were unable to force an entrance.

He had no intention of remaining on the defensive and on the very day when his artillery was almost helpless, he sent out some two hundred men to occupy buildings near the monastery from which they might harass the enemy. Such a move surprised General Krechetnikov and in the ensuing struggle, the Russian commander received a slight wound. The little band was forced back into the fortress but the Russians were unable to follow them and had to content themselves with capturing the horses which were kept in the dry moat.

So the siege went on. Pulaski, inflexible and ever on the alert, kept hoping for reinforcements from somewhere. Men might come from the northeast or from his father's forces in the southeast. The Russians were on the alert also and they turned back every detachment which Josef sent to his son's assistance. When he sent out a larger force under Antoni Pulaski and Colonel Stanislas Kostka Ortynski, the Russians destroyed it and even captured the second in command and brought him and most of his men to their camp, while the ever unfortunate Antoni succeeded in escaping.

On June 4, the water supply gave out. Local sympathizers showed Krechetnikov how to cut off the water supply and henceforth thirst was added to the trials of the besieged. Still Casimir had no intention of yielding. He and his closest friends asserted that they would fight to the death. They had sworn this when they became Knights, and they meant to keep their oath.

Finally on June 11, almost two weeks after the siege started, Krechetnikov, well aware of the real feelings of the prior of the monastery, succeeded in sending him word of the capture of Ortynski and the complete shattering of the relief expedition. The news spread within the fortress and that evening Casimir was forced to send a letter by two monks to the Russian commander.

He repeated his original argument that Poland and Russia had been close friends since the time of Peter the Great and that neither he nor his garrison nor the Confederation had planned any move against Russia or her boundaries and that they desired nothing but the continuation of the old friendship. He also appealed to Krechetnikov to avoid further attacks on the monastery and to end the war.

It was a practical but not a formal offer to surrender and again it was couched in the same legalistic formula that Josef Pulaski was accustomed to employ. If the argument had made no effect on Krechetnikov in the early days of the siege, it could do less now when the garrison was hard-pressed and surrender but a question of time. He bluntly demanded an unconditional surrender and only softened the blow by denying the insinuation that he had been corresponding with the prior. He incidentally took pains to prove the truth of his earlier message by allowing the monks to see the captive Ortyński.

There was nothing further to be done. Formal envoys were sent to the Russian camp accepting the demands and Krechetnikov promised life to the prisoners and offered to treat them as kindly as possible. This broke the morale of the defenders. Pulaski and his second in command Kamiński with two hundred of the men declared that they would die rather than surrender, unless Krechetnikov promised in writing that they would not be tortured. The commander promised this and on the evening of June 13, Casimir Pulaski solemnly laid down his arms in his own quarters. Then the garrison marched out, handed over their banners and laid down their arms and were marched into a battalion square of Russians. The officers, like Pulaski, remained in their quarters and the siege was over. The Russians took 1361 prisoners, of which number 38 were prominent persons, 374 were lesser szlachta, 649 were soldiers of non-noble origin, and 135 were servants. There were 165 wounded. The Russians took over also all the wealth that had been deposited in the monastery and almost leveled the buildings.



The original Confederation was ended. The Russians moved on Bar and captured it without difficulty on June 20. Josef Pulaski and other leaders, with two thousand followers, crossed into Turkey with an unpleasant feeling that their hope of saving their country had failed and that they had merely brought new disasters upon it.

In the meanwhile, the one effective fighting force which they had equipped was entirely in the hands of the Russians, and the one leader who had achieved anything, who had won any victories, who had acquired any reputation, was a prisoner. Casimir Pulaski, the one successful soldier of the Confederation, was a prisoner of the Russians. The future seemed dark for the patriots and still darker for him.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

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### THE SIEGE OF OKOPY

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**B**ERDYCZOW had scarcely fallen and Casimir been safely put under arrest, when the serious question arose in the minds of the Russians as to what was to be done with him. He was in an anomalous position. He was very definitely a prisoner of war and a man who had played his part nobly and heroically. There was no war. Russia and Poland were still ostensibly friends. He was technically a rebel against the King of Poland who had declined to send troops against him and at the same time he had been captured by the Russians.

He was at once taken to a concentration camp at Polonne and was kept there under mild restraint, until the authorities solved the troublesome questions that he and his associates presented. Just at this moment, King Stanislas made another of those disconcerting moves of which he was such a master.

The King had no desire to see the considerable part of his army which had joined the rebels, moved by the Russians into their own country as prisoners of war and so he ordered his supreme commander Francis Xavier Branicki to join Krechetnikov and restore the rebels to their proper loyalty. This relieved the Russians of most of their unimportant prisoners and they made no serious objection. The szlachta were allowed to sign a parole that they would not again join the Confederation and the soldiers of non-noble origin were simply restored to their original duties.

There were however five leaders, among them Casimir,

who offered a more serious problem. These were the recalcitrants who absolutely refused to yield, despite all the entreaties of both the Russian and Polish leaders. Casimir was the most stubborn for again he declared that he had made a mistake in not dying on the walls of Berdyczow, as he had threatened to do. It was not hard for Krechetnikov and Repnin to realize that the young man would be a steadfast opponent of the Russian plans and in fact might be expected to take part in any new unrest that might arise in the coming years. Besides that, he was the only leader who had shown any military capabilities and with his direct and stubborn character, he seemed too dangerous a man to be allowed at large.

Yet the situation was growing daily more critical. Relations between Russia and Turkey were getting more and more strained and Repnin knew that a declaration of war was an event of weeks or even days. He was desirous of stamping out the last sparks of the revolt before the new war broke out and the rebels received the backing of Turkey for a new move. There were incipient confederations throughout the country, but these did not seem to be coordinated and Repnin felt that the little additional mercy which the King urged might seal the doom of the rebellious movement.

It was another thing to bring Casimir Pulaski to any special terms. Some of his associates finally relented and begged for their parole. Casimir still refused by word or sign to admit any responsibility or give any promise of repentance. Krechetnikov interpreted all this in the natural sense and kept begging Repnin to issue the fatal order that would move him into prison or internment in the interior of Russia outside of Poland. Repnin refused and continued to hope that Casimir would repent. We do not know the method of persuasion that was finally adopted but we may have our suspicions, for on July 17, Casimir suddenly appeared at Latyczow and definitely signed his parole. In three days he returned a free man to Polonne and then without the slightest delay, as the bearer of some message from

Krechetnikov, he definitely started for Chocim in Turkey where his father and the other Confederates were passing their time in plans and intrigues. In all probability, he was induced to carry a message pardoning all the leaders of the movement, if they would but return to Poland and promise to behave in the future.

It was none too soon, for on the very day that Casimir Pulaski signed his parole, Prince Replin in Warsaw again changed his mind and ordered Krechetnikov to refuse pardon to Casimir and send him into Russia. The news arrived too late, for the young man was already across the Turkish frontier and there was nothing further to be done.

It is very unlikely that Casimir Pulaski was sincere in his statement of reform. He had been trained by his father in the dialectical and legalistic arguments which he had cited so constantly at Berdyczow and he had sworn to the Order of the Knights of the Holy Cross to be loyal to its ideals until death. Perhaps he had been persuaded during his period of isolation that all was over, that his father and brothers were in desperate extremity in Turkey and would be glad to accept a pardon. Perhaps he signed the document with mental reservations, but it would be hard to believe that he had worked out in his own mind any far-reaching plan of action. It conflicts with his straightforward and direct character and with the freedom from political consideration which he had always hitherto shown.

At all events, as he hurried to join his family, he became aware of startling changes in the spirit of the Confederates. The leaders, now that they were safe in a Turkey which was growing more anti-Russian every day, recovered their imagination and their courage. They had become convinced that with the outbreak of war between the two countries, Turkey would rush to their support and send them back across the frontier to seize the city of Lwow and then with a Polish army and Turkish backing, they would march on Warsaw. They believed that they could rally into a unified body all the Confederations, of which they heard and talked.

They believed that a messenger from Louis XV who had come to Joachim Potocki with some money and a few supplies was really the advance guard of a steady flow of aid from the French King. They saw a steadily increasing number of the nobles and soldiers of the Confederation of Bar who had signed paroles denounce them or forget them and stealthily make their way to Chocim. So, when Casimir Pulaski reached Chocim, he was once more aware that the Confederation was going ahead under full steam and that he had done wrong in securing his own release by a promise of good behavior.

Apparently Casimir laid before the leaders of the Confederation the proposals that he had brought to them from the Russian commander but we can be sure that he did not urge their acceptance, or if so, he did it very mildly, for at the same time he sought ways and means of getting free from his promise not to rejoin them. So on July 31, he wrote to General Krechetnikov, "Having fulfilled my obligations both as citizen and also those assumed by me in giving before the supreme command at the request of the entire army an explanation of the expedition to Berdyczow, which has been interpreted in various ways by my return to these regions, I have been compelled to justify myself. In attending to this matter first, my obligation was to Your Excellency, which I set out before the Marshal but the matter proved of such importance, that it was not possible to come to a final decision. When the resolution is finally adopted and my health permits, I shall not delay to fulfil my definite obligation and in order that there may be no misunderstanding of my long silence, I am sending you with due humility these expressions, as I remain with proper respect."

At the same time he issued a public statement which was intended of course for the ears of Krechetnikov and in which he declared that he had been kept under arrest contrary to the terms of the capitulation and that therefore he would not advise his father or any of the other leaders to leave the Confederation but that on the contrary he would fight the

Russians to the last drop of his blood. He implied also that he had not promised Krechetnikov to return from his mission at any definite time.

The whole transaction bears the earmarks of the curious theories of his father who combined a realistic knowledge of the actual situation of Russia and Poland and a theoretical evaluation of them which was of value only in a legalistic sense. It is very probable that his father had read over and approved this correspondence, for it is worked out with a detail that was foreign to Casimir's temperament.

At the same time it cannot be denied that there was apparently some almost tricky casuistry in the action which conflicts strongly with the otherwise direct and almost headstrong character of the young man. It angered the Russians and confused the King and his followers but it played no less important a part in fomenting hostilities between the various leaders of the Confederation, and those men who were the enemies of Josef Pulaski constantly sought to prove that treachery to their ideal had commenced at the time of the surrender of the fortress of Berdyczow.

This was especially important because the Polish capabilities for factionalism were never better shown than during the summer of 1768 in Chocim. Day by day the struggle for supremacy between Joachim Potocki and Josef Pulaski grew more bitter and the return of Casimir with a brilliant reputation for bravery and military skill aggravated still more the wounded self-esteem of Joachim Potocki, who had met such a crushing defeat in his first battle.

Potocki, as one of the richest magnates and greatest social leaders of Poland, felt that his money and social position made him the proper leader of the entire movement. Josef Pulaski had risked his entire fortune and the lives of himself and his three sons and other members of his family. While the money which he had expended was as nothing compared to that of Potocki, he had been the real leader of the movement and he was the duly elected military commander in the very beginning.

He felt a special responsibility for the success of the movement. The other men had sworn at Bar to obey his orders and he could see no reason why there should be any change now that all the leaders were in exile. To this he added the legal argument that it was highly improper for the Confederation to change leaders while they were not on Polish soil and he argued that the military leader of a Confederation had all the rights of an ancient Hetman and could not be changed by the civilian authorities.

Potocki disagreed with this reasoning and maintained for his part that the civilian leaders of the Confederation could meet at any time and appoint a committee to change the military commanders. His argument rested largely on the fact that Krasinski, the civilian leader, was a relatively insignificant man and had been appointed only temporarily until the arrival of Karol Radziwill, My Dear Sir, who had so far failed to act in the ill-fated Confederation. Krasinski was in fact willing to do anything that he was forced to do, and Potocki knew very well that at the decisive moment he would listen to his pleas and orders and get rid of the obnoxious Josef Pulaski.

As the feud between the two leaders grew in intensity, the Turks could not fail to learn of it, the more so as both men constantly dinned their own points of view into the ears of the Turkish authorities at Chocim. The net result was that they decided to pay little attention to either leader and when they declared war on Russia on October 6, they pointedly but foolishly declined to take either party into serious account in planning their campaign and Poland received no real advantage from the break between the two countries.

In the meanwhile the action of Casimir served as a weapon in the hands of Potocki and Josef Pulaski was unable to use his most able son in any outstanding position. This did not seriously displease the young man. He had little taste for the subtleties of diplomacy and so he secured from his father another mission. This was nothing else than to return to Poland and endeavor to recruit men and supplies within

the Polish boundaries. He made several sharp forays into southern Poland opposite Chocim and was able to travel around the country, to improve his knowledge of the various localities, to make friends and to maintain a constant nuisance and a threat to any small Russian band that thought of approaching the Turkish border. It was dangerous work but danger was the breath of life to Casimir and he enjoyed to the full the constant riding and travelling that this mission imposed upon him. In the meanwhile he nourished his growing hatred of Joachim Potocki and all of his followers and commenced steadily to play a lone hand in the field, and to acknowledge no one over him but his father and the old commanders.

All this was not so dangerous as it might seem. The general trend of hostilities was towards the west and the Russian troops were only the Polish frontier guards. King Stanislas, with his usual policy of indecision, did not want to play the Russian game too openly and as a result he issued the order that these guards were not to meet or capture Pulaski and his followers. He knew that if Casimir fell into the hands of the royal soldiers, Repnin would demand that the recalcitrant young man be turned over to him for internment in Russia. It seemed therefore far wiser that Casimir be allowed to do as he wished and so the Polish army carefully looked aside, followed his movements and took care to be in another place when he made one of his raids for supplies.

There was probably something else back of this unwillingness of the King to force the situation to a definite showdown. It is very possible that the Czartoryskis, his uncles, were themselves hoping to secure Turkish aid against the Russians. They may have sent informal messengers to Josef and sought his help in view of the steadily rising feeling between him and Joachim Potocki, the head of the hated clan.

At all events, Potocki had no intention of allowing Josef Pulaski to remain the technical leader of the military side



of the Confederation. Step by step he exerted his influence on the miserable and weak Krasinski. The latter yielded gradually and by a long series of orders prevented Pulaski from enrolling new troops, and finally on November 29, he definitely issued the fatal order deposing the old man as military leader.

Pulaski had foreseen this outcome and on the same day that Krasinski ordered him deposed, he had himself reentered Poland opposite Chocim and there on Polish soil, in accordance with traditional Polish law and custom, he had reorganized the Confederation, naming Wawrzyniec Potocki as the civilian head of the movement and declaring Krasinski deposed. His two sons Franciszek and Antoni signed this new document. Casimir did not, apparently because he was away from Zwaniec at the time when it was drawn up.

Again Josef emphasized the religious nature of his movement. He invoked the help of God and of our Lady, and also the patron saints of Poland, St. Casimir, and St. Stanislas, and he dedicated the army to this latter saint. At the conclusion of the war, he promised to build a church dedicated to St. Stanislas wherever the Holy Father would specify, be it even in Rome. He promised to erect at the monastery of Jasna Gora at Czestochowa a marble statue of our Lady seated on a throne, terrifying her enemies, under the name of Victoria; he promised to destroy the dissidents, especially in the Russian borders, to strengthen the rights and privileges of the clergy, to remove the local markets from Sundays to week days, to bring the Russian calendar in line with the Polish, i.e. the new Gregorian calendar, to regulate the clergy as was pleasing to the Holy Father, to believe and acknowledge all that the Church teaches — and to die for the faith.

It was a far reaching plan for the strengthening of the Church and Poland but the old man was not to be able to carry out any part of his program.

Despite his ardent faith, Josef Pulaski still sought for Mohammedan and Turkish assistance. During the month

of October he had sent his sons on successive missions to the Khan of the Crimea. Early in the month Casimir had gone to secure troops and supplies but the Khan Bachty-Girey absolutely refused to see him or to give him any assistance. A little later, however, he did see Franciszek who came to him on a diplomatic mission and Antoni who brought only his father's compliments. Josef still kept hoping despite signs that Potocki and the Khan were becoming more friendly. All of a sudden the Khan changed his tactics. He invited Josef to a dinner early in December and there treacherously arrested him on the pretext of collecting some unpaid debts.

The arrest of their father still further embittered the young men against Potocki and all of his associates. They were left alone without any political leader to find their way amid the uncharted paths of foreign intrigue and native jealousy. Yet they did not despair or yield. Franciszek by mutual consent took over the political direction of their undertaking, while Casimir became the military head of what was already a completely independent movement and a forlorn hope.

All through the winter they maintained themselves on Polish soil, refusing to obey any of the orders of the other leaders of the Confederation and making all possible efforts to secure the liberation of their father, who was moved from one city to another with the idea of keeping him as far as possible from the scene of operations.

Their most ambitious effort was an attempt to seize the Polish fortress of Kamieniec, a little north of the Zbrucz and the Dnyester Rivers. The attempt failed because the Polish commander, General Jan de Witte, refused to listen to any pleadings to turn against the King and the Pulaskis were unwilling to shed Polish blood in a fratricidal war. Yet an episode that happened during this campaign perhaps illustrates better than anything else the curious attitude of everybody concerned.

General de Witte had refused to turn the fortress over to any of the contesting leaders. Because of his loyalty and devo-

tion to the King, he had resisted the allurements of both Josef Pulaski and Potocki, just as he refused to hand the place over to Casimir. On the other hand, Kamieniec was a strong post covering the Polish-Turkish frontier and it was very definitely one of the centres that would soon be seized if the Turks planned to send an expedition into Poland. Prince Repnin therefore was very desirous of having a Russian garrison in the town and he took the matter up with St. Petersburg to receive permission to seize the place and also to take the frontier fortresses of Zwaniec and Okopy, the two bases of the Pulaski brothers. At almost the same time the King wrote to de Witte warning him against allowing a Russian garrison in the city under any pretext or in the name of any alliance.

This letter fell into the hands of Casimir. A few days later, a convoy of de Witte's forces passed near Zwaniec on its way back from Turkey. For a few moments there was grave likelihood of a battle between the two Polish forces. Timely recognition prevented this, and then Casimir took the commanding officer aside and handed him a letter which he had previously prepared. In this letter he enclosed the King's letter to de Witte and added that he had carefully concealed it from all of his subordinates and was taking the first chance of returning it to its proper destination.

Here was the King of Poland, condemned by the Confederates as pro-Russian, writing to a subordinate not to allow friendly Russian troops to enter the garrison, and the patriotic Casimir Pulaski, his most bitter foe, embracing the opportunity of forwarding the King's letter to his own general without seeking any personal advantage for himself or his cause. Of course the Pulaskis preferred to see Kamieniec in the hands of a weak Polish garrison rather than under a strong Russian force. Perhaps they had hopes of taking it in the future when events shaped themselves differently. Yet it is very evident that despite their opposition to the King and their protestations of friendship for Russia, they were really only fighting the Russians. On the other hand,

the King, professing his loyalty to Russia and his hatred of the Confederates, was refusing to allow Polish troops to stir against them and was endeavoring himself to check the Russian plans.

All winter long the brothers continued their aimless struggle. They held the two fortress of Zwaniec and Okopy at the junction of the Zbrucz and the Dnyester and raided and gathered supplies from the surrounding country. Franciszek made effort after effort to secure his father's release but all in vain. The influence of Potocki checked him at every point and the other Confederates would have nothing to do with the arrogant boys, as they regarded them.

It was obvious, however, that Russia would not allow these fortresses to remain in Polish hands. There was always the danger that the Turkish leaders might plan to attack Russia through Poland and in the month of March, the Russians made a final move to eliminate the possibility of it. They sent General Izmailov with 4,000 men and a considerable amount of artillery to take the towns.

Franciszek held Zwaniec, a strong brick fortress, with 400 soldiers and two guns. Among his garrison was that fascinating adventurer, world traveller and dreamer, who was later to become famous on three continents, the Hungarian count Maurycy Beniowski, then passing under the pseudonym of Hadik. It was here that Casimir seems to have first met this figure, who appears again and again in his life and inspires the young man to many startling decisions.

Zwaniec was an important post but it was nowhere near as strong as the Castle of the Holy Trinity at Okopy which Casimir was guarding with 350 men and six guns. With him also was Wawrzyniec Potocki, the political head of the renewed Confederation of Josef. The castle had been built in 1693 by King Jan Sobieski to cover the passage of the Dnyester. It was located on precipitous crags at the junction of the Zbrucz and the Dnyester which so twisted around that access to the town could only be had from the west. The fortress consisted of four towers connected by walls and

provided with moats, drawbridges, and loopholes. It was well provided with water and the horses could be kept in an inaccessible but secure pasture and be watered from the river. Everything showed the military skill of Jan Sobieski, but this post, like all of the other Polish forts, had been allowed to disintegrate and nothing was done to make it strong or repair it, until Casimir selected it as the headquarters for his movement.

It was perfectly evident that maintenance of such a position in Polish hands opposite Chocim was of vital importance. The Turks paid no attention and the Potocki faction in their hatred of the brothers consistently declined to give them any assistance and allowed them to stand unaided against the overwhelming Russian onslaught.

The brothers knew of the plans of Izmailov and endeavored to obtain all possible information about his movements. Early in March they sent the unlucky Antoni out with a scouting party of ten men. This little group was caught by the Russians in the village of Rzepince and taken prisoners. This was a great victory for the Russians who had now secured possession of one of the three brothers. They were not going to be caught again and so they at once sent Antoni to Russia and imprisoned him at Kazan on the Volga River.

On March 8, the Russians launched simultaneous attacks on the two fortresses which were about a half-mile apart. Lietutenant Colonel Chernyshev with four companies of infantry, four squadrons of cavalry and three guns led the assault on Zwaniec. Franciszek and his men put up a stubborn resistance and fought until the place was in flames. Then they abandoned it and the survivors made their way across the Dnyester to Chocim.

The battle at Okopy was far fiercer. All day long the struggle went on as the superior weight of the Russian forces forced the Poles back step by step to the very cliffs at the eastern end of the fort. Their numbers were reduced by death

and capture to less than two hundred men but Casimir would not dream of surrendering. He armed many of the tradesmen in the village and threw them into the battle. The Russians took the meadow where most of the horses had been pasturing. They set the fortress on fire and burned all the houses in the town. The flames of the blazing Zwaniec cast a lurid glow over the whole scene but still Casimir and his little band continued to resist.

As evening came, the Russians were sure of their victory. They had Casimir and his men literally backed up against a precipitous cliff and confidently expected to drive them over it, if they did not yield. They knew that there would not be another Berdyczow and that this time Casimir could not escape but would be sent to Russia to join his brother in captivity. Then a storm came up and the howling of the wind added to the confusion of the battle.

Late at night Casimir learned from a Gypsy named Saga of a precipitous but possible path down the face of the steep crags. With their commander at their head and with each man leading his horse, the little band silently started the descent. They made their way around and under the very positions of the Russians. Men and horses fell on the slippery and ice-covered rocks and were dashed to pieces below or were drowned in the river. Two hours passed and then the path widened and it was possible to mount their horses. Silently, but still with Casimir at the head of his men, they started off and soon ran into a Russian patrol that was seeking to bar all means of egress. This patrol had no idea that the people who were approaching in the darkness were the Poles for whom they were looking. Pulaski at once gave orders to charge and the fugitive band cut their way through to safety. When morning came, the fires of Okopy were still burning but the astonished Russians found that their enemy was gone. They had captured 186 men of the little garrison including six officers. They had seized Pulaski's cannon and sunk them in the Dnyester. They had not caught the

leader, the man that they most wanted. He had vanished without a trace and was off to an unknown destination.

At first they imagined that he had joined his brother in Chocim and they tried in every way to locate him and to follow his movements. It was all in vain. Friends and foes, Poles, Turks, and Russians all were mystified, for Casimir had dropped out of sight as if he had been swallowed in the raging waters of the Dnyester.

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## CHAPTER SIX

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### THE MARSHAL OF LOMZA

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AS Casimir Pulaski with his followers rode out into the night from the ruins of Okopy, he must have been strangely depressed. It was a little over a year since he had joined his father and his brothers at Bar and they had so ceremoniously and prayerfully raised the standard of a free Poland. As far as he could see, they had accomplished nothing and had paid dearly for all their efforts. The fatal voice of disunion had shattered the bright dreams of a new era. His father was in a Tatar prison. His younger brother Antoni was a prisoner of the Russians. His older brother Franciszek might have perished in the blazing ruins of Zwaniec. He was alone in the world, alone with a handful of followers, riding to an unknown goal. He had grown older, he was more sure of himself and of his military ability, but with that he had won few victories and had only staved off defeat.

What was he to do? Join the emigrés who had been moved into the middle of Moldavia, where they could have no effect upon events? Risk the enmity of Joachim Potocki and throw himself upon the mercy of the Turks? Share the fate of his father and languish in a prison at the moment when Poland needed the services of every patriot? No, none of these courses were satisfactory. He wanted to fight, to strike another blow against the hated Russian invader and yet it seemed so hopeless. With the fall of Okopy the Russians had closed the most convenient path between Poland and Turkey. Political and military stupidity had failed to gain for Poland any profit from the Russian-Turkish war which had already lasted for six months.



The future seemed dark but instead of adopting the easiest course and crossing into a foreign land, Casimir made an important decision. The month before, Martin Lubomirski had written him from Malopolska in the southwest and asked him to come and serve with him in the neighborhood of Krakow. It was a long journey through hostile country and across the snow-covered Carpathian Mountains. He decided to accept. Russian detachments were looking for him. The first days of the march were one successive series of skirmishes. The little band had left a blazing city at the moment of its fall. They had lost their guns and their ammunition and all their possessions. They had nothing except themselves and their dauntless spirit. They had no food except what they could gather from the country, and as they went along, they knew that the sparks kindled by the Hajdamaki, the Orthodox Ukrainians of the southeast, were flying around them and that a new revolt of the peasants might break out at any moment.

When they entered the Carpathian Mountains, the valleys were still blocked with snow. Their route led them high up through pathless forests, into the pine woods that cover the northern slopes of the range. They had to cross the swift, rocky rivers, sometimes on slippery and ice-covered rocks. They had to avoid the Hucul villages where enemies were lurking, ready to profit by the extremities of the little band. It was a hard and severe journey but Pulaski and his men won through. We cannot follow the exact route which they took but they did turn aside once to enter Hungary.

Casimir Pulaski had heard that Bishop Krasinski of Kamieniec was returning from Paris with aid for the Confederates. He left his followers and went a hundred kilometres from the border to the little village of Bosiek in order to meet a representative of the Bishop who came down from Sziget. He wrote to the Bishop, begging for aid, for as he said: "Supplies for the soldiers would be more necessary than for the gentlemen."

It was all in vain. Bishop Krasinski was the brother of that

Krasinski who had turned against his father and had become the willing tool of Joachim Potocki. He had no desire to come in contact with the son who had already showed his stern mettle and who was grudgingly recognized as the outstanding military man of the Confederates. It was far easier and more pleasant to dally at the French court or associate with the elegant magnates than it was to face the infuriated and desperate Casimir with his demand for help for his ordinary soldiers. So the Bishop declined a meeting and Casimir was compelled to retrace his steps to the border and then pursue his weary way.

It was the very beginning of April, when the little band, now reduced to some ninety men, of whom only fifty were fit for active service, came down into the rolling country of Malopolska near Krakow. Spring was just commencing and the contrast between the beautiful countryside and the wild snow-bound mountains was startling in the extreme. The peasants were just beginning the spring work, but the wearied travellers had no chance or opportunity to enjoy the beauties of nature. They were there for the grim business of war and nothing could take precedence over this.

The first task of Casimir was to orient himself in his new sphere of activity. There was much that reminded him of the situation in the far east. There were the same large estates, the same proud and unbending magnates, the same mutual jealousies and procrastinations. Yet there was one marked difference—there was little or none of that almost fanatical religious zeal that had marked his father and his associates in all that they did.

The problem of the dissidents was largely academic and theoretical in these quarters. Nobles and peasants alike were both Roman Catholic and there was none of that constant apprehension lest the Russians stir up a peasant revolt that had fired the leaders in the beginning.

The leaders too were a different type of men. Martin Lubomirski was a man after Casimir's own heart in his willingness to run risks and to stake everything upon the

success of the cause. He had been a soldier in both the Prussian and Russian armies and had won some distinction but he was constantly in trouble with both church and law and to many of his associates, he was little better than a bandit. Casimir and his men entered his service on April 7 and he began from that date to make reports more or less regularly, but the young crusader must have smiled a wry smile when he took an oath to support to his last strength, the honor, glory, and life of Lubomirski. There was not a word about Poland or the Church. What a difference between formal and prosaic service and the flaming oaths taken at Bar and Zwaniec at the time of the formation of the Knights of the Holy Cross!

Most of the other leaders were professional formers of Confederations who took good care that none of their actions involved them in serious consequences. They were all opposed to King Stanislas, for they were partisans of Prince Karl of Courland. Few of them had had any experience in battle and their private armies were still constructed for purposes of display. They talked loudly and extravagantly of what they were going to accomplish and paid little attention to this unknown young man who had nothing to distinguish him except a brilliant military record in the cause of Polish liberty.

The vast majority of the leaders and the magnates were men like Theodore Wessel and Adam Krasinski and Bishop Soltyk, the friend of his father before his entrance upon the ill-fated Confederation, and they much preferred to live in Cieszyn in Slovakia, which was then under Hapsburg rule. Now and then they came across the border into the country which they were trying to save, but it was so much pleasanter and safer to live abroad and intrigue to their heart's content. They were hoping for a miracle and the miracle was in their mind connected with some hypothetical enlistment of France in the work of saving their country. They were collecting supplies and men; they were waiting, waiting, waiting for that great day when a French army and

French supplies were to be put at the disposal of the Confederates and all would be well. In the meantime, they were waiting and waiting and could scarcely say a good word for any such commander as Casimir who demanded that they get on with the war at once. Their favorite leader, like Josef Bierzynski, the Marshal of Sieradz, had never won a victory and so he avoided fighting and hostilities. Proud of their self given rank, they ignored Pulaski and his friend and supporter Martin Lubomirski, and did not ask their advice in any undertaking.

Casimir's first task was to recruit new men and collect supplies, and here he found himself entangled in new difficulties. He was an outsider from a distant part of Poland. The Confederates were well equipped with marshals and commanders of various degrees of incapability and they had carefully divided up the territory into spheres of influence. They had no desire to see a newcomer take men from their own special areas and yet it was from these areas that Casimir had to recruit soldiers who would be attracted by his reputation and his personality. The magnates protested at every turn.

A still worse blow was in store for him. On April 17 the various leaders met at Cieszyn and definitely placed themselves under the supreme command of Joachim Potocki and Michael Krasinski, the two chief aversions of the young soldier. He remembered how they had treated his father and how they had hampered all of his own plans. He remembered the blazing city of Okopy where not one hand had been raised to save an important post to Poland. And now the magnates in the west were choosing those same men to represent them and to continue the policy of doing nothing which had been so fatal during the last year.

They did more than this. The assembled leaders issued stern warnings that they would proceed against any one who disregarded the rights of the various district leaders and would declare him *pro perturbatore pacis*, a disturber of the peace. Casimir could have little doubt that the an-

nouncement was aimed at him and his activities, even though he was not mentioned by name.

A few days later he received a wound in the arm but we do not know whether it was accidental or whether he had become involved in some duel. However on May 1, he wrote to Bierzynski: "In the uniform desire to be useful to my country, I will not bring into my public activities anything which is opposed to it. I came into these regions, by forcing my way through a multitude of enemies. I have weighed in the balance the loss of my life or of achieving my goal, and I decided always to know the views of the inhabitants and to be useful to my country. The misfortune of division is more depressing to me than the power of the enemy can be. I was, in the beginning of the Confederation of Bar, always a full commander. I knew my duties to my superiors, without whom I never acted in my causes. In the provinces of Krakow and Sandomierz, in which I found marshals, I considered it just to turn to them and obey their orders. The duty of a commander is not laid upon me for the first time, while in these provinces the marshals have given me orders which I might consider it a fault to accept but with the pure desire of using my services for my country, without introducing by myself any discord among the inhabitants. There has recently come to me notice of a change of marshals into which it is not fitting for me to enter. But as I have no other desire than to aid the interests of the Confederation, not counting my own private interests, without any objections, with complete satisfaction, I am ready to assume the obligations imposed upon me. My merits are small and not worthy of reward. My satisfaction lies completely in my sincere wishes, God knows; I shall be most happy wherever He calls me.

"Your Excellency may be satisfied that you can rely on the firmness of my two beliefs in the Faith and Freedom. My command, although diminished by bloody battles with a powerful enemy, always recognizes the omnipotence of God which assists those who trust in it. I will say without deceit

that I shall be glad to serve as a common soldier under their command in such a post as will satisfy my collaborators. This is my expression and my desire of obedience to your kind heart, Respectfully . . .”

Such a letter with its sincere expression of a willingness to serve his country under any and all conditions was a great novelty amid the pretentious claims of the non-military marshals and Bierzynski was unable to do other than accept it at face value. Within a few days he had an interview with Casimir and the latter took an oath to join him and his friends. In the language of the day, this was not an oath of obedience. It did not alter Casimir's relations to Lubomirski who was opposed to Bierzynski for personal reasons nor did it have any effect on producing better relations between Lubomirski and Bierzynski. The old feuds still continued with more or less bloodless encounters between the two leaders.

Just at this moment Casimir heard a report that affected him greatly. The story was spread abroad that his brother Franciszek had joined Joachim Potocki in Turkey and now was returning into Poland with a band of 600 men including some Turks and Tatars. To Casimir his immediate duty was to convert his brother to the error of his ways and to bring him back into the true Confederation. Without paying attention to the orders or entreaties of Lubomirski, he started with his own men for Sambor, where he arrived about May 13.

As he approached, he noticed that there were troops in this city and he immediately jumped to the conclusion that they were Russians. A battle was just starting but had fortunately not been joined when the two leaders recognized each other and fell into each other's arms. It was Franciszek that had actually arrived without knowing of his brother's whereabouts.

The two men had been separated for over two months and they had much to talk about. Now for the first time Casimir could learn from its brother's lips that he had not

renounced his principles and had not joined Joachim Potocki. It took a great load from the mind of the young man but he was filled with sadness at the other piece of news that his brother had brought.

Josef Pulaski had died of the plague in April along with many of his associates. Franciszek had arrived in time to arrange the funeral but he had no money and none of the Confederate leaders would advance any. So he had had to sell his cannon and turn over to the Turks a large part of his men to secure the necessary funds. Then he had taken his father's body to one of the family estates at Mohylew but the Russians had refused to allow the funeral and the old man's body was laid to rest somewhere on the open steppes. It was a sad ending to that career that had started so brilliantly and with a fanfare of trumpets only a year before.

What was to be their next move? Franciszek had with him barely 150 men, largely an unruly mass of Turks and Tatars who sought at every step to plunder the inhabitants. Casimir had but a slightly larger force at his disposal. Yet both men felt that their honor and filial piety demanded that they continue to uphold the cause for which their father had laid down his life and that it was dishonorable for them to acknowledge Joachim Potocki as their superior. It seemed madness for the two brothers to play a lone hand and to challenge Russia, the King, and the Confederates. Yet that was their decision and they rallied around them a few friends such as Josef Drohojowski, the commander of Przemyśl. They renewed the Confederation of Bar with all of its religious terminology and named Franciszek the Marshal of their group to take his father's place.

So far so good, but if they were to carry out their program and seek for recognition from a freed Poland, they had to take some action. The obvious thing was an attack on the hitherto unconquered city of Lwow. It was the same old idea. Once they were in control of that strategic place, the way would be open for the Turks to come to the aid of

Poland. On May 19, Franciszek sent this idea to the Turkish commander on the border but the Pasha had no orders or vision to take any supporting action and he did nothing.

The threat however leaked out and it galvanized the Confederates into action. Suppose that these two tempestuous brothers, now that they were united, should succeed in such a daring mission! It would be impossible to ignore them and they would speedily receive by public acclaim the first posts in the entire Confederation. There was no way of stopping them or of dissuading them from fighting. Hence it was necessary for the other leaders to join them in the assault and endeavor to secure a lion's share of the glory. Bierzynski and his friends moved rapidly toward Lwow, so as to be in a position to secure the highest posts, if the enterprise succeeded.

It was a strangely disunited army that marched on the city. The leaders came from all directions with small bands and distrusted one another even more than they hated the enemy. On the other hand there were no Russian troops in the city, for the garrison had left after the declaration of war between Russia and Turkey and the defence lay in the loyalty of the commanders, Felicjan Korytowski and Jan Kicki, to the King. Both men were bitterly hostile to Bierzynski and swore that they would defend the city and its royalist connections to their last drop of blood.

Casimir arrived first and at once sent a delegation with a trumpeter to demand surrender. Korytowski refused. Casimir had to wait because his own forces were too small to act and so when the other units came up, the leaders formally proclaimed a new Confederation of the province of Rus and appointed Ignacy Potocki civilian head and Bierzynski the military commander.

Even these loud sounding titles did not impress the little garrison. The Confederates raged and stormed and threatened but the leaders remained adamant. The Confederates threatened to burn the city if it did not yield. There was no reply. They offered Korytowski a high rank in their



Confederation and he replied that he would be glad to join it when the King and the Military Commission ordered him to do so. Then they announced that Korytowski would pay with his head for his opposition. There was still no result and the royal garrison was in a position to appeal to part of the citizens who knew that Lwow had never been captured and to coerce those who wanted to surrender.

Force was the only means left and on the evening of June 1, the assault began. The defenders were few but well entrenched and well led. The attackers consisted almost entirely of cavalry and became confused in the suburbs of the city. Casimir and his hussars broke through the suburbs and seized the outer part of the Krakow gate. They mounted the city wall but they could do no more. Unsupported by their allies, they were forced back and by dawn, the royal troops were in command of the situation everywhere. Then came the news that a Russian force under Lieutenant Colonel Drevich was approaching. This was the last straw. The leaders began again to dispute among themselves as to who was responsible for the failure. They separated into their original detachments and the Russians defeated several of them in detail.

All this did not make for better feeling among the Confederates and the tension increased still more when Bishop Krasinski saw fit to issue an attack on Martin Lubomirski and Casimir. He declared that Lubomirski was an apostate Martin Luther and that the Pulaski brothers were devils and that whoever supported them would be exposed to eternal damnation. Another leader called them a sect of Warsaw Masons. The brothers were accused of robbery and brigandage and their enemies charged that they had been taken prisoner several times by the Russians and then released to carry on their damnable work of disrupting Poland.

With the memory of Berdyczow and Okopy and countless other battles still fresh, with the news of his father's death within two months for the cause of Polish liberty, Casimir was enraged, but for once he held his temper and made no

public answer to the charges. Instead of that, the two brothers worked out a plan for moving to the northward into Lithuania to spread the flame of revolt and liberation further across Poland. They were annoyed by the little assistance that they had received but they decided to make up for it by requisitioning supplies and recruiting men wherever they could.

Franciszek was the diplomat of the two brothers. Casimir was in charge of the military actions and he did not shrink from ordering the great My dear Sir, Karol Radziwill, to put his enormous resources at the service of the Confederates. On June 15, he wrote in the most polite manner, "It is time for your Excellency to act, for your delay will bring an irreparable disgrace upon you. The arrogance of your enemies is now so evident that you could find not only revenge but defence in punishing them justly. I urge your princely Highness to renew your zealous thoughts for the public good and show to the entire country that the well-remembered glory of your ancestors is still alive. Hasten to the anxious sons of the Fatherland, block the thoughts of your opponents. We earnestly ask that the fortresses of Sluck and Nieswiez remain closed; if they become in time the booty of the Russian army, it would bring you great regret before the entire country; at all events, present caution in action would clearly show opposition to the Confederated Republic."

This was a new note in Polish politics. No one, high or low, had ever dared to tell Karol Radziwill wherein his duty lay. His imperious will laid down the course for others, and he did as he pleased. But the young Casimir Pulaski who was risking his life and that of his men every day had no patience with the great magnates who refused to come to a definite rupture with the Russian regime. He was fighting, while the others were talking and planning and he realized that the whole movement would come to naught, unless there was zealous, speedy and emphatic action.

Of course the great Karol Radziwill paid no attention to

the letter. It was beneath his dignity to notice a command from a mere nobleman of less power and influence. Perhaps he was a little annoyed, if he bothered to read it, at the arrogance and the insolence of the young soldier. Perhaps he joined with many of his friends in thinking that such an impetuous young man was not a person to be intrusted with high responsibility in eighteenth century Poland. He was too exacting and it was far better to trust to some quiet and amiable gentleman as Bierzynski who would certainly not press things too far.

It made no difference to the two brothers. They pushed on to the north. Everywhere they went, Franciszek reformed the Confederate groups. He revived the spirit on which his father had counted, and he behaved as if he were an important political leader. Casimir busied himself with military matters. He seized all the horses on one of Karol Radziwill's estates and sent that superb gentleman a letter of thanks for his liberality. He took 2,000 pounds of powder from the estate of the Chancellor of the Royal Army with the same expressions of gratitude and he took everything useful as a forced gift that he could find on the estates of King Stanislas.

Pulaski's little band now consisted of nearly 1,000 men, well mounted, adequately armed, and superbly led. They appeared and disappeared as if by magic. They avoided large Russian units and cut off small ones and no one seemed to know where they would appear next. Again and again they fought pitched battles, as that at Kukielki on July 6, when Casimir compelled the Russian commander Colonel Ushakov to surrender and retire from the war for some months. Yet even there he was unable to make Ushakov hand over all his arms and ammunition. The main purpose of the raid was for purposes of recruiting, and of preparing for the greater battles to come when the international friends would really come to their assistance. Casimir still believed the day would come when Turkey and France would come to the assistance of Poland and the country would be liberated with a minimum of bloodshed.

The brothers again forced the Confederates out of their inaction. Again it would never do to have the victories all won by Casimir and so Bierzynski tried to rival their exploits. It was all in vain. He was roundly defeated and meanwhile the news of the Pulaski victories kept stirring Poland.

Finally when the brothers were near Wilno and the evidences of Russian pursuit were becoming stronger, they turned to the west and made their way to Ostroleka where the confederates of the province of Lomza were holding a meeting. These men were tired of doing nothing and they were overjoyed at the visit of the Pulaskis. They renewed the Confederation in the terms so well known from Bar and in order to make assurance doubly sure, they elected Casimir the Marshal of Lomza. Again he took the oath to execute his functions patriotically and efficiently, "until the Holy Catholic Faith, freedom, the ancient rights, and the ancestral freedoms should be secured and the Republic was completely quiet both at home and abroad."

Once more Casimir was able to declare himself in favor of his father's principles and to rally to them men who were interested in the salvation of Poland. Yet he would have been scarcely human, had he not realized the unusual honor that the men of Lomza were paying to him. It had been the invariable rule to choose as Marshal of a province some one who was well known in it and who possessed some estates there. Casimir Pulaski was a stranger and had no estates near Lomza, and his appointment was an unconscious tribute to the fact that the cause of Polish liberty had found in him a real champion. Again he had forced recognition for himself and his father by his own bravery and courage.

He was proud of this, but there was also a practical significance in the appointment. Since he had left Okopy, he had been in a doubtful military situation. He had had his own troops but he was still a commander under Lubomirski. His protector had as many enemies as he had himself and they

could sneer at Martin and then dub Pulaski a mere subordinate. That was no longer possible. In so far as rank counted, he was now the Marshal of Lomza, one of that group that could demand to sit in Councils of War and to express himself openly and frankly on the needs of his country and of the Confederation. There could be no doubt that he would not be one of the inner circle, but at least they could not have the normal excuse of the past months for excluding him. He was now one of the Marshals and he could look forward to expressing himself more freely and putting his great abilities to a more direct use for his country. The other leaders knew this but they showed no greater inclination to be friends.

The Russians judged more wisely and realistically. They now knew that he was the main Polish leader whom they could not influence. They knew that he was a formidable foe and so they sent against him their most competent officer, the great Suvorov. Suvorov was a far greater tactician than was Pulaski and as commander-in-chief, he was not going to delay in completing his mission.

On September 15, Suvorov with his troops arranged in four columns and attacking in various directions fell upon the little force near Orzechow. Pulaski and his men were in strong positions but Suvorov acted contrary to all expectations. He succeeded in forcing some swamps which were to cover Pulaski's withdrawal and in passing them. It was Pulaski's turn to be surprised. The Poles were forced to retreat and for a while it seemed as if it would be impossible. Franciszek turned back to rescue his brother and ran into another Russian column under Colonel Castelli. In the *melée* he fell mortally wounded by a bullet from the pistol of the Russian commander. After a few short hours of fighting, Pulaski saw the ruin of his summer's work. His army was shattered, five hundred of his men were killed, one hundred thirty were prisoners. His guns and supplies were lost. His brother was dead. All that he had gained was swept away and almost alone he had to make his way out of the trap and return to his original starting point in Malopolska.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

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### PLANS ON PLANS

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**I**T WAS a saddened and depressed but unbroken Pulaski that arrived at the headquarters of the Confederates in Zborow, Slovakia, within the Hapsburg dominions on September 23, eight days later. He arrived with those followers who had escaped the crushing defeat at Orzechow and without any clear knowledge as to the fate of his brother. He heard rumors that Franciszek had fallen in the battle and that his uniform had been sold in the public market in Wlodawa by the Cossacks. Yet he could still hope against hope until other associates straggled in and brought the fatal news.

There was still more ill news awaiting him. There was the report that the Russians, to take vengeance upon the family, had turned their attention to his mother, that they had attacked the family estate at Winiary and that the poor lady had had to escape in the disguise of a Jewess. For a while he could have no news as to her fate.

He seemed completely isolated. He had started his campaign with his entire family and after a year and a half, he alone was left. His father was dead; one brother had fallen; the second was in a Russian prison. Brothers-in-law, cousins, all had fallen, and he was left alone to carry on their work. Now, if ever, was the time when Casimir Pulaski was tempted to give up the struggle or at least to join willingly with the other Confederates and accept their decisions, to work with them sincerely and completely and give up any desire to play an independent role. He was not that type of

man. He felt himself bound to maintain the honor and the principles of his father, even when they seemed most hopelessly doomed to failure.

At the same time the defeat happened at a critical time. Ever since his arrival in Malopolska, he had been the goad that had driven the other leaders to action. His had been the inspiration to attack Lwow. His had been the idea of a march into Lithuania, and just as he was returning with vastly increased forces and prestige, there had come the tragic blow which had reduced him again to impotence. The lackadaisical members could point with self-satisfaction to his fate and argue that decisive action was unnecessary and unprofitable and he could not honestly resist them except by repeating once again his hopes and beliefs.

Zborow, outside of Poland in a friendly country, was the place where he could hear these unpleasant opinions, for here had gathered all the representatives of those attitudes which he disliked. Here was Zamoyski, an ardent adherent of the Saxon cause. Here was Mniszech who could think only of the deposition of the King and who was willing to accept any foreign help, if only that could be done. Here was his brother-in-law Suffczynski who would never aid him too much or too frequently. Here was Karol Radziwill with his desire to get rid of King Stanislas and his stronger desire to take over the estates of the Czartoryskis to add to his already enormous wealth. Here were all the politically minded ladies each seeking her own advantage and sponsoring her own program. There was no one to think of Poland and the needs of its fighting men save only the discredited Casimir, for the Confederates were as little interested in reality as were the King and his supporters in Warsaw. All these ladies and gentlemen were planning a general Confederation, they were giving orders, appointing generals and marshals among their friends and satellites, and they had no time for or interest in Casimir Pulaski who had merely been fighting steadily for a year and half and had sacrificed in the struggle every one who was near and dear to him. Even his new post

as Marshal of Lomza did not serve to bring him into the inner circle, on which in their own opinion depended the fate of Poland.

In October the assembled leaders set up the Generalcy of the Confederation with Michael Pac of Lithuania as the political chieftain and Ignacy Bohusz as Secretary. Of course the military head was to be no other than Joachim Potocki who was expected to return from Turkey to Austria-Hungary, unless Prince Karl should see fit to come from Dresden to take over the command. Of course no outstanding post was found for Casimir. He had neither the money nor the influence nor the armed force to command any respect among these gallant gentlemen and ladies and he saw himself forced from the centre of the stage despite all his efforts and sacrifices.

For a while he tried to play a lone hand and even went so far as to sign himself "Marshal of a part of the Confederate Army, commander of the Bar section." He was grimly determined that he was not going to have his father's memory and ideals submerged in the paper organization which was functioning around Zborow in perfect safety. Yet Casimir was never a politician and whatever he might have accomplished with the aid of his brother Franciszek, he was a helpless victim amid the skilled intriguers and ardent politicians who surrounded him. It was soon made clear to him that it was not his duty to meddle in such affairs and by December 10, he was peremptorily told that it was necessary for him to obey the orders issued by the new Generalcy. It made little or no difference whether these orders were practicable or not. It was not his duty to judge, for the power and the titles and the wealth of the governing body would more than make up for their lack of experience and fighting zeal.

Such an atmosphere was not for him and by Christmas he was back at the head of his old followers and some recruits in Poland, inside the frontier, raiding enemy detachments, collecting supplies and struggling to rebuild his shattered



forces. This readiness to run into danger did not endear him to the other leaders but they were ready to encourage him, to assign him missions and send him on scouting expeditions, if only to keep him out of their councils and to occupy his mind. They took no steps to increase his force or to furnish him a portion of those supplies which were piling up on the Polish frontier, even while the forces in the country were lacking everything. When he left for a raid, they always warned him not to go too far, not to hit the Russians too hard, and above all they constantly criticized him for his zeal in foraging and collecting supplies for his ill-equipped men. None of them agreed with his statement to Bishop Krasinski on his march through the Carpathians that supplies for the poor soldiers were more necessary than for the gentlemen.

Amid the splendid company at Zborow, the favorite occupation was making plans. The second was intriguing against one another. Even within the exalted Generalcy there were petty rivalries and constant intrigues. Martin Lubomirski was no more popular than he had been before and it was with many forebodings that his enemies wondered what Casimir Pulaski would do, if these intrigues became serious.

They did not have long to wait. Casimir was interested in fighting for Poland and for the ideals of his father. He was not concerned with the jealousies and plots that went on amid the Generalcy itself. He did his best to put down quarrels and to help his friends but he made it clear that it was his task to force the Confederation to fight and not to worry as to who controlled it. He summarized his position in a letter written on January 1, 1770 to Karol Radziwill: "I hope that Your Excellency will be assured that I will not for anything in the world be separated from my most ardent wishes for my country, I hope for no other reward than death, and I remain with unblemished honor as I await it in danger for the honor of God and of my country." No words could better summarize the position of Casimir Pulaski then and during his entire career.

The Russians followed him and his band far more closely than they did any of the other detachments that ventured across the border into Poland. They realized that he was their daring and active enemy, the most relentless of their foes, and the one who spent the most of his time in active campaigns. They knew that he would never stop as long as he was alive, and that every time he was defeated or checked, he withdrew only to refit his forces and throw them again into the field. On January 13 they attacked his base of operations in Grab on the Polish side of the frontier and burned his stores. In an attempt to drive them off, he was severely wounded in the arm and was compelled to retire. His men repulsed the invaders and saved him, but the lack of food and the mid-winter compelled him to leave the area and shift his base of operations further to the west toward Nowy Targ.

For a moment the better side of the Generalcy rose to the surface. The leaders became ashamed of the charges which they had been bringing against the intrepid leader and issued a clear and uncompromising statement absolving him of all the accusations and slanders that had been brought against him. It was a passing tribute to a great patriot, because for a moment they needed his services and realized the damage that he was doing to their enemies.

Yet such a gesture did not mean a change in their dominant mood. They recognized that they needed an army and in order to recruit one, they decided that the new troops should be drawn from the men already under arms with other commanders. On February 1, they issued an order that each marshal and councilor should equip one hussar toward a regiment of 1000 men. This was too much. Casimir, though Marshal of Lomza, was separated from the district where he was legally supposed to collect his men and supplies and the decree merely meant that he was to turn over trained soldiers and equipment and pay their salaries for six months at a time when he was desperately trying to secure his own armed force. With the greatest emphasis he

protested against this order and with such success that the Generalcy yielded and awarded him and his friend Josef Miaczynski from five to ten thousand Polish zlotys a month for the pay of his men.

As the intrigues amid the members of the Generalcy grew, the leaders of the opposition tried to court Pulaski. They knew that the popular slogan to overthrow their own enemies would be a promise to prosecute the war more vigorously. This was of course the program of Casimir, and the various groups hoped to use him for their own political purposes. Again he was non-political and he had no more confidence in the one group than in the other. As a result, when Bierzynski, his rival of the past year, saw fit to move against the Generalcy, he confidently hoped that he would win over Pulaski and his men. The Generalcy was no less anxious but on March 22, they took the only possible course and ordered Casimir to move against the rebels. To their surprise and joy, he never hesitated for an instant but remained absolutely true to his oaths of allegiance and by a skilful move forced Bierzynski to yield or face a civil war in which his own men would not follow him. The Generalcy won a bloodless victory and Bierzynski had nothing to do but retire to Warsaw and throw himself on the mercy of the King and the Russians and spread new slanders against the leader who again was standing by his word and supporting the Generalcy by act and deed.

Yet even then the Generalcy did not see fit to admit Casimir Pulaski into the ruling group. They were jealous of his honesty and his daring. They were suspicious of his willingness to start upon an untried policy and they did their best to keep him in the background. They were the more annoyed therefore when in June the Emperor Joseph II of Austria visited Preszow, in the neighborhood. Naturally all the magnates and commanders were eager to meet him, as their success and prestige largely depended upon his willingness to allow them a refuge in his territories. Amid this brilliant group where rank counted so largely, Pulaski was in a

subordinate place but the Archduke Albrecht pointed him out to the Emperor who greeted him and said: "You have won enough glory in all lands." Such an encomium from the Austrian Emperor was itself sufficient distinction but that evening at another gathering the Emperor summoned him and asked him where he had learned the military art. Casimir answered that he had studied for one week in the army of Prince Karl and that daily practice in the field had been his education. Then he went on in the spirit of his father and of the men of Bar to declare that since he was defending the faith and freedom, God was his guide and protection. This note was strange even among the devout and Catholic Poles and speaks volumes for his willingness to maintain the principles for which he had promised to live over two years before under any and all conditions.

Such a man was a menace to the Russians and they decided to end him and his band. General Weymarn, a typical German in the Russian service and a great enemy of Suworov, ordered Count Shakhovskoy to clean up the border. This time the Russians intended to do a good job and so Count Shakhovskoy met the Austrian commander Prince Esterhazy, and secured permission for the Russian troops to follow the fleeing Poles into Hungarian territory. For this purpose by special arrangement, the Austrian frontier guards were withdrawn about two miles into their own territory. The news gave Pulaski the idea that treachery was on foot and his suspicions were confirmed when on August 3, he was compelled to retreat before overwhelming forces and the Russians followed him into what had been safe territory. The army of Miaczynski to save itself surrendered to the Austrians. Pulaski lost 179 men but with his customary skill and good fortune, he escaped again.

The manoeuvre had failed and then Colonel Drevich, one of the Russian field commanders, conceived the idea of meeting this able opponent. He invited him to come to the Russian camp under a flag of truce. Pulaski refused at first. He had too many bitter memories of treachery and of arrest

in his own experience. He thought of his father and his experiences among the Tatars and decided that it was the Russian plan to arrest him and send him into Russia. Yet Drevich was not to be thus thwarted and after more negotiations, Pulaski consented to meet him alone at the village of Cygielka.

The two men, the victorious commander of the Imperial forces and the heroic Pole who was his own support and stay, came together. Drevich pointed out the weakness of the Confederation and urged Pulaski to abandon it and accept a good post in the Russian service. Casimir was not to be bribed and replied that he preferred to die rather than submit.

"But," said Drevich, "my dear sir, you will not die if you run into Hungary and that is why I attacked you there, to show you that there is no safe refuge for you in Poland and we will fight you, until you recognize it.

"I know well," replied Casimir, "that without foreign support neither I nor we all can accomplish anything. We hope for that support soon. I, in any case, will continue in my undertaking, for I am trying to leave to my country the good reputation that I truly want to defend our liberty."

They were bold and definite words but they sum up the entire spirit of his life. They set forth the guiding principles which he had inherited from his father. They show a good military appreciation of the situation but they reveal an abiding faith in the principles of freedom and of justice, and a proud determination to live up to them as best he could. The interview lasted a little longer and some of the staff officers of both Drevich and Pulaski joined it, but there could only be an armistice. There was no peace possible between a fiery advocate of liberty and the servant of an autocratic ruler, no matter how they might respect each other personally.

When Casimir and his little band of ragged, hungry and exhausted followers made their way back to Zborow, they found the mood of the community greatly changed. The

magnates were more haughty, their plans were more ambitious, and more than ever they were ready to look down upon the unlucky fighting leader. What had happened?

Colonel Charles François Dumouriez of the army of the King of France had arrived on a special mission from the Duc de Choiseul, the prime minister and close adviser of his august Majesty, King Louis XV of France. Gorgeously attired in the cream colored uniform of the French army, loaded down with marks of the favor of his sovereign and his chief aides, Dumouriez had come on a military mission to the Confederates. Elegant, gracious, and liberal, the true leader of the future army of the French Revolution, Dumouriez could not fail to make an impression upon these elegant and gracious magnates who were gathered together in safety to plan for a future war.

His arrival seemed an assurance of victory. Bishop Krasinski and his friends had been arguing for months that the support of France was certain. Now at last one of the great powers of Europe had recognized the high ideals of the Generalcy and was ready to help them. The same thrill went up that came in 1920 when the great General Weygand arrived at Warsaw to win the credit of saving that city from the Red Army. If there were to be victory, the French officer would win the credit for his country. If there were to be defeat,—!

Dumouriez, as the very pattern of the cultured French officer of the eighteenth century, could not fail to please. He talked long and seriously of the help that France was going to send. He outlined a brilliant and glowing future for a restored Poland. With his claims and his oratory he swept everything before him. The night of doubt and hesitation passed and all were happy.

Yet what had he brought? A few French officers to serve as technical advisers. And little else. He had not brought enormous funds to raise and equip fighting men. He had not brought guns and ammunition to arm them, but he

talked long and artistically about 22,000 muskets that were on their way and had already reached Munich.

Furthermore he had brought a brilliant conception that was touching in its simplicity. He had a plan by which the Poles could save themselves. All it required was the formation of a general command and the ending of mutual jealousies. He advised the Poles to form an army of foreign mercenaries with foreign training and to use this force as the model on which their own troops should be trained. Of course, he and France were not going to furnish the funds.

Then he had another idea. Somewhere in the southwest of Poland the Polish Confederates should seize and garrison a fortress or a chain of fortresses, behind which they could drill and prepare their armies. Of course he was none too sure which fortresses should be selected for this purpose. It was their duty to do that and it was their task to prepare the forces to do it, and to hold those fortresses against Russian attack until all was ready.

It was a beautiful program and with touching eloquence Dumouriez developed his theme. It sent a thrill of pride through the hearts of every magnate present. It made them feel that they were on the right path and that before long the Russian garrisons would be expelled, that King Stanislas would voluntarily abdicate and that the Saxon dynasty would be on the throne.

Then there appeared at Zborow the ragged little band of Casimir Pulaski. He had returned after his defeat and his interview with Drevich to resume the weary task of raising an army under the most impossible conditions. His uniform and those of his men were worn and dirty, their arms and ammunition were almost exhausted. They were weary, hungry and dejected,—all except their dauntless leader.

Dumouriez was not keen enough to understand this seeming discord in the beautiful picture that he had sketched. At first he was inclined to believe that Pulaski had been fighting but he very soon changed his mind under the pressure of subtle suggestion and wrote to Durand, the French min-

ister in Vienna, that these men were nothing but a group of bandits and that Pulaski was a rash fellow who would be of no use in a regular campaign. He ignored the fact that even the Emperor of Austria had valued highly his military skill. All he could see then or at any time in future was the distressed condition of these retreating soldiers and the unsettled character of their commander.

Casimir Pulaski heard of this unfavorable comment and with the realistic eye of a man who had been fighting on Polish soil for over two years and a half, who had raised, equipped and led his own men, he could not fail to see the utterly academic character of the scheme and he took a personal dislike to the polished French officer. What had he been doing? He, and his father before him, had been begging for a fighting leadership. Josef Pulaski had formed the Knights of the Holy Cross for this purpose. He had established himself as military commander and had been deposed by the intrigues of the present titular head Joachim Potocki. Casimir himself, despite his services, had never received high rank in the councils of the Confederates.

The scheme of the fortresses was beautiful. He had tried at Berdyczow to hold the monastery until troops raised behind the lines could come to his assistance and he had been compelled to surrender. He had tried to hold Okopy when across the river there was a Turkish army at war with Russia that could use that fortress as a bridgehead and make a safe crossing in to his native land. The Turks had not moved and the other Polish leaders had not helped him. What good would a fortress be, when it relied upon support from distant France? How would that army arrive? Would it march through Austria or Prussia or would it come by sea and land in a far distant section at the mouth of the Vistula. The situation was to be repeated in 1920 but at that time there was a Marshal Pilsudski to command the Polish troops and he had willing subordinates. In 1770 there was only a Pulaski standing out alone, fighting by himself, and distrusted by his associates.



He knew his Polish associates too well to have confidence in the roseate plan of Dumouriez and he expressed himself as forcibly as he could and then with his few followers and those whom he could recruit he returned to Poland.

Meanwhile Dumouriez's advice for the formation of a strong central command broke down on the mutual antagonisms of the prominent leaders. Each man felt that he and he alone was destined to take the helm and the struggle within the Generalcy was only heightened.

As regards the fortress to be selected, Dumouriez was equally uncertain. At first the castle of Czorstyn seemed a logical place. It was near the border. It would be easy to take and to hold, for there were no Russian troops in the neighborhood. Who was to do the task? Of course, Pulaski. At least he and his little band were ready to fight and whatever Dumouriez thought of the young leader, he knew that this was the one available detachment.

Then came another objection. The Austrian representatives interfered. Czorstyn was only one mile from the border and at such a short distance the tide of war might easily spread across the border and involve another country. The objection was valid, for Austria, so long as the Confederates were living on her territory and receiving her protection, could at least influence their movements. The plan was abandoned.

Next came Lanckorona, if the place was deemed of strategic importance. Again the capture was to be the work of Pulaski. This time the young commander refused. From his information and reconnoitering, he knew that the fortress was very near the base of Drevich and his Russians. He knew that they could relieve the place before he could seize it and that he could only hold it, if there were a considerable force able to come at once to his support. The taking of Lanckorona would expose the garrison to the fate of Berdyczow and Okopy and Casimir had no intention of starting on a fool's errand and sacrificing himself and his men, when there was no hope.

It was then that Michael Pac, the civilian leader, thought of the great monastery fortress of Czestochowa. It was considerably further to the northeast and behind its protecting walls a small force could dominate still unravaged country and give the new armies that were to be raised ground for manoeuvre and exercise. The idea seemed attractive for many reasons, and Casimir gave a sort of assent to the project before he and Walewski who was nominally his superior started on the march.

Yet before that he made a detour to attack the city of Krakow. The Russians had evacuated this important place and there were only a few hundred men of the regular Polish army outside the city walls at Kazimierz. By the suddenness of his onslaught, Pulaski overpowered this garrison and even carried from their beds Major General Jordan and Major Gordon. One of the officers and about two hundred fifty well equipped men of the garrison joined his forces, as he moved on, while the Russians chalked up another item in the account which they were going to collect from the incorrigible young officer who seemed to laugh at them almost with impunity.

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

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### THE BATTLE OF CZESTOCHOWA

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**N**EAR the city of Czestochowa was the Monastery of Jasna Gora, one of the sacred spots in Poland and a centre of pilgrimage for all devout Poles. Only the shrine of Our Lady of the Ostra Brama in Wilno could compare in sanctity and esteem with Our Lady of Czestochowa. Every year thousands of Poles came to pray at this holy spot and to bring rich gifts and increase the glory and the wealth of the shrine.

Yet the Monastery was more than a religious centre. Located in a strong position on the bank of the River Warta not far from the Prussian border, it was a military position of great importance. Like many of the old foundations of Europe, it was a strong fortress as well as a house of God. In ancient times it had served as both and even in these days of a weakened Poland, efforts were made to maintain a force of soldiers within its massive fortifications. The sacred church on a low hill was surrounded with a lofty wall of earth, with a moat, and towers and bastions and could only be approached by drawbridges. It could easily be made a centre of national defence as it was a centre of national worship.

Under the weak reign of King Stanislas both the garrison and the monks were unhappy. There was no firm rule within or without. Commander after commander was changed depending on the shifting whims of politics. No steps were taken to maintain the defences but within the massive walls there were still large supplies of powder and of cannon,—and of gold and silver and precious stones.

The Russians cast longing eyes at this rich booty. They were continuously threatening it and demanding contributions for their purposes until they could find the opportunity for seizing the enormous treasures at one fell swoop. It was a scandal to the devout Poles of all factions but what could they do? The monks tried to stay neutral and their petition was approved by the Central Military Commission of the King. The Confederates or some of their bands in the neighborhood also sought for military contributions from the monks, even though the leaders entrusted to the sacred shrine all of their own wealth. Never did a wealthy spot find itself in more difficulties and pray so in vain for peace and tranquility.

At the end of August while Pulaski was debating in his mind whether to move north or not, Lieutenant Colonel Drevich decided once more to collect a tidy sum for his army and apparently for himself from this spot. He remembered the rich spoil that Krechetnikov had won at Berdyczow and here was a tempting chance to surpass that general in proving that war paid. The armed citizenry of Czestochowa and the peasants of the neighborhood surrounded the sacred shrine and offered resistance. Foiled in an attempt at peaceful conquest, Drevich demanded the payment within twenty-four hours of 2,000 ducats as the pledge of a further large payment and apparently demanded 12,000 more for his own men. The hour of Czestochowa had come.

The news reached Casimir Pulaski in time and his pious soul revolted at this menace to the monastery. Almost the last act of his father had been to promise a statue of Victory to this shrine, and the news that it might be irreparably plundered roused in him a determination to stop it at all costs, even though his associate Walewski had orders to avoid a pitched battle.

Casimir moved as rapidly as possible to the monastery. His coming surprised Drevich who planned to stop him and then return for the rest of the booty. By clever manoeuvring, Pulaski put his men between Drevich and the Monas-

tery and the Russian commander saw that he must postpone his demands until he had disposed of his old enemy.

Yet all was not plain sailing for Pulaski when he arrived on September 5 before the walls. The monks were relieved that they were at least temporarily saved from the Russian exactions but they had no desire to see a Confederate army within their walls, even if it were under the command of a devout Catholic like Casimir Pulaski. They politely but firmly refused to open the gates and admit him.

What was to be done? As a devout Catholic, Casimir Pulaski could not dream of attacking the sacred shrine which he had come to defend. He would not shed Polish blood in a fratricidal battle around its holy walls. He would not risk damage to the place which he had come to protect. As a Polish patriot and a trained military man, he realized, even if he had not been instructed to do so by Pac and Dumouriez, that the seizure of Czestochowa would give the Confederates that fortress which they were seeking. Furthermore he knew that the only protection of the fortress against the Russians lay in having a strong garrison within its walls.

The Papal Nuncio Angelo Durini solved the problem. Fortunately he was at the Monastery for the Feast of the Coronation of the Holy Picture. He was not only a deeply religious man but he was also a clever statesman and a friend of Mniszech who was one of the leaders of the Confederation. So Durini was interested in both the maintenance of the shrine and the success of Pulaski and willingly offered himself as a mediator.

Finally after a parley the monks allowed Casimir, two of his officers and the chaplain to enter the monastery. Pulaski made his confession, heard Mass, and received the Sacrament. He was there like so many pilgrims for a purely religious purpose. Meanwhile Walewski opened other negotiations on his own and finally secured permission to enter by a postern gate. The monks, or at least one, consented and opened the door. Walewski, a powerful athlete, stepped in as soon as the gate was opened and stopped at the very en-

trance. He drew his sword and at once some of his followers who were in hiding rushed up and joined him. There was the pretence of a struggle and two of the Confederates were slightly wounded but a detachment of Pulaski's men was already inside. The Polish troops had no more desire to fight in the sacred enclosure than did the Confederates and hostilities stopped at once. That afternoon Durini visited Pulaski and gave him his blessing. The monastery was occupied.

There were no unfortunate repercussions. The vast majority of the monks were glad to have such a devout and able military commander within their walls. It insured their safety against the marauding Russians and the undisciplined bands that posed as Confederates for the purpose of plunder and booty. The monastery was Pulaski's and for nearly two years it was to serve as his headquarters while the struggle for the independence of Poland continued.

Pulaski found in the monastery a large supply of powder and of bombs and 140 guns, part of which were of bronze, and six mortars ready for use. There were many other cannon without carriages or with carriages that sadly needed repair. There was a large arsenal and when it is taken into consideration that Pulaski had with him less than 2,000 ill-equipped men, the magnitude of the supplies which he had captured can be imagined. It meant all the difference between fighting barehanded and with an armed force.

His first task was to list the supplies that were available and to prepare the fortress for defence, in case of a Russian attack. Furthermore he at once sent out his cavalry to collect fodder and food for the garrison and to make sure that the Russians, if they attacked, could not profit by the supplies of the neighborhood, for he well knew that Drevich would never take this defeat calmly and that he would renew his efforts to take possession of the monastery, its wealth, and its military supplies.

For the first time in his long career Casimir Pulaski could feel that he did have a real role in the salvation of his coun-

try. He could believe that he had lived up to the ideals that he had set for himself many years before when at Mitau for the first time he had become acutely aware of his country's problem. He showed it in an action that conflicts very sharply with his uninterrupted devotion to duty.

He had hardly settled down in Czestochowa and had ordered his trusted lieutenants to undertake the task of inventory and repair and had himself ascertained that there was no immediate danger of an attack by Drevich and his Russians when he suddenly left his post for the dangerous trip into Prussia to Lubliniec, five miles from the border. He went attended only by one officer and it was in a real sense the first personal mission on which he had gone from the time when he entered the service of Polish independence.

Now he went over to see Franciszka Krasinska, the Princess of Courland, and the wife of Prince Karl. He had not seen or heard from her since he left Mitau eight years before as a boy of sixteen. During all these years there is no trace of any attachment to any woman, no personal feeling for anything except the cause of his country. The ideal which she had left him seems to have remained in his memory for he saw her and her husband as the sole hopes of Poland. Now, when for the first time he came near her residence, he was ready to undergo any difficulties to see her again and to report to her of his efforts and success.

Franciszka Krasinska was by this time an attractive lady of twenty-seven, intelligent, patriotic and with a real political sense. She was keenly interested in Polish politics and had never lost hope that she and her husband would ultimately triumph and that Poland would be free. She followed every move of the Confederates with the greatest interest and assisted them in every way possible. Yet she could give little or no financial help. The King of Saxony had refused to receive her or to allow her to live in Dresden and she wandered around from one home to another away from the power of the Russians. With all of her personal charm and ability she was sharply unlike the other great ladies of

the Confederates who thought only of their own private interests and attached themselves to one of the leaders or worked to promote some special cause. She had an unblemished reputation of loyalty to her husband and we can well imagine that the boyish enthusiasm of Casimir was still more heightened when he met this composed and dignified lady who remained above the petty intrigues of the day.

It was only a private visit and there are no records left as to the reception that she extended to the young soldier, her former page. Yet it must have been a friendly meeting for from then on, she became the one trusted adviser of Casimir in political affairs. Since the death of his father and brother, he had fought and fought consistently for what he believed to be right but he had never tried to equate his political actions with the affairs of the Confederates. He had always been an outsider, a fighting man in the company of politicians. He had given his trust and confidence to no one. From this time on, Franciszka Krasinska could guide him as no one else. She could reprimand him when his obstinate and passionate temperament swept him into wrong paths and she was in a true sense his guardian angel.

He soon returned to Czestochowa and perhaps the only tangible result of the visit was the opening of negotiations between Pulaski and Josef Zaremba, the commandant of Wielkopolska and the supreme military commander in the area into which Casimir had now come. He asked Pulaski for a conference immediately upon receiving a letter from Franciszka and the Marshal of Lomza immediately answered and arranged for the interview at the earliest opportunity, which was on October 2.

It had been no mean achievement to bring these two men together, for their lives and temperaments were in marked conflict. Under less august auspices, the two men might have gone their own ways, ignoring each another and refusing to cooperate in the slightest, but Franciszka had decided that they must meet for the good of Poland and Pulaski bowed to her wishes.



Zaremba was a member of an old but impoverished noble family, a good soldier and an officer who had formerly served in the Saxon army. An honest and straightforward man, he was something of a Hamlet by temperament. On all the questions of the day save one, his opposition to the Russians, he had no opinion. He had joined the Confederates not from hatred of the King but solely because he desired to expel the Russian troops from Poland. He stood midway between the impetuous Pulaski who believed in fighting and winning military victories under all circumstances and who lived for the military liberation of Poland by Polish arms and the mass of the magnates of Zborow who cared little for fighting and sought by diplomacy and foreign aid to accomplish the same goal. Zaremba had been slow in throwing his lot in with the Confederates and even then had consistently avoided battle whenever it was possible. He had not levied extensive contributions on his district. At the same time the Russians had not been able to inflict upon him any severe defeat, so that he was well named the Polish Fabius.

Now at Franciszka's urging he decided to meet and establish relations with the fiery Pulaski as much to keep his own army from being attracted by the audacious leader as for the cause of Poland. When the men finally met, his first act was to warn Casimir against holding Czestochowa until he had a sufficiently large army to maintain himself in the field. Of course his advice was rejected. There were difficulties in the way of cooperation. Casimir Pulaski as a Marshal looked down upon Zaremba as a mere commander. On the other hand Zaremba as a trained soldier felt superior to Pulaski who had learned his career by practical experience. Pulaski wanted Zaremba to join him in an offensive campaign against Drevich and of course Zaremba refused for he would not risk his army in an offensive. Nevertheless the two men parted as friends with a good understanding as to the way in which they could cooperate without merging their forces into one army.

The news of the capture of Czeszochowa and the rapprochement between Pulaski and Zaremba was received with mingled emotions by Dumouriez and the Generalcy. Of course they had the fortress that they had desired. Of course the cooperation of Pulaski and Zaremba assured them a relatively safe area for the building up of a real army. For these services they were grateful but they could not ignore the fact that the bloodless capture of the stronghold made Casimir Pulaski their outstanding military man. Dumouriez still believed him incapable of holding an important post in a real campaign and the victory only confirmed him in his idea.

So the Generalcy worked out another scheme by which the favorite of Dumouriez, Miaczynski, would become the temporary commander-in-chief. All agreed that the real commander was of course Joachim Potocki who still remained in Turkey and whom Casimir would never recognize. Miaczynski was to receive command of all the new units that were raised by the Generalcy, of the militia of Karol Radziwill and all the troops raised in the rich districts of the southwest. Pulaski was to receive as reinforcements only a few detachments of infantry and some French staff officers to aid him in the defence of the fortress. He was not even to be the technical commander for that was given to Walewski as a native of the region but Walewski, in accepting the post, had the good sense to remain almost continuously out of it and in the more congenial atmosphere of Zborow.

Casimir felt the intended rebuke. He had succeeded too well in an undertaking which had been recommended to him by the Generalcy but he was fighting to win the war and said nothing. Instead, he proposed again to Zaremba that they unite and seek out Drevich who was gathering strength near Poznan. Of course Zaremba again refused and Pulaski decided to make the expedition alone. He failed to take the city of Poznan but without severe losses he drew off his men and returned to his base of operations.

Just at this moment the Generalcy and Dumouriez had the brilliant idea of declaring the formal deposition of King Stanislas August and announcing that the Polish throne was vacant. On October 22, they issued a formal decree to this effect, calling the King a friend of Moscow, an enemy of the land and of its people, a tyrant and an oppressor. To make their assurance doubly sure, they went further and practically outlawed the entire Czartoryski family as the cause of Polish misfortunes. It was a political move in the worst sense and was done without any serious consideration of the real meaning of the document or of its possible effects. It satisfied the grouches and the desires of the magnates but could not bring them any advantages in the long run.

Besides that, it was grossly unjust as Pulaski knew from his own experience. Despite the weakness of the King and the too great alacrity with which he yielded to the Russians, he had tried to maintain the important fortresses in Polish hands with Polish garrisons and he had kept the Polish army almost completely out of the war between the Confederates and Russians. The Czartoryskis also were not as ardently Russian as the Generalcy claimed.

The immediate result was the estrangement of Pulaski and Zaremba. The latter absolutely refused to publish the decree. He openly declared his unwillingness to fight against the King, and he realized that the only effect would be to turn the conflict into a civil war. There was even a question whether he might not drop out of the Confederate ranks entirely.

The effect on Casimir was the reverse. Black was black and white was white and there was no gray. He was fighting a desperate war under the order of the Generalcy, and if they wished to order the King deposed, he would accept their decision and act as if there were no king in Poland. That meant that he was perfectly free to confiscate all the domains and property of the King and the Czartoryskis, wherever he might find them. He now had a valid excuse and a direct order to act and his personal feelings all guided

him to the same conclusions. His admiration for Prince Karl (whom he had not met since Mitau) and for Franciszka impelled him to believe in the guilt of the King. Despite the episode at Kamieniec, he knew that the opposition of the King's commander Branicki had helped drive his father to exile and death. He knew that the Russians had confiscated his estates and had embarrassed his mother. Now was a good time to redouble his efforts and to obey the Generalcy.

Dumouriez and the Generalcy were aghast at the conclusions that Casimir drew from their plain statements. Of course they were engaged in deposing the King,—but not too much or too strenuously, just as they were fighting the Russians, — but not too much or too strenuously. They had to send agents to Zarembo to keep him from breaking with the Generalcy and they had likewise to send agents to Pulaski to try to moderate his energy. For this purpose they chose a relative of his mother's, Jędrzej Zieliński, to explain that the Czartoryskis were planning to join the Confederacy and this was the only way in which they could be prevented from doing so and taking entire command.

It was a very lame excuse but Casimir accepted it and things went on as before. The more radical of the magnates however sent him Szymon Kossakowski to argue that Dumouriez and his friends were false to their ideas and that they too should be deposed by a new coalition which would give him the military position of commander-in-chief which he deserved. It must have been a tremendous temptation to Casimir not to follow their advice, for the proposal meant the elimination of the hated Joachim Potocki as his technical commander but again it would have given rise to civil war among the Confederates and that was something that he wished to avoid.

He allowed Kossakowski and his friends to stay around his camp, however, and perhaps in time the temptation would have grown irresistible despite his lack of interest in the political side of the movement, but Drevich and the Russians solved the problem for him. The hostile army kept

prowling around the neighborhood, sometimes coming in sight of the monastery and about the middle of November even demanding its surrender. As a result Casimir realized that sooner or later he would be definitely attacked and the immediate task of preparing the place for a siege and assault, of securing and storing up large quantities of fodder and other supplies offered a far more attractive problem to the young commander than undertaking a reformation of the entire Generalcy to please a few magnates whom he did not wholly trust.

The task of securing supplies was itself no mean feat. It was the custom for commanders to draw their food from the areas in which they had been appointed and over which they had technical command. Pulaski was on this principle from a different part of the country and was in theory bound to bring everything from Lomza a long distance through the Russian lines. Any other course might bring him into conflict with Zaremba and the other leaders of the neighborhood but Franciszka Krasinska had built a fairly effective understanding between him and Zaremba and Pulaski worked so vigorously that he could even boast that Drevich had to retire from the neighborhood because of a lack of supplies to feed his men.

The news of Pulaski's act caused consternation in Warsaw and the longer the occupation lasted, the more alarmed the King and his associates became and the more helpless they seemed. All were agreed that the royal army should not fight the Confederates too strongly and all also were certain that the Russians should not be allowed to seize the shrine and its enormous wealth. Yet what could they do? If they appealed to the Russians to spare it, the Russian ambassador could then put pressure on the King to expel them himself and that would create a definite civil war. They well knew that Pulaski would never evacuate it voluntarily.

So the matter dragged on month after month and then General Weymarn worked out a definite plan for storming and plundering the monastery. The expedition was to be

under the command of Drevich and to assist him, he brought together all available troops. Not only that—he added a large force of artillery including a twelve pound howitzer, two ten pounds and one 6¼ pounder. Then to make assurance doubly sure, the Russian ambassador at Potsdam opened negotiations with the Prussians and secured the loan of four new mortars with one hundred bombs and other ammunition and also the Prussian gun crews who would thus secure needed experience in the handling of their weapons.

The general plan of attack was simple. The artillery would be used against the walls, while the mortars would deliver a high angle fire against the interior of the enclosure. Once the wall had been cleared of defenders and a breach made, Cossacks would bring up large masses of brush and logs to fill the moat and then the troops with scaling ladders would reach the top of the walls and fanning out would open the gates and overcome the defenders.

Weymar did not stop with the simple capture of the fortress. At the conclusion of the battle, he planned to send the captured nobles, especially Pulaski, to Krakow and Warsaw and then deport them to Russia. The ordinary soldiers would be scattered to the four winds. Some would be sent back to their respective homes and others would be sold as serfs to the Prussians. Then the monastery would be stripped of its artillery, ammunition and all useful supplies and garrisoned by a force of fifty Russian musketeers and fifty Cossacks. Five of the oldest monks would be left to carry on religious services but all the others would be scattered among other monasteries. Weymar's plan allowed the monastery to retain its wealth at least on paper but it was perfectly evident that the Russians would secure rich booty and would do their best to ruin the shrine and take away from it, so far as they could, its national and political importance.

Meanwhile what of the defence? Theoretically Dumouriez and the Generalcy were charged with it. They had really advised its occupation and by all the laws of prudence and of strategy, they were responsible for seeing that it was ade-

quately protected. Of course they were no more ready to recognize Pulaski than they had been before. They pretended that Waleski, whom all felt to be incapable, was in command and they even thought of giving Miaczynski certain powers over the defence. Of course too now that they had their fortress, they could not be bothered with the petty and humdrum task of providing it with supplies and men. They only sent a few French staff officers like General de Labadie, Captain d'Etannion and a few others and plenty of advice, most of which was inapplicable to the situation as it unfolded under pressure of events. Dumouriez might well write as he did to Durand in Vienna, "This is the plan of our Troy, our whole hope, besieged by the Greeks, it is not defended by Hectors, and so I fear for it."

Fortunately for the Poles, Walewski found more useful and pleasant work than putting the fortress in a state of defence and was absent most of the time. Pulaski was left alone and in the comparative freedom of the lull before the storm, he drove his men to the most tremendous efforts to strengthen the post. They took the lead off one of the cupolas of the church and turned it into cannon balls. They covered the roofs of the buildings with manure so that it would freeze and offer protection against fire balls that might be hurled on the roofs. They repaired all available guns, heaped piles of stones upon the wall, and devastated the surrounding country of food and fodder and brought everything within the monastery. All was done in the bitter cold of a Polish winter. All through December they worked and by the time the Russians were ready to appear, Pulaski was prepared for the defence.

How many men did he have with him? It is hard to say and the despairing and doubtful letters of Doumouriez give few if any satisfactory clues. At one time the commander says that there were some 13,000 troops near Czestochowa and that most of these were undisciplined and undisciplinable. At another time he mentions that Pulaski had with him some 1300 worthy bandits, and bewails the terrible condi-

tions prevailing in the fortress. He never went to investigate himself and it seems that Casimir kept with him some 500 cavalry and 800 infantry. The remainder of his mounted troops he sent out on various forays so as to reduce the number of men and horses that he had to feed and planned to have them operate on the lines of communication of the advancing Russians. In this way they could do more damage and be less of a liability than they would have been if all were shut within the relatively small area within the walls.

We are better informed as to the strength of the Russians. By the time Drevich reached the fortress, his force had grown to 1142 infantry, 1947 carabineers, 960 Cossacks, a total of 3149 men excluding the artillery and the Prussian gunners. It was the largest force that had been employed in any one operation since the beginning of the Confederation and shows well the importance that the Russians attached to the liquidation of Pulaski and his followers.

On New Year's Eve, 1770, the Russian army finally appeared near the fortress and all that day passed in desultory skirmishing in the neighborhood and the Poles steadily withdrew their outposts and their raiding parties and concentrated on their main position. Drevich played with the hope that he might draw these groups away from the fortress and place his own men between them and their place of refuge but again as so often before Pulaski outgeneralled him and as night fell, he realized that Pulaski and all of his forces had made their way into the buildings and that he would have to take the entire plant by storm. In preparation for this he occupied the walled novitiate of St. Barbara and the cemetery of the monastery, also a walled enclosure. By the morning of January 1, 1771 Pulaski and his little band were definitely blockaded and there could be no further hope of manoeuvre.

The next two days the Russians spent in bringing up artillery, in preparing gun emplacements and in making final preparations. They were able without opposition to advance guns to within two hundred yards of the walls but



they were not able because of the position of the monastery, even by building mounds for their position, to raise any of them to a point where they could fire from the level of the top of the walls.

On the morning of January 3, the guns and mortars opened a furious cannonade, but it did not destroy or dent the walls of the monastery and according to a Polish source none of the defenders were killed. Casimir piously laid this to the intercession of our Lady and attributed to the same mystical source the fact that the cannon balls glanced harmlessly off the towers of the church or split into pieces as they hit it. His ardent faith encouraged his men and it soon became clear that the cannon of Drevich on this first day were not going to make a breach in the walls of the fortress.

The Poles returned the fire with all their power and the artillery duel lasted for two days without either side winning any advantage. Apparently marksmanship was very poor for we hear of no gun on either side being hit or put out of action.

Finally on the afternoon of the fourth Drevich sent a formal demand to surrender. The summons was peremptorily refused and the mission was ordered to quit the fortress without delay. According to the version left by Casimir, he asked that he be not bothered in future with such nonsense and threatened to hang any one who approached under a flag of truce with a summons to surrender. According to another account Drevich promised that he would send the nobles to their respective homes. Pulaski answered that he would be very glad to give Drevich a passport to leave peacefully and to keep on travelling until he reached St. Petersburg. In a still more whimsical account, Drevich offered Pulaski the rank of General in the Russian army as the price of surrender and Pulaski countered with the proposal that Drevich become a Marshal of Poland.

There seems to have been some exchange of pleasantries in this mission but Casimir was well aware of his own situation and did not desire to have missions running in and out

of the monastery even under a flag of truce. He was too conscious that his failure at Berdyczow had been aided by intrigues carried on between the monks and the enemy, and while he could be sure of the loyalty of his own men, he knew that it was more difficult to control some of the monks who might be only lukewarm in their adherence to the cause of the Confederation.

Be that as it may, Drevich resumed the bombardment and one of his shells pierced the tower of the church and started a fire but it was put out without causing any real damage.

Late that evening Pulaski with three columns of dragoons and infantry made a sortie from the postern of the Lubomirskis toward the Church of St. Barbara and penetrated a redoubt housing one of the Russian batteries, cutting down with swords and knives the gunners at their posts. Then in the middle of the attack, they began to call out, "This way, Pan Zaremba." The Russians jumped at the conclusion that the forces of Zaremba had arrived to augment the garrison and sent out detachments to intercept the relief columns. The Poles retreated swiftly into the fortress amid shouts of "Long Live the Republic." It was a successful raid and a successful misleading of the Russians, but Pulaski's boldness in the execution of it almost cost him his life. He fell from his horse and as he did so his spur caught in his cloak and he was unable to rise at once from the ground. A Russian soldier seeing him fall, was just about to cleave his head with a sword, when Pulaski with his customary calmness in danger drew his pistol and shot the man dead. On the morning of the 5th, the Poles celebrated a *Te Deum* in the monastery for the success of this raid and the hopes of the garrison grew, while rumors spread in the Russian camp that the Poles were receiving supernatural or diabolical help.

Comparative quiet reigned for a couple of days more, broken by periods of artillery fire and then the Lomza infantry of Pulaski made another sally into the village of Cze-stochowka and surprised the Cossacks. Drevich sent some car-

bineers and Cossacks to cut off this daring band, only to learn that a detachment of cavalry was leaving the fortress to attack the Russians in the rear and put them between two fires. Drevich reported that it was a well planned ruse and he realized that the siege would continue for a long time, unless he could take the fortress by direct assault.

For this final preparations were necessary and the moving up of supplies and the preparation of the machinery necessary could not escape the attention of the vigorous Polish commander. So when in the afternoon Drevich feigned a retreat and endeavored to throw the Poles off their guard, it was so contrary to the movements of the past few days that Pulaski was well aware that the crucial moment was approaching and that Drevich was preparing to risk everything on one grand assault.

At 2 A. M. on the morning of January 10, the attack started. Three Russian columns, moving from the ruins of the little village of Czestochowka drove ahead of them masses of peasantry loaded down with bundles of branches which they were to throw into the moat, while others were compelled to carry the ladders on which the troops were going to mount. A hail of fire greeted the attackers from every threatened point. The troops were mown down before they reached the moat and those that survived were unable to plant the ladders firmly and scale the walls. Pulaski was everywhere where there was danger. Passing along the walls from one point to another, he encouraged his men, took charge at critical moments and gave his followers orders to hurl down into the moat the stones and rocks and debris which had been gathered on the walls. From the lofty walls even the most innocent looking stone became a powerful weapon from the impetus of its fall. They choked up and confused the debris that the Russians had hurled into the moat and made free movement there difficult and dangerous. The defenders hurled down fire balls and set the branches on fire. The whole scene became a chaotic mixture of shouts and shots and flames. The fire added to the

confusion below and in the meanwhile Pulaski kept urging his men to greater and greater efforts as the Russians renewed their attempts to reach the summit. At the end of an hour and a half, Drevich gave the signal to retire. In his official report, he stated that he had lost 42 men killed and 135 severely wounded. The Poles placed the number of Russian casualties at 1460 and their own at 25. The attacking party broke and fled, leaving behind all manner of arms and equipment.

Drevich was disconsolate. He hurried to his tent and sent off at once a report of his defeat in which he did not try to offer any apologies or minimize the setback which he had met. He had used a large part of the equipment which he had gathered together. He had expended more than half of the shells which he had received from Prussia and he concluded his account of the battle with the significant phrase, "*Ich sehe mein Glück vorbei*" (I see my good fortune is over). He was ready to hand over the command of his troops to any one who desired to take it and he added that he had but one desire and that was to fall at Czeszochowa.

In the morning Polish detachments went out into the moat and collected guns, ammunition, clothing, and all kinds of equipment, and brought them into the fortress, in case Drevich should change his mind and order another assault. Pulaski celebrated a *Te Deum* again at Czeszochowa. But there was no time yet to celebrate the victory too joyfully. There was still work to be done and without any delay Pulaski set his men to bring more supplies and stones to the walls and he changed his scheme of defence so that the Russians could not profit from their past experience.

After a pause for the burial of the dead, the Russians renewed their bombardment in a desultory manner but there was no longer the old intensity, the old conviction that the Russian army was invincible against the Poles. Yet the Russians still had a superior force around the walls of the

monastery and were materially in a position to continue the struggle. Yet for once Dumouriez acted quickly and decisively on hearing of the defence. He induced Miaczynski and Walewski, the technical commander of the besieged monastery, to undertake a foray in the direction of Krakow. Drevich heard of this movement and overwhelmed by his defeat, he hurriedly burned all of the supplies which he could not remove and on January 15, the Russian army was gone. Czestochowa was saved and Drevich got away, because Zarembo again missed the opportunity to ambush him on his retreat and try to delay him until the forces of Pulaski from within the fortress could form and pursue him. Once again the dilatory policy of Zarembo had prevented the exploitation of the great victory.

Every one recognized that the victory was the work of Casimir Pulaski and of his men. They realized that he had been left in an impossible situation and that it was his courage, audacity and skill that had saved the day for the Confederates. The leaders of the Generalcy showered praises upon him. For a moment they even thought of appointing him commander-in-chief of their forces. Only Dumouriez was not convinced and repeated his warnings as to the incapacity of the young commander. His was the only rift in the lute. Poles of every party hailed the twenty-four-year-old Casimir Pulaski as the first military leader to win a victory with Polish troops in nearly a century. They compared him to King Jan Sobieski and his feat to the saving of Vienna a hundred years before. Franciszka Krasinska, proud of her friend and admirer, wrote everywhere at home and abroad, singing his praises.

It left Casimir unmoved. It was his hour of triumph but it did not turn his head. He had sacrificed so much for his country, he had matured in its service and he could not forget that the same men who were hailing him to-day had done nothing to facilitate his victory and that soon the old jealousies would emerge again as the Generalcy hauled out from its forgotten corner the claims of Joachim Potocki.

Abroad the fame of Pulaski grew by leaps and bounds. The Saxon court was jubilant and Prince Karl had new visions of regaining the Polish throne for himself and his wife. The King of Sweden sent his compliments through the Swedish Ambassador in Paris. Maria Theresa looked on in amazement at the revelation that the ancient Polish valor was not extinct and she remarked that it might yet be possible to create a real Polish army. Yet undoubtedly the greatest compliment came from Frederick II of Prussia. He had seen the failure of his own artillery but he remained loyal to the Prussian idea that Poles would not and could not fight. He calmly turned aside all comments with the frank statement attributed to Voltaire that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to hurl down with her own hands the ladders of Drevich. The old cynic and scoffer turned to a religious explanation rather than admit that the Poles had a military leader. France and England joined in their tributes to the successful commander. Only Catherine II, discomfited by the failure of her troops, determined more than ever to ruin their commander by hook or by crook and to do everything possible to make sure that this would be an isolated victory and that she would not be cheated of her desired prey.

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## CHAPTER NINE

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### THE CAMPAIGN OF 1771

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CASIMIR PULASKI was at the height of his fame and the summit of his career but one battle could not win a war against an enemy as determined as Catherine II. Now if ever was the time when the Confederates should have solidified their ranks, chosen a leader and endeavored to organize their movement. They had proved themselves in the eyes of the world. They had a recognized leader and they were ready for important events.

Instead of that the old feuds broke out again. Dumouriez who had never liked Pulaski took the occasion to thwart him at every turn. Instead of trying to win his confidence, the French officer wrote on April 30 to Prince La Vrillière about him, "He is an impulsive and haughty young man, more haughty than ambitious, very devoted to the Prince of Courland, a great enemy of the Potocki family, extraordinarily active and quite sincere in his bearing. His present army is now composed more or less of 600 hussars, 300 dragoons of his body guard, 100 infantry and about 3000 Polish horse, divided into 7 regular squadrons and 10 or 12 irregular. He has also 100 very fine Tatars and 50 Bosniaks and 40 Cossacks. The majority of the marshals have voted themselves under his orders, because he imposes no discipline and allows them to wander over the country, so that the leader has with him only about 600 men and as many more at Czeszochowa. The rest are sent out on raids, and Pulaski himself does not know where they are or how many men they have. He certainly could not bring them all together at

one place; recently Sawa put himself at his disposal, so as not to be under the control of the Generalcy."

Dumouriez was indicting himself and his policy rather than his enemy. He had been in Poland for over a year. He had outlined a plan for seizing and holding a fortress. Pulaski had carried it out. But Dumouriez had taken no efficient steps to weld together behind the covering shield of Czeszochowa an efficient Polish army. He had not brought together the three points of view among the Confederates: that of Pulaski who believed that the salvation of Poland must come by Polish arms and who had brought under his influence all those commanders who believed in fighting, that of Zaremba who refused to risk his men in battle and who adopted a dilatory policy and that of the magnates who, living safely at Zborow across the border, waited for some turn in European developments which would free their country without undue effort on their part.

More than that, his act of deposing the King and of doing it only moderately had alienated a large part of moderate Polish sentiment. It had insured the opposition of the Czartoryskis, it had intensified the feuds between the commanders, and it had brought no one any benefit.

He had taken no steps to draw any advantage from the victory of Czeszochowa and he must have been aware of the weakening of his own position both at home and in Poland. Choiseul had gone out of power and this was a sign that French interest was weakening and that Dumouriez had to show results, if he was to maintain himself and his cause.

Finally he did get around to planning an army but his proposal was strangely shortsighted and impractical. He decided to hire Prussian and Austrian soldiers and deserters and construct with them an efficient force of infantry. It might have worked, had not both Prussia and Austria been as desirous of fostering the weakness of Poland as was Russia. The plans of the three monarchs for a division of the country were taking shape and after the Poles had won an important military victory and shown that they could fight,



the envious dictators sought for new weapons against her. With the Generalcy on Austrian soil, the Austrian government was able to force the discharge of all Austrian subjects and the plan of Dumouriez was broken before it could go into effect.

He had to turn to the Poles themselves but the Polish gentlemen around him would not listen to the proposition that they sell their horses and fight on foot like common men. It was easy for them to point out that practically all their victories had been won by their knowledge of horsemanship and their ability to transfer their forces rapidly from one area to another so as to deal unexpected blows. He could prove by the experiences of some of his French officers even in Poland the value of infantry but he was unable to make headway with his ideas.

For a few short weeks it seemed as if Dumouriez might steel himself to some action. He visualized a chain of commands covering the western and southern borders of the country with the line pivoting on Pulaski's stronghold of Czeszochowa, and Zaremba's troops forming the left flank and with the line then sweeping to the right along the Austrian border. He held out hopes of the capture of Krakow and the movement of the Polish government to Polish soil. He announced the appointment of a military commission composed of Zaremba, Pulaski, Miaczynski and Walewski, and four others appointed from the Generalcy. The leaders accepted but when at the end of March Dumouriez called a meeting at Biala, Zaremba found it impossible to attend and there came another rift in the newly created harmony. However Pac and Krasinski and the other leaders crossed into Poland with 22 guns on April 7, and everything seemed to be going well. There were even rumors that with possible Turkish help an attack on Warsaw could safely be undertaken in the autumn.

The improvement was only apparent. From the moment when Pulaski had won his sweeping victory at Czeszochowa, there was a growing movement to declare him or have him

declare himself commander-in-chief of the Confederation and revert to the position that his father had occupied in the first period of the movement. It is hard to decide how far in the beginning he gave ear to this movement and how far he was moved by his obstinate pride and his realization that he had accomplished all that had been done, while he was playing practically a lone hand. He had never found it easy to cooperate with the other leaders and he cannot be blamed for his general opinion. He tried to cooperate with the new military commission and attended its meetings but the attitude of Dumouriez, even more than his words, showed the lack of confidence which he had in Casimir and the young Pole repaid him in the same vein. It was painfully evident that the old feud would break out again but that the victor of Czeszochowa would not be as pliable to external influence as had been the defeated fugitive from Okopy.

May was to see the culmination of the conflict. In that month the new Russian Ambassador Saldern and General Weymarn decided to forestall the Confederates by seizing Krakow first. To make sure of their movement, they selected Suvorov as their field commander and sent him with 2500 infantry and 2000 cavalry toward that city. It was a well equipped and well-trained force, not like that hypothetical paper army with which Dumouriez was planning to capture the city. The result was not doubtful. After a sharp reverse at Tyniec on May 20, Suvorov was able on May 23 to strike Lanckorona where the leaders of the armies of the General-alcý were stationed. He smashed the forces of Miaczynski, captured the commander and also Lasocki, the Marshal of Czersk, and almost caught Dumouriez who was compelled again to flee across the border. It was a stunning blow to the new plan of operations which was thus rendered useless before steps could be taken to carry it out.

In the meanwhile the movements of Pulaski are hard to fathom. He had a definite part in the formation of the plan but some unknown influence turned him aside and instead

of being present at Lanckorona, he was attending with some of his friends a military council at Zator to which Dumouriez had not been invited. This Council worked out its own plan of action on hearing of the movements of Suvorov and made no effort to combine with Dumouriez and Miaczynski.

The feud was on again and from whatever motive, relations between Casimir and the ruined Dumouriez passed from bad to worse. When Dumouriez ordered him to move his troops, he haughtily replied that he would not obey the orders of a foreigner, that he would carry on the war in his own manner, and if Dumouriez wished to follow him to Zamosc and Lwow, he would be glad to have his assistance. Dumouriez answered with a sharp reprimand and Pulaski merely forwarded the letter to his relative Zielinski and to Kossakowski at the Generalcy with a warning that they should take care not to be the victims of empty cunning.

Apparently by now those forces which had failed in the autumn to separate Pulaski from the Generalcy were having more effect. He was acting as if he were an independent commander-in-chief, and whatever the merits of the case, it is easy to understand his feelings. Casimir Pulaski was not politically minded. Since the death of his father and brother, he had consistently fought and when he saw his own troops ordered to join other commanders who had less victories to their credit and less ability than he felt in himself, he had become practically convinced that Poland could never win without him.

Besides that he had a broader vision of the problem than did the other faction. They could not separate themselves from the Austrian frontier and the adjacent areas. From his fighting in the southeast and his raid into Lithuania, he had realized that the same feelings animated the Poles in all parts of the country and he wanted to give them a share in the final victory and have it more than the work of the little group around Krakow. His logic and his heart were right but his actions only added to the growing debacle and led to an episode which is grimly humorous and might have been tragic.

Of course the supplies ordered from Wielkopolska never were received and so he sent his own officers to recruit men at the end of May and he instructed them to pay no attention to counter-orders. It was a direct slap at Zaremba and Dumouriez who retaliated by saying that Pulaski had withheld his forces in order to ruin Miaczynski, an explanation that does not appear probable.

He himself, with a small band moved to Zamosc, and here in accordance with his usual custom, he hoped to bring to his side the Royal garrison. As he approached, he met two of the officers, Major Dobrzanski and Lieutenant Jan de Kober. They assured him that the Generalcy had promised to respect the neutrality of this garrison and that de Kober had just returned from Warsaw in order to secure from the Russians the same recognition of their neutrality. Pulaski next met the Economic Council of the city, and the members of this very soon joined the Confederates and escorted Pulaski and some of his officers into the fortress.

So far so good. The commandant Kwasnewski was more or less ashamed of the position in which the garrison had placed itself and though he at first refused to join Pulaski, the threat of plundering his wife's estates in the neighborhood soon brought him around and he was more than eager in his heart to cooperate and vindicate his honor. Not so de Kober. When he learned that Kwasniewski had joined Pulaski, he organized a counter movement among the officers and non-commissioned officers of the garrison, formally deposed Kwasniewski and ordered his arrest. The commandant, much to Pulaski's disgust, handed over his sword without a protest. Pulaski then arrested de Kober. The entire garrison then rallied to the side of de Kober and threatened Casimir and his officers. Faced by a superior force and isolated from his men who were outside, Pulaski was compelled to return his sword to de Kober and offered him the rank of General in the Confederate army. De Kober refused this. Casimir next appealed to Okecki, the Bishop of Cheln, who happened to be in the fortress and urged him to explain

to the officers that they could withdraw from their oath of allegiance to the crown. This too brought no results and the garrison remained firmly devoted to their neutrality. Pulaski and his friends were able to make the necessary purchases in the town only under unpleasant circumstances and they found that the conditions exacted upon leaving were even more humiliating.

In the meanwhile Suvorov who had driven Dumouriez across the border now approached Zamosc and willingly agreed to recognize the neutrality of the garrison, which took up battle posts prepared to attack either Suvorov or the Confederates, whichever approached the nearer. With Pulaski under the protection of this neutral garrison, Suvorov easily pierced the centre of the Confederates and the disorganized forces took refuge in a swamp. By destroying a bridge in their rear, they compelled Suvorov to make a long detour before renewing the attack and in the meanwhile, Pulaski was able to rejoin his men and draw them off without suffering heavy losses.

There is an element of grim humor in this scene but it shows the disorganization that prevailed in the country. The officers of the neutral Royal garrison would detain the commander of the Confederates but were equally prepared to fight the Russians, in case their neutrality was violated. The officers loyal to the king had taken no sides in the struggle so far and looked on as interested observers in a conflict that was menacing the entire integrity of the national structure. On the other hand, the Generalcy with its grandiose plans had made no efforts to influence other than its own members. Poland was a vacuum so far as the feelings of a large part of the population were concerned and the deposition of the King had only made matters worse, for it had alienated from the Generalcy the friends of the King and had not brought to them his enemies.

Since the death of his brother, Casimir Pulaski had almost ostentatiously remained apart from the political groups. He had done his work as a soldier and had done it

to the best of his ability but he must have realized that being the head of a small and almost independent army was not enough, when he was confronted with such a situation as that at Zamosc. The Confederates needed a political policy as well as a military one and this in the complicated fighting and mutual jealousies had been completely neglected. At the same time the increasing strength of the army and Pulaski's emergence as a successful military leader had increased the tendency to make this a war to the death. The day of passing raids and attacks on isolated bands of Russians was over. The expedition of Suvorov was far stronger than any force that had been in the field against the Confederates during the first two years and Pulaski was now aware that the most desperate efforts had to be made, if the cause was to be preserved. Russia was doing them the honor and the disservice of treating them as serious enemies, even while the Generalcy was still talking and planning.

On his way back to Czestochowa, Pulaski conferred with several of the other marshals, Walewski and his friends, and they decided to levy a tax on the province of Krakow to secure funds for the raising and maintenance of their forces. This was another blow at the Generalcy and Dumouriez and slowly but surely Pulaski saw himself forced into a position where, to maintain his rights, he was more and more sharply intruding upon the functions and powers of the Generalcy on both its civil and military sides. There was no help for it. Dumouriez raged and called him a mere brigand. The Generalcy howled in impotent anger, but it was becoming clearer day by day that the power of the Generalcy was passing and that it could not save the country or formulate a policy. It could not control Pulaski and the fighting party. It could not galvanize Zarembo and his friends to action. It could not secure foreign help and Dumouriez after more than a year of meaningless intrigues returned to France.

Yet even then Pulaski did not take the obvious move. Instead of declaring himself commander-in-chief and forming

a new movement on both its civil and military sides, he continued to ignore it, to weaken its influence, but he put nothing in its place.

In this situation the King once more interfered. He was aware of a growing friendship between Russia and Prussia and he felt that it would not be long before still more demands would be made upon his unfortunate country. He therefore decided that he could save the situation by himself suppressing the Confederates and to please the new Russian envoy Saldern, who brought ardent assurances from Catherine that she was not thinking of any division of the country, Stanislas August suddenly ordered Branicki as the titular commander of the Royal army to move against the various forces. For the first time in thirty months, it seemed certain that there would be a civil war of Pole against Pole, for the King ordered Branicki to place his troops along the border, cut the Confederates off from their refuge in Austria and then allow the Russians to defeat them piecemeal.

The key point was obviously Pulaski's fortress of Czeszochowa and during the month of June, Drelich and Branicki approached it on one side and for purposes known only to himself Zaremba was marching up on the other. When Pulaski returned with forty horsemen and entered the fortress, it was in the nick of time. Branicki had already reached Czeszochowa and the bewildered commandant of the garrison was all prepared to surrender to the King in his lack of comprehension of the situation in which he was. With Pulaski in the fortress the situation changed over night and a series of conferences began.

First Zaremba visited Pulaski. It was hopeless to think that the two men could now agree on anything. They had parted over the deposition of the King. They had become more enraged at each other over the attitude of the Generalcy, over the recruiting of troops, and a thousand and one lesser causes. Yet the conversation seemed friendly enough in the beginning. Casimir, however, kept excusing himself and leaving the room and then returning. He begged Za-

remba to spend the night with him and continue the discussion in the morning but the guest became steadily more nervous and finally conceived the idea that Pulaski was planning to arrest him and hold him as a hostage. He hurriedly left the castle and rejoined his troops, promising to return soon but once he was away he swore that he would never set foot in the headquarters of Pulaski again, and he kept his word.

When the meeting of Pulaski with Drevich and Branicki was finally arranged, Drevich endeavored to put the young commander in a peaceful frame of mind by bombarding Czeszochowa intermittently for a day. He wanted to terrorize Pulaski and succeeded only in infuriating him to a degree where a conference was almost impossible, and the three men could discuss nothing calmly. Perhaps this was the plan of Drevich who was still smarting under his defeat of the preceding winter. Yet despite the shortage of food, Drevich and Branicki remained another day in the vicinity, sending a special proposal to Casimir and on the twentieth, Branicki met him again. The results were no more favorable. Pulaski told Branicki that there could be no peace until the Russians completely withdrew their troops from Poland. According to another account, he threatened that within six months he and his troops would be in St. Petersburg as conquerors. Branicki retorted that he would be sorry for his lost opportunities and then went off in search of Zarembo.

When he finally overtook and met him, the interview passed off as quietly as the scene with Pulaski had been stormy but the results were equally unsatisfactory to all concerned. Zarembo gave evasive answers, said nothing definite, and finally with profound regrets moved away without indicating any decision. A little later in a momentary fit of activity, Branicki attacked some of Zarembo's troops and killed his brother-in-law, whereupon for the first time in months Zarembo acted swiftly. He assembled his troops, attacked the body guard of Branicki and almost captured



him. The discomfited commander-in-chief fled to the camp of Drevich and then took leave to recover his health and his poise. Drevich was not sorry to see him leave. As a Russian he had no use for the King and his followers and he was overjoyed when Branicki discredited himself as an associate at the first opportunity.

By this time Dumouriez was leaving for France but before he went, he sent an aide, Major Mengin, to Pulaski and tried to win him over to a less uncompromising position. Mengin greeted him courteously and on the whole won his confidence and did his best to restore peace between him and the Generalcy.

At the same time Franciszka Krasinska began to put pressure upon Casimir to improve his relations with the other leaders. She appreciated the fact that the continuation of this strife would fatally weaken the Polish cause which had already suffered so much from the factionalism of the leaders. Finally Casimir yielded and on July 27, he signed an oath, certified by her, that he would report to the Generalcy the exact condition of his troops, that he would maintain the discipline demanded by the Military Council, that he would assist in the raising of a foreign legion, and obey the orders of the Military Council. All he asked in return was money for the support of his cavalry, and without French subsidies this was obviously impossible. Yet the breach was healed. Franciszka's calming influence was able to bend and mitigate the explosive temperament of Casimir and had she been in a position to exercise a steadying influence on all the councils of the Generalcy, things might have turned out very differently. As it was, her power was greatest over Casimir who responded as rapidly to kindness and justice as he reacted against the slightest disregard of what he considered his rights. She even brought about a reconciliation with Zarembo and induced him to promise to resist all those intriguers who were urging him to become commander-in-chief.

She kept up the good work throughout the month of

August. At her home in Frysztat in Prussia, there was a continuous series of conferences as she sought to heal the various feuds by pleading that the sooner the leaders settled their differences, the sooner Prince Karl would come to take command of the whole movement. His name seemed a fetish with all of the Confederates and once again peace was restored both there and in the Military Council at Biala.

Just then the successor of Dumouriez arrived. He was Antoine Charles du Houx, Baron de Vioménil, a general of the French army, and far better suited to the post of advising and guiding the haughty and irascible Poles. He took a very different view of Pulaski from that held by Dumouriez and very soon established good relations with him and the other Polish leaders. He followed the advice of Franciszka and others and attempted to busy himself only with the military aspects of his mission without immersing himself in an atmosphere of intrigue and useless denunciations. On his way to Poland, he had endeavored to familiarize himself with the general topography of the country and aimed to present a concrete plan at the meetings of the Military Council.

Casimir attended these meetings and on August 31 introduced a general plan for carrying on the war. Under this, Western Poland was to be divided into five areas, each with its own commander and each commander was to use his own area as a source of his troops and supplies. Naturally Pulaski intended to keep for himself the region around Czystochowa. He also insisted upon the necessity of sending a large force of men to the east to Wolyn so as to open up connections with Lithuania which had taken no part in the movement because of its inaccessibility and also to be able to cooperate with Turkey, if the opportunity presented itself. The whole plan looked forward to a really unified campaign in 1772 and Casimir worked hard in making preparations for it.

Unfortunately there came difficulties that very autumn. Vioménil wanted to concentrate the troops of Pulaski and Zaremba near Rawa and make a through reconnaissance of

the Russian positions in that area. Then it was decided that Casimir should make a demonstration toward Warsaw not to take the city but to call back the Russian troops from Lithuania and give the possibility of opening connections with that province. In the meantime Zaremba was to cover Czystochowa and protect Pulaski's rear and watch the movements of a Russian column under command of Colonel Lang.

In this situation he decided to attack and hoped by skilful manoeuvring to throw his troops between the infantry and the cavalry of the Russian commander and defeat each force separately. He placed some of his men in a marsh to attack the Russian rear and sent out a squadron of 120 men to lure the enemy into an advantageous situation. The plan was too complicated and the attack failed. The artillery on the edge of a swamp near Radom-Skaryszew failed to get into the proper position to be effective and Lang took advantage of an opportunity to strike Pulaski's centre and then shatter his right wing. The Poles were driven back through the swamp to the River Ilza. In the middle of the fighting, Pulaski was wounded in the arm with a lance and fell from his horse. He almost perished in a quicksand but he was saved by one of his men who gave him a horse and led him out of the trap. A few hundred of the Confederates fell and the whole plan of Vioménil for the autumn campaign was undone in a few minutes in the early part of November. Lang won a sweeping victory and Pulaski was compelled to lead back his shattered forces and begin again his preparations.

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## CHAPTER TEN

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### THE END OF THE CONFEDERATION

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CASIMIR PULASKI returned to Czestochowa to resume the never ending task of securing more men and more supplies. Defeat was no new experience for him. Again and again he had seen his scanty troops cut to pieces and always without losing heart or despairing of final victory and the restoration of liberty to his beloved Poland; he had resolutely turned again to his task and within a few weeks he was leading a new force against the invaders. He was profoundly optimistic and as he came back to his base, he saw no reason to change his mind. He still hoped that the Generalcy and Vioménil would secure the cooperation of all the leaders for the campaign of 1772. He still hoped that more assistance would arrive from France. He still hoped that some practical aid could be received from Turkey. He still hoped that Prince Karl of Courland would return from Dresden and take supreme command of the Polish forces.

Within a week the situation had entirely changed, and he realized that not only his cause but his personal honor was hopelessly ruined, for the ill-fated kidnapping of Stanislas August took place at this moment. As the news of the failure spread throughout Poland and then throughout the whole of Europe, a wave of resentment grew to colossal proportions, a wave of hostility so strong that any hopes of victory disappeared. By a series of ridiculous false charges, the King was able to sway the minds of many of those who had been in sympathy with the gallant struggle of Pulaski and his followers. By the end of 1771, he, Casimir Pulaski,

the idol of Europe after his defence of Czystochowa, was being held up to public scorn as a regicide and a murderer, and no epithet was too harsh to apply to him.

It was a strange turn of the wheel of fortune but there still remains the question as to the responsibility for the mad enterprise. That is still a puzzle, for it does not seem to have been the product of a rapid and ill-considered decision and it is hard to find any sense in it or any purpose other than the mad act of irresponsible people.

The idea of eliminating the King from the political scene had appeared during the preceding winter in the minds of some of the leaders of the Generalcy. They wrote and talked about it as a possibility side by side with their dreams of a large French army and Turkish cooperation. Lasocki had sent a code message to Wessel to urge him to induce Pulaski to march on Warsaw. A little later a certain Wolski urged him to penetrate Warsaw and give the king a blow which would vacate the Polish throne. When the Russians heard of such talk, they informed the King in order to terrify him and bring him thoroughly under their control.

In July, Stanislaw Strawinski had arrived from Lithuania with a plan for kidnapping the King and also for raising recruits in the capital city under the very eyes of the Russians. Apparently Strawinski had joined the Confederation in 1769 but he had never satisfied Pulaski and played no important role. Casimir had turned down his proposition but he appeared again about a month later without more success.

Casimir Pulaski was a fighting man. He took no part in the anti-monarchical intrigues of the Generalcy and had no political aspirations. He realized clearly that such an attempt at kidnapping might degenerate into murder and he seems to have been telling the truth later when he asserted that he had always opposed the plan, unless there were the most solemn assurances that no personal injury would be done to the person of the King.

Yet the pressure for countenancing the attempt grew steadily. Michael Pac, as the civilian head of the Confedera-

tion, alluded to the necessity of destroying in Warsaw the root of all the evils and there is abundant evidence that many of the Generalcy were more deeply involved in the plans than were Casimir Pulaski and Franciszka Krasinska. Finally Casimir was forced to yield and allow Strawinski to select from his forces the forty men who were to take part in the enterprise. It seems also that the foray of Pulaski toward Warsaw that culminated in his defeat near Radom was a deliberate move to cover the retreat of the kidnapping party. Yet when the military move as well as the kidnapping failed and before the European reaction became too evident, neither Vioménil nor the Generalcy condemned Pulaski's actions and defeat.

Yet what was the purpose of the kidnapping? What would have happened to Stanislas August, had he been brought to Czestochowa? He would certainly have been an embarrassing prisoner. The Confederates could have tried him for high treason but they would have risked a scandal that would have precipitated civil war in their own ranks. The mere deposition of the King by fiat of the Generalcy showed that. They could have induced him to join their cause and he might have done so with the same alacrity that he had shown in meeting Russian demands. If he had, what would have become of the hopes of many of the leaders that they could have Prince Karl as King? What would have become of the entire Saxon party? They might have kept him a prisoner but the Russians would have thrown even larger forces into the field to rescue him and the Confederates had no additional reserves to draw upon. The only practical policy was assassination but this was stubbornly and successfully opposed by Pulaski and not one of the participants in the attempt even raised a hand against their sovereign. It is evident that no one planned this as an outcome. From beginning to end the entire enterprise was a dangerous gesture, an ill-conceived plan, the purpose of which no one can fathom. But it was none the less fatal for both Poland and Pulaski.

Stanislas August and his advisers saw their opportunity and they used it well. The King was convinced that Pulaski had deliberately plotted his murder and no consideration of the actual events of the night could swerve him. He wrote to all the sovereigns of Europe and adapted his tone to suit the policy of the different courts. Thus he remonstrated with the Papal Nuncio because he had given Pulaski his blessing at the time of the capture of Czeszochowa. He jested about the occurrence with the court of Saxony. He complained to Louis XV about the participation of Vio-ménil in the plans of the Confederation. He poured out his personal feelings to his beloved Catherine of Russia. He made even more direct requests of Vienna for he pleaded that henceforth the leaders of the Confederation be expelled from their refuge in the Hapsburg dominions on the borders of Poland and the Emperor Joseph II willingly accepted his statement that Pulaski was guilty of regicide and ordered his immediate arrest if he ever tried to enter any of the Hapsburg lands.

The leaders of the Confederation saw the gathering storm and took the most direct way of meeting it and that was the one that we should expect. They disavowed the entire affair and endeavored to throw all the blame upon Pulaski. It was a convenient method of clearing their own skirts and discrediting a man whom they personally disliked. A few friends stuck by him. My dear Sir Karol Radziwill, and Martin Lubomirski and a few others could not and would not believe that the dashing young leader would stoop to the infamy of murder. Franciszka Krasinska also was loyal but the King had tried to involve her as the wife of Prince Karl and she was in danger unless Pulaski was cleared. The political leaders who had been talking so glibly of the necessity of deposing and removing the King now denied their own words, they burned their correspondence with Casimir and tried to save themselves by removing him from all important posts.

Of the foreign leaders, the Electress of Saxony, Maria An-

tonia, advanced the clever argument that there could be no regicide, since the King already had been legally deposed and he was therefore a usurper. It was a purely legalistic approach and no one paid any attention to it. The French ambassador at Vienna tried to explain the situation to the Austrian Prime Minister Kaunitz but even he could not say what would have happened, had the King been taken to Czestochowa. The pious hypocrisy of the Hapsburgs became an air of injured innocence at the possible injury and insult to the crowned sovereign of a friendly country which they were planning to dismember.

Pulaski was not the man to sit idly by and accept these charges without remonstrance. Perhaps at the advice of Franciszka and other friends, he issued a public statement in December, categorically asserting that he was not a participant in the conspiracy. By indirection, this cast the blame on his enemies in the Generalcy and was of course in direct contradiction to the confessions made by some of the participants who had been captured and brought before the Marshal of the Crown. This public statement only added fuel to the fire and increased the ill feelings between him and the other leaders.

Frederick II was as horrified and shocked as were his brother monarchs but he did not change his official policy. He still allowed Casimir to cross the border to visit Franciszka at her home in Prussia. He still received Russian prisoners from Pulaski and he still allowed Pulaski to write freely to his men at Czestochowa, when he was in Prussia, and saw to it that the letters were freely transmitted.

At the end of January, 1772, as the attacks upon his honor increased, Casimir Pulaski took the bold step of writing directly to Kaunitz in his own defence. Kaunitz curtly replied that no explanations which he might make would have any force against the assertions of the King of Poland. At the very time when they were proceeding with their plans to invade Poland, the Hapsburgs had to defend the King.

At the same time he wrote to d'Aiguillon in Paris and



asked him to present his plea for justice to the King of France. In the letter he explained his philosophy of life and of war and politics. In the classical manner of the eighteenth century, he declared: "From my teens I complained aloud at the abuse of power over the empire which Caesar committed, but I hated the action in the Senate. I admired the citizen in Brutus, but I hated—the murderer.

"I have never transgressed the feelings of nature or that education which my honorable father gave me. All my actions together testify to my moderate character in carnage and in war; I proclaimed pardon to the conquered and I set myself an example of it; when the Russians treated my parents barbarously, I sent them back forty prisoners. The death penalty which all laws prescribe for spies and bandits, I replaced with public labor. Would I be desirous of the blood of people, I who give life even to my enemies? How is it possible to charge me with participation in a terrible conspiracy against the life of the monarch? I would have counted it the most wonderful day of my life, if I could have fought with him as he marched at the head of slaves and enemies, whom he had called into my country to exterminate citizens like myself . . . I would truly have felt myself the happiest of mortals, if I could have taken him prisoner and compelled him to abdicate the throne which he had sprinkled with the blood of my relatives and friends; but I would be a man without honor and I would die of despair, if I had conceived the idea of dirtying my sword by the murder of an enemy whom I can overthrow and conquer."

The letter was written to justify himself but all the actions of Casimir Pulaski show that he was telling the truth. Yet there is one thing of significance in it. The old note of devotion to the Church and Poland has been replaced by talk of the duties of a citizen. Of course, if Casimir was to make his point, he had to speak in the language of the French eighteenth century but during the past year, when he had become the commander of a definite force and had

come under the influence of Franciszka Krasinska and had served with the officers of the French mission, his point of view broadened and he began to see that the old Polish code had to be adapted to the ideas of the more advanced thinkers of the day. Without becoming a definite student of the philosophical trends of the age, he could not fail to absorb from his new surroundings many ideas which he had ignored during the early years when his whole life was wrapped up in efforts to start on a military career.

D'Aiguillon felt the force of the letter and on February 11, he wrote Vioménil that Pulaski's "vigorous soul seemed to express itself entirely and the tone of the letter would induce me to believe this Chief of the Confederates innocent of the plot of which he is accused." It did no good. The kidnapping had taken place just as the sovereigns of the three hostile empires had made up their minds to carve out profits for themselves from Poland and it gave them an opportunity and an excuse and nothing that Pulaski could do or say could bar them from their course. They were now able to excuse their action by covering him with infamy. He was a victim of forces beyond his own control and there was nothing for him to do but to suffer.

The war still was going on. He had to raise troops and collect supplies but the Generalcy, even more than before, was determined to thwart him and to put obstacles in his path. They sent Zaremba supplies and French officers to train his men. They gave Pulaski regions for recruiting which he could not possibly reach, even with his almost superhuman energy. In Mazowia which he could visit, the population were inclined to respect the King and believe the stories which he was circulating and they refused assistance to a regicide.

All this brought out the harder and more unbending sides of Casimir's character and he gave orders for more and more severe levying on the population. He had always believed that those who did not cooperate were traitors and

now as he saw the Generalcy turn away from him and the people of many districts refuse to aid him, he became still more intolerant. He was not going to see his army ruined and his soldiers suffer because of the lack of patriotism of the leaders or the people. His foraging parties became more numerous, their exactions became greater, and he turned a deaf ear to the protests of the Generalcy and to their demands for the roster of his troops and accounts of his expenditures.

Meanwhile Vioménil, conscious of the approaching doom, planned one last campaign. He still hoped to form a regular army and at the coming of spring to seize Krakow and the ancient fortress of the Wawel. He ordered Zaremba to move on Warsaw and Pulaski to make a sally toward Oswiecim and try to seize the right bank of the lower Vistula. In case the Russians were able to defeat them and throw them out of Czystochowa, they were to retire to the Carpathians and continue fighting. Of course it was all predicated on the continued good will and tolerance of Austria but both Poles and French continued to rely upon this, even while they knew the plans that were being formed against their country in Vienna.

The plan was started and in February the Confederates by a stratagem seized Krakow, but their garrison had to face a formidable attack by the Russians under Suvorov. They held at first and Pulaski made a daring raid contrary to the orders of Vioménil toward Krakow to bring help. It angered every one for Vioménil had expected him to move northward as had been planned. Franciszka roundly scolded him for his disobedience of orders, even though she could not help wondering whether he might not have had a sound military reason for his actions and whether he might not have been wiser than Vioménil.

The spring campaign was a failure. The Russians had decided to stop the movement without more delay and one after another the Polish leaders, still disorganized, were overcome separately. One after another died or was cap-

tured and carried into Russia, until only Zaremba and Pulaski were still active.

Then came the turn of Zaremba. He moved toward the city of Piotrkow but his dilatory tactics and his desire to spare the city by drawing out the Russian garrison led to his undoing. When the battle was over, Zaremba had been gravely defeated. A few days later Prussian troops crossed the western borders of Poland. On April 19 Zaremba sent word to Vioménil that because of the Prussian attack, he was surrendering his armies. On April 23, Choisy at Krakow turned the Wawel over to Suvorov. Then came the certainty that the Austrians were going to demand their share.

Casimir Pulaski still held Czeszochowa. He still kept his courage up and still believed that the cause of Polish freedom would triumph. Yet the situation was grim. The Generalcy had disintegrated. Vioménil was recalled to France. There was no money, no supplies and the armies of three empires were marching across the fields of Poland.

Pulaski never thought of surrender. He began to make plans for carrying on the war alone and of taking full power into his hands. It was the more easy because with the surrender of Zaremba and the increasing anarchy, the only detachments in the field were under men of lower rank or those fighting officers who had long been demanding that he assume complete command. On May 10, he wrote to Radziminski to send him a roster of his command and to arrange for the sacred banners of the Confederation to be hidden securely and kept safely for a new opportunity. He urged the occupation and strengthening of some fortress near the Austrian border. He ordered the collection of funds and added that if the remains of the Generalcy objected, no attention was to be paid to these gentlemen. They could function, if they wished, in the civilian sphere but they were not to touch the army. That was to be in the hands of Casimir Pulaski and his advisers.

In the hour of defeat, Casimir had finally brought himself to seize the supreme power, if we can say that at a time

when he and he alone still even dared to hope for victory. Had such a united command been made two years earlier, something might have been done. Had he acted even a year before, there was a chance that the true patriots would have rallied to his banners. There might have been civil war but at least there would have been an army of the Confederates. It was now too late. Russian, Prussian, and Austrian troops were marching in and cutting deeper into the country every day.

Czestochowa was the one spot in the hands of the Polish patriots and to this place there drifted all who still dared to hope for Poland. One commander after another, avoiding conflicts with the Russians, tried to get there, as if the magic of Pulaski could achieve something. Never had the young commander had so many men under him. The infantry filled the fortress. The cavalry bivouacked in the fields around. Here was all that was left of the hopes and aspirations of Poland that had been voiced so fully and so formally by his father four years before.

Yet it was a hopeless situation. The surrounding country was neutral or hostile. The King had done his work. There was no source of supplies and soon the army would exhaust what was in the immediate neighborhood. Then famine would begin, disease would break out. There would be no money, no foreign source of supplies. All was lost, except the indomitable spirit of Casimir Pulaski.

It was a hard moment for the young man who had now been accepted wholeheartedly by all the patriots and condemned universally by everyone else. What was he to do? He could resist and hold out to the last man. He could stand a siege of the fortress and see it taken by storm, for superior numbers and supplies would win in the end. The great shrine of Our Lady would be sacked and plundered. The men would hold with him but would it be good for Poland? Would it not rather mean the extermination of all those brave heroes and patriots who could again under more favorable situations be rallied to their country's cause? Did he have the moral right to do it?

He knew that he himself was the especial victim that the King and the Russians desired to capture. He knew that if he were taken alive, he would receive summary punishment and he knew that he would never yield himself up. The others, if they surrendered with him or after his death, would meet a harsher fate than if they were alone. There was no profit for the King or the Russians in murdering thousands of obscure men simply because they had once served under him. He could not carry down with him in his ruin the great shrine of Poland.

It was a hard decision to make and Casimir Pulaski spent hours in the shrine before he could make up his mind. He had joined his father in the movement as a religious duty. He had seen the Confederation flourish and disintegrate. He had seen self-will and jealousy and egotism destroy a noble cause and now at the age of twenty-five, with a brilliant past behind him, he was confronting a hopeless future. Was it to be death or dishonor? Was he by his selfishness to drag down the shrine of Poland and the men who believed in him, to irreparable disaster?

Finally he made up his mind. Without confiding in any of his associates he wrote to Pac for credentials which would certify to his military rank, in case he could take service abroad. Pac never replied. The archives of the Generalcy had been hidden and Pac with his canniness wanted to have no more dealings with the discredited regicide.

Pulaski waited a few days and then he called in two of his most trusted friends and associates, Radziminski and Zielinski, the Marshal of Ciechanow, and told them of his decision. He appointed them commanders of the fortress. He urged them to send away secretly and individually four hundred of the most reliable and trustworthy soldiers with their arms and equipment, so that they could go to their homes and await a new call to action. He prepared a final order for the troops to be read at the proper time.

Then on the night of May 31, 1772, all was ready. Casimir Pulaski called together a few of his closest friends and said

farewell. With his adjutant, two orderlies and two servants, he slipped out of the fortress in the dead of the night and made for the Silesian border. He crossed into Prussia never to see Poland again.

The astonished troops the next morning were drawn up to hear their commander's farewell order. "I took arms in my hands for the public good; for it I must lay them down. The union of three mighty empires takes away from us all means of possible defence, and the case in which I am involved would render it difficult for me to arrange a capitulation for you, by linking you with my misfortune. I know your zeal and your courage, and I am certain that when happier circumstances arise for the service of your country, you will be the same as you have been with me."

Tears ran down the cheeks of the weather-beaten veterans. They remembered that Casimir had never shirked responsibility, had never avoided the post of danger. They knew the sincerity of his love for Poland, the zeal with which he had sought their interests rather than his own. And he was gone. There was no more struggle for Polish liberty. It was only a question of seeking their own safety, their own future. Casimir Pulaski was gone from his post and from his country. The Confederation of Bar was ended.

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

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### THE WANDERING EXILE

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AS Casimir Pulaski saw the lights of Czestochowa disappear behind him, they must have seemed the last bond between him and the world. For four years he had served with distinction in the Polish army. For two years he had made this fortress a centre of Polish liberty. He had seen his family decimated by the war. His father and one brother were dead, another brother was in captivity, his mother was a wanderer, countless cousins and other relatives had been slain on the field of battle. His estates had been ravaged. Now at twenty-five, he was learning to his sorrow that the words of Drevich were true, — there was no place for him in Poland.

Where could he go? The doors of every country in the neighborhood were closed to him. He could not and would not go to Russia. He was threatened with arrest, if he entered Austria. There was only one choice — to enter Prussia. Perhaps the very cynicism with which Frederick II treated everything Polish would be his only hope. He would have liked to see Franciszka but she was not at her home in Lubliniec but in a distant corner of Silesia with her uncle and it is unlikely that he went to see her at this time. Yet where could he go and where did he go?

He disappeared into the night and soon Poland and the neighboring states were buzzing with rumors of the most different kinds. The story spread that he had been arrested by the Prussian authorities at the home of Franciszka at Lubliniec where he had so often visited. It was contradicted by the statement that he had entered the Prussian army.



Other authorities were confident that he was further away. Some knew positively that he had accepted a commission in the French army and still others, confirming this fact, reported that there was great discussion in that army as to whether a gentleman and an officer could serve in the same regiment with a regicide. Other travellers had seen him at the home of Karol Radziwill in Frankfort.

In the middle of the confusion, a letter arrived at Czeszochowa for the new commandant Radziminski. It was only a week since Casimir had vanished but it was written ostensibly from Strasbourg and was couched in the typical Pulaski vein. "This is not our last hope. Almighty God is above everything and he who works with Him will always conquer. The overseas powers are making a new alliance and a general war is expected." Then he adds with mysterious frankness that he is having conferences with various ambassadors and in apparent contradiction to the assurances that a new struggle was impending on a larger scale, he sends his ideas of a proper reconciliation with Russia. The terms which he set out are not those of a defeated and a despairing man but rather those of a gentleman and a man of honor who is sure of his own rectitude and expects others to agree. The ideas that he suggested were: that the court at Warsaw refuse to entertain all financial claims from the areas in which there had been fighting; that it declare in the official paper and through official channels to foreign courts the falsity of the accusations that he was a regicide; that the fortress and shrine of Czeszochowa be saved from pillage by the Russians and be maintained by a becoming garrison under a Catholic commander; that the soldiers of the Confederation who so desired should be taken with their uniforms into the Royal army, that five officers selected by Pulaski himself should be given commissions in it as ensigns or lieutenants; that no punishment should be administered to deserters from the Polish Army who had joined the Confederates; that debts contracted for the fortress should be paid, and that an armistice be arranged for

one month with the Russians, so that all the Confederate forces could assemble peacefully at Czeszochowa.

The terms would obviously be rejected by the King and the Russians but if Stanislas August was really sincere in his dreams of uniting Poland and strengthening the country, they would form an honest basis for discussion. They were not destined to be accepted.

On June 19, the little garrison submitted to their Most Gracious Majesty, King Stanislas August, and offered to swear allegiance and loyalty. When they submitted the additional points raised by Pulaski, the Chancellor Młodziejowski made the humiliating reply that they should formally petition Her Majesty, the Empress of Russia, through the Russian Ambassador at Warsaw. They did so but there was no immediate reply.

The fortress was blockaded by the Russian troops more and more closely. Food ran low. The water supply failed. Discord broke out among the garrison which the monks had to settle, and finally on August 16, Colonel Golitsyn occupied the monastery without any regard to the proposals made by Pulaski and later forwarded to the Russian Ambassador. The siege was over.

Yet where was Pulaski? Even with his over-abundant energy, he could hardly have reached Strasbourg, carried on the talks which he describes and sent a letter back across Europe within a week. Besides, at that moment there were no important diplomats stationed at or passing through Strasbourg and his account of his own actions was apparently a mere blind to throw his enemies off his track. So were the rumors that his friends spread.

His prime object was to reach a place of safety. He well knew that Russia would make strenuous efforts to capture him or have him extradited for punishment and he did not intend to end his career in any inglorious manner. If he were to remain at liberty, concealment was a necessary measure and he used all of his skill in covering his movements as a military leader to avoid any identification or

knowledge of his route as a fugitive. The longer he could remain hidden, the greater the likelihood that events might change, that Russia might find new interests and that he might have some possibility of escape.

He seems therefore to have made his way by devious roads to Dresden to report to Prince Karl. Apparently the journey took him nearly a month and there are still no indications of the route which he followed. But Dresden was not what it had been. The collapse of the Confederation and the story of the kidnapping had cooled the court of Saxony to everything Polish. Prince Karl was almost without funds. He had no fixed income even to pay his servants regularly, for all the discontent of the various factions had flared up against him at home and the royal family, with the exception of Prince Karl, were determined to be through with the Polish adventure. Even Karl himself was willing to write off his Polish aspirations as a foolish venture but he did exert himself to help his former page and to keep him from being surrendered to the Russians to face trial.

At this moment there came the normal nervous reaction. For five years without interruption Pulaski had been in the saddle, fighting constantly, facing one danger after another, and sustained by the continuous activity. Now deprived of this occupation and harassed by the never-ending fear that the Saxon court would yield to the Russian demands, he fell seriously ill and became very depressed.

Yet even at this moment he did not intend to surrender or be surrendered without a last struggle. Through Prince Karl and Mme. Brzostowska, he appealed to Buat, the French ambassador at Dresden, for protection and begged him to intercede with the court at Versailles. Buat refused and so Pulaski made another personal appeal to d'Aiguillon and asked, as if he were the commandant of Czeszochowa what the French thought of the advisability of fighting or surrendering. Then in the same letter with a sudden change of mood, he begged for protection from the Russians.

D'Aiguillon made no reply but he sent indirectly assurances to Pulaski that the French would not allow him to be persecuted but that he would not, as a Polish citizen, be allowed to seek refuge in the French embassy.

For three weeks this period of suspense lasted and it was harder for the impatient and impetuous Casimir to stand the uncertainty than it was for him to face the enemy in battle. He wearied of the constant delays in making a decision and still fearful of the final outcome of the negotiations, he suddenly disappeared from Dresden.

He probably told his intentions only to Prince Karl personally for Casimir had made up his mind to brave again the dangers of arrest by Prussia and to pay another visit to Franciszka at her residence in Altwasser. He stayed here with her for an undetermined time and it was probably from here and under her dictation that he prepared a letter to his brother Antoni.

He had not heard from him since that fatal day near Okopy, when the youngest of the three brothers had fallen into Russian hands. Antoni had been carried away captive into Russia and had lived very miserably for a while at Kazan. It is said that he had had only five kopecks a day on which to pay all of his expenses. Yet Antoni does not seem to have been of the same temper as the other two brothers. He was finally broken by his hardships and as the fortunes of his country ebbed, there came confused rumors as to his activity. Some of them emphasized the fact that he was then serving with Pugachev, the Don Cossack who was leading a revolt against the Russian Empress in the Volga valley and the southeastern steppes. Others were to the effect that he had finally yielded to Russian pressure and had entered the Russian service. It happened that these last were true, much to the disgust of Casimir and some of the more ardent patriots but there was no clear idea as to his actions. The newspapers of Warsaw, always a suspicious source, emphasized the latter story as a foil to their dislike of the unbending Casimir and now in his extremity, Franciszka persuaded him

to write a letter to his brother and ask him to present his defence against the charge of being a regicide to the Empress herself and strive to secure his return to Poland and the restoration of his property. The letter was written but there is no evidence that it was ever sent. Apparently in one of those spells of depression which came over Casimir in all periods of inactivity, he had been induced to make this appeal for pardon but another passing change of mood made him again the fighting hero and he changed his mind about forwarding it.

He had another purpose in coming to Altwasser and it was even more audacious. He had travelled under the thin disguise of a M. Rudzinski. It fooled nobody for Pulaski had long been a familiar figure among the associates and servants of Franciszka, and as he moved freely around the neighborhood, there could be no doubt that his disguise was pierced. He now determined to watch the Prussian army on its manoeuvres and under the same name travelled to Prussian headquarters at Nisa and for three days mingled with the officers and watched the new tactics that Frederick the Great had adopted.

Here there could be not the slightest doubt that he was being tolerated by Frederick. The news of his stay at the Prussian headquarters was carried back to Warsaw and Stanislas wrote a letter to Frederick asking for his arrest. Frederick answered that the King of Prussia had something else to do than watch over every Pole who flitted around his kingdom like a bird on a tree. It was a bitter insult to the King and it showed Pulaski and the adherents of the King that he was perfectly safe in Prussia, so long as it suited Frederick II.

At about the same time, Pulaski wrote a letter to the Marshal Stanislas Lubomirski with his formal defence against the charges made against him in Warsaw. In this he took the dubious course of casting all the responsibility for the kidnapping upon his subordinates, especially Strawinski, and he avoided any statement that might involve or clear

the Generalcy, whose participation in the movement was completely ignored. This adds to the mystery of the kidnapping. The answer could not definitely clear Pulaski for there remained the question of the control that he had over his subordinates and the control that his superiors had over him. It naturally was not well received in Warsaw or by Strawinski who had also escaped into exile, nor could it satisfy the supporters of the King who were firmly convinced of the personal guilt of Pulaski.

For a while in September, he probably stayed at Frankfurt at the home of, My dear Sir, Karol Radziwill, and then still under the name of Rudzinski, he started for Paris with Alexander Lubomirski, who, after the debacle in Poland, had secured a commission as colonel in the French army. He either was planning to secure a commission for himself in the French army, or as the Russian-Turkish war had flared up again, was becoming interested in the possibility of going to Turkey and renewing his active fight for Poland. The call to activity never found him weary and hope sprang eternal in his breast.

The two men got as far as Strasbourg, where they arrived on October 3 and here for the first time since his departure Pulaski came in contact with leaders of the Generalcy. He was entertained by the Sapiehas and also met Bohusz, the former Secretary of the Confederation and the author of the plan for the deposing of the king. Pulaski talked long and persuasively of his proposed trip to Turkey and Bohusz was half inclined to consent to go with him to renew the struggle from there. He also met the Corsican Colonel Rossi, who after a similar unsuccessful struggle against Genoa had likewise taken refuge in France. The two men talked over the situations of their respective countries and parted as good friends.

On October 13, Vioménil arrived from Paris on his way to his new post at Nancy. Naturally Pulaski hunted him up and made his presence known. Vioménil had little hope to offer the gallant soldier in whose innocence he believed. He

reported that the King of France was through with his Polish plans and that he would do nothing more than try to reconcile the Confederates and the King of Poland. Of course it was obvious that these efforts would fail in the case of both Bohusz and Pulaski, the two men whom the King regarded as his personal enemies. Vioménil added, however, that the French would reject summarily any demand by the Russians for the extradition of Pulaski.

Thus he was an exile in safety and on the 15th, he went with Vioménil to Nancy and spent there most of the winter, still in enforced inactivity. He rejected an invitation of Wielhorski to join an informal committee of the Generalcy at Landshut, for he knew that whatever might be his temporary relations with the members of that body, sooner or later the old feuds would be reopened and he would still be at the same disadvantage as in the earlier days at Czeszochowa. He preferred to stay with the French and keep away from Polish affairs, until he could act with effect and dignity.

For a while he played with the idea of securing a commission in the French army and on October 29, wrote to d'Aiguillon for that purpose. Again he showed himself loyal to the ideals of the Confederation of Bar and kept the same independent attitude. The French again ignored his request and in the spring of 1773, also turned down a petition to give him a post in the Legion of Conflans.

In the spring he went to Paris and there was visited by his old friend, the adventurer Maurycy Beniowski, whom he had not seen since the days of Okopy. Beniowski was now well on his way to being a famous adventurer and he tried to persuade Casimir to join with him in some fantastic scheme in some remote continent. For a second time, Beniowski had come into contact with the young man but again for some reason, he did not fully persuade him to action and only planted vague ideas of restlessness in his head.

The summer of 1773, he passed in Dresden but he was even less popular than in the preceding year. The Polish interests of the Saxon court were even less than they had

been the year before. There was a small group around Prince Karl who welcomed him but even the vast majority of the Poles there turned away from him and he was compelled to live almost as a recluse, while in Warsaw plans were proceeding to try him *in absentia* for his attempted murder of the King.

Pulaski made a last effort to effect a reconciliation with Stanislas August by writing an appeal to him for pardon and he said: "If the interest of His Majesty, the King of Poland, is the interest of all kings jointly, mine is the interest of humanity, especially ours, the interest of my comrades and my fellow citizens, who, gathered into the body of the people, have to cure the wounds of the Republic, driving out from among us hate, animosity, the spirit of party and of prejudice . . . I ask no favor or kindness, for he who wishes to avoid the public animadversion, when he is guilty, only finds it. I ask therefore to be judged, to know my fault, which they impute to me, to cleanse myself of it and to extinguish a flame which does not touch my honor, but blackens my reputation." The tone of the whole appeal is permeated with a French touch and it is likely that it was prepared for him by some of his French friends.

Personal appeals and diplomatic interventions did no good. The trial opened on June 7 in Warsaw. Strawinski from exile definitely threw the blame upon Pulaski with the statement that he was fully cognisant of the plot and was planning himself to cover the retreat of the party with the King. Lukawski, the leader of the party that had seized Stanislas August, went further and declared that Casimir had ordered him to kill the King, if there was pursuit. The defendants who were there in person tried to save themselves by throwing all the blame upon the two leaders in exile, Pulaski and Strawinski. On August 2, the King himself testified against the regicides, excluding only Kuzma, the man who had brought him back to Warsaw. He made no mention of Pulaski and he disavowed none of his statements that an attempt had been made against his life.



The sentence was finally promulgated in the autumn:

"Casimir Pulaski, Stanislas Strawinski, fugitives, and Walenty Lukawski are not only to be deprived of their ranks and honor, but their bodies as tools of a shameful crime deserve to be subjected to punishment, and although for such a heinous deed they have deserved much greater and more savage punishment, yet on the intercession of His Royal Majesty to our court, we decree that Walenty Lukawski who is under arrest, and the fugitives Casimir Pulaski and Stanislas Strawinski be put to death by beheading. Their hands are to be displayed on the public roads and after a while burned, their bodies immediately after beheading are to be quartered, burned, and scattered to the winds. The whole property of Casimir Pulaski we adjudge to the Royal Treasury and the informer, without touching in any way the rights of his mother, Mme. Pulaska."

The sentence aroused shouts of disapproval even among many who had not been members of the Confederation but who had some sense of fairness and of justice. That autumn in a Jesuit school in Luck, a play was given showing a father and three sons. Two were disobedient and rebellious. The third was obedient and many times risked his life for his father, but was always persecuted by him. The audience cried out in mass, "That is the way in which the Republic rewards Pulaski."

In the meanwhile, the young man was bearing the open scorn of many of his former friends and associates, who had been only too willing to honor him in happier days. It was a far cry from the glorious victory of Czeszochowa.

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

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### THE TURKISH JOURNEY

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**I**N September, 1773, Casimir Pulaski, not only discredited but now officially condemned to death, made his weary way back from Dresden to Strasbourg. Yet he was still not discouraged, not yet convinced that his part in the liberation of Poland was at an end. He still was only too ready to listen to the enthusiastic hopes of many of his compatriots who sought in every turn of human affairs to see some ray of light about which they could talk and plan.

In the summer of 1773 the Turks won a great victory over the Russian General Rumyantsev near Silistria on the Danube and the little group of exiles jumped at the possibilities of this victory. Even the cautious Pac dared to hope that it was the beginning of the end for Russia. He saw the Empress Catherine compelled to sue for peace and Turkey exacting as part of the terms the restoration of the section of Poland which Russia had seized. Then as his dreams grew brighter, he saw Russia, Spain, England, France and Sweden uniting against Austria and compelling her to disgorge. With Austria out of the way, the coalition would turn on Prussia and force Frederick II to give up his conquests. Then peace would come to Europe, Poland would be restored, and with Stanislas August out of the way there would be an era of good government. It pleased the emigrés, for none of them realized that the weakening of Russia would merely give Austria and Prussia a chance to increase their profits at the expense of Poland and that there was no chance for their unfortunate country in any such scheme.

Casimir Pulaski heard these plans and was thrilled by

them. He was no statesman, no intriguer, but his mind grasped one fact. Poland had to help herself in this crisis. She had to have an army and the only place where she could form that army was in Turkey. He had to go to Turkey. He had talked of this idea to Bohusz in Strasbourg a year before and now it seemed as if his dreams were coming true. As he set forth his supplementary plans, he met only a stolid silence. The bulk of the Confederates did not want to see Pulaski at the head of a victorious Polish army. If he failed, he would become a national martyr. If he won, his fame would outshine that which he had gained at Czestochowa and they well knew that after all that had happened, they could not control him.

Never was Casimir so persuasive and so pliant as at this time. He begged the authorities in Switzerland to give him letters of introduction to the Grand Vizier. He declared his willingness to accept Pac as the political leader of Poland. He promised to serve even under Joachim Potocki, who was still performing the nominal functions of a military leader in Turkey, a leader without an army, without a program, and without support. He would do anything to get a chance to serve again in the field.

At the end of September, under the name of Korwin, he went from Strasbourg to Paris with a young Frenchman named Boissimène to push his ideas. Never had the Polish group in Paris been more varied and more influential. Here had gathered Karol Radziwill, My dear Sir, and his old comrade, Szymon Kossakowski, who had tried to make him commander-in-chief at Czestochowa. The Sapiehas had come on from Strasbourg and Switzerland. Bohusz had arrived. Of the royalist party there were Adam Czartoryski and his wife, and with them the young engineer Thaddeus Kosciuszko. All were pressing their claims at the French court and all were gay and optimistic.

Still smarting under the sentence of death, Pulaski fitted in poorly with the gay group. He was not received at court because of the charges of being a regicide but he met some

at least of the leaders and now, if not before, he came in touch with an influential group of prominent Frenchmen, including Gérard, the chief assistant of d'Aiguillon as Foreign Minister and also Ruhlière of lesser rank in the French service.

Kossakowski bombarded d'Aiguillon with plans for a Polish army in Turkey. He boasted of his own influence at the court of the Sultan and spoke glowingly of the prestige which France would win in Turkey by the victory of Poland with Turkish aid. He was even more optimistic of the power that France would gain in Europe by lending her aid to restore Poland.

The talk of a Polish army was music in the ears of Casimir Pulaski. There was his post and he joined the ardent group of patriots, who waved aside all difficulties. They saw the opportunity of creating an army of Serbs, Armenians, Bulgarians, Catholic Greeks, and Tatars and leading it into Poland. Wiser and more cautious political thinkers smiled but they would listen to no opposition and their enthusiasm grew with each succeeding day.

They knew nothing of the situation in the Balkans. They had no conception of the fact that Russia was supporting the Orthodox peoples of the area in their revolt against the Turks. They had no idea that that flame of liberty which was burning so brightly in their own breasts was setting on fire the long oppressed peoples of the Balkans and that the Ottoman Empire, faced with internal discontent, was tottering to its fall. They could not imagine that the Poles, the Serbs, and the other races were fighting the same battle and that the Balkans were filled with equally patriotic men who were willing to risk the last drop of their blood in a struggle against the Turks. They saw nothing but the one cause and they were resolved to act upon it.

Their enthusiasm infected Karol Radziwill, My dear Sir, and he promised to back them, if they would only make the expedition important enough. They wanted eight French officers to assist them and train the new army. He demanded

at least fifty, — yes, and a band to play the martial music for the new crusade. He promised to sacrifice everything, even his mustache, for the great cause, but a few months later he found a new interest in the person of a mysterious charmer who passed herself off as the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia and Alexis Razumowsky. She consumed even his enormous income and he dropped his personal participation in the plans for the campaign. Instead, he went with her to Venice and there in that romantic environment he devoted himself to love and pleasure.

The patriots continued to plan but by the end of January, 1774, discord was again raising its ugly head. Bohusz saw clearly that the heroes would not yield to one another and found it very difficult to be equal. By the beginning of February, Kossakowski was complaining that Pulaski insisted upon controlling all the officers and acting as military head. He had good reasons for he was the only one with definite military experience and he was not going to repeat the mistakes of the Confederation of Bar. Kossakowski with his confidence that he was all powerful at Stamboul refused to yield and it was hard to bring the two men together.

Yet arrangements were made. On February 9, Kossakowski left Paris for Venice with a French officer Rolland de Brioux whose mission it was to keep the Princess Sapieha informed of the progress of the expedition. Pulaski on the strength of his estates (already confiscated by the King of Poland) raised five hundred gold ducats and also bought a valuable ring to wear for the common cause. On March 3, the Sapiehas gave a farewell dinner for him and five French officers who were to accompany the expedition and the next day the French officers started for Venice. Casimir soon followed but he travelled more slowly and joined his comrades in Venice on April 9.

All were now gathered at the starting point of the expedition and they were cheered by the reports that the pretender Pugachev was gaining on the Russian steppes and that he would soon be in Moscow. They willingly believed

stories that Antoni Pulaski had joined him and that other Poles such as Antoni Suffczynski, a brother-in-law of Casimir, were in his company. As we have seen, the year before there were definite rumors that Antoni had already joined Catherine and the Russians but Casimir hated to believe this and now when he was on his way to the Orient, such annoying reports were wholeheartedly forgotten. Neither did the Poles stop to inquire as to the truth of the reports that Catherine was already triumphing in the struggle against the Cossack revolt or that the Russian forces in Turkey had already been reinforced.

All the way from Paris to Venice, Casimir had stopped at every French diplomatic mission and every French consulate and assured them of his utter devotion to the cause of France as the one perpetual friend of Poland. When he left Venice, he wrote to the French minister there, "I believe that it is most proper to inform you of my sentiments, before leaving the place which allows me to tell you of them. The friendship with which France has constantly honored my Republic is a motive for all honorable Poles to wish and to do everything that the court of Versailles considers proper." The court at Versailles had given slight encouragement to this group of enthusiasts but they were more French than the French government and were preparing great things for both France and their own Republic of Poland.

Yet when they finally boarded the ship that was to take them down the Adriatic sea to Dubrovnik, they were a strangely mixed group. The leaders, Pulaski and Kossakowski, were both Poles and with them were many of their compatriots. There were also French and Germans. There was at least one Irishman and one Dutchman. All in all they came to some seventy-five in number and this was approaching the scale that had been recommended by Karol Radziwill as the minimum consonant with the dignity of a liberated Poland. There is some doubt as to whether or not they had the all-important band with them.

The wind blew up the Adriatic and this greatly length-

ened the voyage. Every day seemed an eternity to this group of men who visioned their task as the saving of a nation. Each day on the little coastal boat they had nothing to do but to make their plans and drink toasts to the success of their expedition and of Poland. Each day they had more ideas and each day the opinions of the leaders differed more sharply. The inaction of the trip tried the tempers of both Pulaski and Kossakowski and by the time they reached Dubrovnik, Kossakowski was ready to resign from the expedition, for he considered it imperative that he be in command as the bearer of a message to the Sultan from Karol Radziwill and Pulaski saw the military aspects of the problem becoming superior to the diplomatic. The other officers took the side of Pulaski and definitely put themselves under his orders for the coming campaign.

When they reached the beautiful Renaissance city of Dubrovnik with its architectural gems, Pulaski and his little band believed that their task was already well on its way to execution. It was in the spring when the rainy season was ending and the mountains overlooking the town were covered with green. There was the general sub-tropical atmosphere of the Balkan coast so different from the plains of Poland or the grim northern slopes of the Carpathians. The streets of the city were filled with the different costumes of the various races of the Balkans for Dubrovnik, even in the last decades of the dying republic, was still an important commercial center. Here they could have learned much of what they were to expect, they could have found out the definite position of the Turks and Russians, they could have learned of the feelings and the attitudes of the various races of people whom they were going to recruit for the liberating army. They did nothing of the kind. Dubrovnik did not speak to them of beauty nor of the bewildering course of Balkan politics. They saw only their duty to save Poland. They had to secure horses and supplies and establish contact with the Turkish authorities in the border provinces and they ignored everything else.

When they were ready to proceed, Casimir Pulaski seized the opportunity to issue a truly amazing document. Dating it from Stamboul on January 10 (when he was of course still in Paris), he rejected all of those points which had been definitely advanced by Kossakowski. Then as Commanding General of the Confederated Armies, he announced that Turkey was making new efforts to liberate Poland and he ordered all the marshals, commanders and the ensigns of the Confederation to prepare their forces for May 15, when he would have the happiness of again setting foot on Polish soil. It is hard to understand this strange manifesto. It breathes the old spirit of the Confederation but it shows a complete misunderstanding not only of the situation of 1774, but even of geography. He was still many weary miles from Stamboul and still further from the bank of the Dnyester. Five years before he had been very critical of the Turks. He had seen the fate of his father; he had seen chance after chance wasted during the early days of the campaign in the southeast of Poland. He must have known that it would take time to prepare his troops, once he reached the scene and yet he definitely set a day less than three weeks ahead for his formal entrance into his native land. The suspicion grows that the manifesto was merely intended to advance his cause and his side of the dispute over that of Kossakowski by the simple experiment of pre-dating.

Kossakowski in his public statements was equally arrogant and unrealistic. As the representative of Karol Radziwill, he demanded a firman and two millions in money together with an army which would at once invade Poland and restore its liberty. He likewise acted as if all that was necessary was to issue an order and the armies would cross the Polish border within twenty-four hours.

They were a weary journey from their goal. The two leaders and their suites crossed together the boundary of Hercegovina and they set foot on Turkish soil. Their first impression with the situation should have been illuminating but they could see nothing and understand nothing ex-



cept the mutual bickering which was growing more intense every day.

At Trebinje the two men separated. Kossakowski determined to push on without delay to Constantinople. Travelling with companions and utilizing every opportunity for haste, he reached the Turkish capital without too much delay. The Sultan Abdul Hamid was friendly to the Poles and so was Musin Zade, the Grand Vizier, but they were almost alone. The other officials and the army were disgusted with the military situation and would do nothing to aid Poland. The Christian diplomats were scarcely friendly. The Austrian ambassador prevented Kossakowski from lodging with an Armenian friend who was under obligations to the Austrians. The French ambassador Saint Priest refused to help without definite instructions from Paris and these had not been received. All he had was an order to be kind to the Poles. Lasocki and Wessel who were in Turkey for the Confederation refused to meet Kossakowski and withdrew to the Princes' Islands on his approach. All Kossakowski could accomplish was to present the letter of Karol Radziwill to lower officials who promised to forward it to the Sultan. Radziszewski, another agent of Prince Radziwill, was able to accomplish even less. Almost on the day of his arrival Kossakowski was forced to recognize that his mission was in vain.

Meanwhile what of Pulaski and his officers? On their entrance into Turkey the pasha met them with all the pomp and dignity of an oriental viceroy. There were long feasts and longer speeches and the pasha willingly gave them an appropriate escort of soldiers across his territory. It was reported in Poland that he gave them a thousand horsemen to accompany them on their way but this is certainly an exaggeration. Joseph Zajaczek, a young Polish officer in Pulaski's band, wrote a series of letters to a friend in Paris and from those letters we have the best description of the following weeks.

The direct route led from Dubrovnik across the territory

of Montenegro but these stalwart mountaineers were putting up a stiff fight for their own liberty and it was therefore impossible for the mission of Pulaski to pass through their territory, since they were equipped with documents to show that they were the friends of the Turks. As a result they had to make a long detour to the north and cross all the mountain ranges of the western Balkans. Despite the hospitality of the pasha, travelling was difficult. The road, if it could be called such by courtesy, wound up river valleys to their head waters. It crossed flooded mountain torrents. Then it led through some pass in the range or over the summits of the mountains to the next valley. The travellers went up from Trebinje to Bileca, Gacko, Foca, Plevlje, across the Drina River and up the Gehotina to Prjepolje and then directly across the mountains to Novipazar. From there they entered the valley of the Toplica and followed it down to Nish. Then again it was a question of ascending the Nishova until they came to the pass that led them down to Sofia. To-day it is still one route across the Balkans and the roads and railroads and the proposed trans-Balkan automobile route follow the same course but it was then still undeveloped and very difficult travelling.

It is a route of beauty and a road for ambushes. The footing was often bad for the horses and the accommodations were more than primitive. The trip was made easier by the kindness of the Turkish pasha but even then, if they did not reach some important centre for the night, they were compelled to lodge in dirty and uncomfortable inns. Life in the rural districts of Poland was paradise and ease compared to that in this area which had suffered from four centuries of misgovernment.

The country was filled with bandits and murderers as Zajaczek calls them but the travellers did not realize that these were largely liberty loving Christians who, like Pulaski himself, were willing to risk their lives for their national and personal freedom. To them the appearance of rich guests travelling under the escort of a Turkish pasha was as much

a personal insult as was the sight of a Russian detachment in a Polish village to Casimir.

The pasha was easy going and disinclined to move rapidly. The Poles were eager to get into action to help their country and they could not be restrained from dashing ahead of their host and even of the armed guards which he sent ahead of them. The result might easily have been disastrous on more than one occasion and should certainly have warned Casimir of the small amount of reliance that he could place on Turkish cooperation. Apparently he was so filled with the importance of his mission that he did not stop to compare his experiences with those of six years before and make a proper estimate of the situation.

Thus when they were three miles from Novipazar, they were several hours ahead of their host. Their advance guard left the stopping place of the previous night two hours ahead of them in order to clear the road but a thunder storm came up and the guard turned aside to the nearest village to wait until it should clear. The party started and when the rain began, they too took refuge in a little coffee house. When it cleared, they pushed on, little dreaming that they had already outdistanced their guard who were now in their rear. Suddenly they came upon a band of twenty or thirty men whom they assumed to be a local detachment sent out to welcome the pasha. Something aroused Pulaski's suspicions and he ordered the men who were with him, Kluszewski, Borek, a French officer, Zajaczek and a hussar to turn from the road and take cover. They hid on the left in the woods and the band went by. Yet they were soon discovered and the murderers attacked them. There was a lively skirmish and the Poles beat off their attackers and protected themselves, until the guards came up and rescued them. The bandits were finally defeated and two were taken prisoners but they pleaded so piteously for their lives that Pulaski finally released them. Zajaczek remarks drily that the murderers profited little by their release for the natives of a neighboring village pursued and captured them again and the next

day took their heads to Novipazar so that the Poles could see that they had received their just deserts. In the fighting Pulaski received a slash in the sleeve of his uniform and a spent bullet was stopped by his cloak.

Another time not far from Sofia, Zajaczek was compelled to travel alone with a Turkish guard and a Tatar interpreter. On the way it began to rain and the water courses were filled to overflowing. The Turkish soldier's horse went lame and he remained behind. Zajaczek's mount fell into the water and he was nearly drowned. Finally wet, hungry, and exhausted, he reached the Bulgarian village of Salve. He noticed that the Turks seemed suspicious and they thought from his thick hair that he was a Russian spy. The Tatar who had left him for a moment came back and warned him to keep his weapons handy or he would be killed. Just then about ten Turks attacked the two and they were preparing to defend themselves to the end when the Tatar announced that they would die rather than yield unless the local kadi sent a man to whom they could surrender. The kadi sent a man but ordered them arrested and imprisoned. Zajaczek wanted to see the kadi at once but it was too late and the unfortunate Pole had to spend the night in a crowded prison, loaded with chains and sleeping on the floor. The next day he was taken before the kadi but was kept two days more in prison before he was released and sent on his way, leaving the natives still convinced that he was a Russian spy.

Sometime in June, after a more than adventurous trip, Pulaski and his officers reached the camp of the Grand Vizier at Shumla northeast of Sofia. They arrived for the last act of the Russian-Turkish war, because the Russian forces under General Rumyantsev had recrossed the Danube and after defeating the Turks in a series of operations were in a position to attack the Turkish headquarters itself.

The Poles were present at the battle of Jeni Pazar on June 29, when the Turks were decisively routed by General Kamensky. His military experience quickly told Pulaski that the Turks were in a hopeless position. As Zajaczek

writes a month later, the Grand Vizier was broken by age, was without energy and intelligence and had disaffected the whole army with his meanness. The soldiers had not been paid for a year, the horses were dying of hunger, and the soldiers, to secure food, were raiding the country around the camp. When the battle started, the Turkish cavalry made three charges but were repulsed each time. Then they carelessly allowed a detachment of Russian infantry to take a road leading to the side of the camp. At once two squadrons of Russian cavalry dashed along it. The Turks made no move and when the Russians opened fire, the Turks broke and fled with the infantry firing on the cavalry in order to seize their horses for escape.

From a nearby hill Pulaski and his Poles watched the entire action. Twice they sent the Grand Vizier a messenger asking what he wished them to do but because of his vacillating character and also because of some distrust of Europeans, he replied, "Wait quietly." The third time at the moment of the attack, he said, "Do as the others," and there was nothing else for them to do. They were swept along with the tide of disordered fugitives and amid the confusion, the tumult, the shouting, the crying of the camels, the little band was scattered. Zajaczek fell from his horse and at least twenty Turks galloped over him but he was uninjured. Out of a group of twenty-four officers that were together, only four or five could be located at any one time. The janissaries who had been assigned as their guard plundered them in the confusion and at the end the Poles remained without shirts, money, or credit.

Pulaski and his friends lost everything that they had brought to Turkey. All the material resources for the proposed expedition were swept away. All the trials and hardships that they had undergone to reach the Turkish army had been rendered vain. The battle convinced even the incorrigibly optimistic Casimir that his hopes of securing the liberation of Poland through a Turkish army were in vain and he realized now how correct he had been five years be-

fore when after the battle of Okopy he had preferred the hardships of a march through the Carpathians to risking the fate of his father among the Turks and Tatars.

There was no time to spend on vain regrets. He knew now that his one task was to save himself and his friends, if he could. Yet it was a desperate situation. The Poles were alone in a strange and hostile and defeated land. They were hundreds of miles from friends and they had with them absolutely nothing.

The battle marked the end of the Russian-Turkish war. The Turkish army was no longer in the field and the Sultan was compelled to sue for peace. Russia was in a position to enforce her own terms and Casimir well knew that those terms might include a surrender of himself to the enemy. Whatever he was to do, he had to do quickly.

The little band was broken up. Part of the Poles were interned in a village about two miles from Shumla where they were supported by the Grand Vizir and where they were visited by Aubert, an agent of the French ambassador. The surgeon and three servants were put in prison.

Pulaski himself and a few others went on to Adrianople. There he was treated kindly by the so-called "deputy of the French nation", but the Grand Vizier ordered that he be sent to the village of Demotika where formerly Charles XII of Sweden had been confined. Apparently it was the plan of the Grand Vizier to detain him until the signing of a treaty of peace and then if the Russians demanded it, the Turks would turn him over and it was almost certain that the Russians would demand him, for the chief of their delegation who was to sign the peace at Kuchuk-Kainardji was that same Prince Repnin, who had bitterly regretted the release of Casimir after the fall of Berdyczow.

The situation looked dark for the little group and it was decided to send a delegation to the French ambassador with the returning Aubert. They chose Zajaczek because of his knowledge of French, and two French officers, Cravatte and Brentano. The ambassador Saint Priest flatly refused to see

Zajaczek but when the French officers presented their commissions, he ordered them to be sent to Smyrna and then repatriated to Marseilles. He offered to do the same for the other Frenchmen but as for the Poles he gave a stern warning, "Let them do as they please." The war was over and the ambassador was not going to embarrass his country by helping the unlucky men.

There was more trouble in store for Pulaski. Cravatte succeeded in getting control of the 16,000 pounds that had been furnished for the expedition and he compelled Casimir to sign a check on a Parisian bank for 150 ducats additional. Then after stirring up as much ill feeling as he could against Casimir, he went his own way.

An even more unpleasant experience awaited him with Brentano. After the signing of the preliminary treaty of peace, the Porte ordered the group of Pulaski and that of Kossakowski to be moved to Rodosto on the Sea of Marmora, and gave each group two purses of five hundred zloty for their support. Pulaski, suspecting that Saint Priest would not leave the French destitute, used the money for the Poles in his band. Brentano, profiting by the liberality of the Ambassador, then attacked Pulaski's honor and tried in every way to embarrass him still further.

Under these circumstances Pulaski decided not to remain an inactive spectator of events which were going to determine his fate. He had picked up some Tatar during his residence in southeast Poland and he determined to put it to use. He disguised himself and Zajaczek in Tatar costume and went on to Constantinople in the hope of securing some assistance somewhere. At this moment the Grand Vizier suddenly died and his successor determined to have nothing further to do with the Poles.

An appeal to the French ambassador was useless and in a fit of desperation, Pulaski sent Zajaczek to see the British ambassador, Murray. He asked for a small loan for two or three months and begged the British ambassador to use his influence to keep the Porte from turning him over to the

Russians. Zajaczek then went on to tell how Pulaski had always conquered the Russians with inferior forces and when he was asked about the attempted murder of the King of Poland, he replied that Pulaski had had nothing to do with the affair and that if he had, he would have been proud to confess it, because he had never considered Poniatowski a king. Then he made some other accusations about the conduct of the French ambassador. Murray, accepting the statements of Pulaski's enemies, refused him any assistance and thus another hope was thwarted.

Despairing of any further aid and realizing the approaching seriousness of his own position, Casimir decided on still another step. He had been known as Mr. Romer since his entrance into Turkey, although there was no secret of his identity. Now disguised as Tatars, he and Zajaczek took a small boat to Smyrna in Asia Minor. Here they remained in concealment but they were again discovered and debtors began to press them. The Porte now ordered all the Poles to depart in four weeks or be turned over to the Russians. This broke up the little band of Pulaski and it applied also to the older group that had been in Turkey since the beginning of the Confederation. Kossakowski returned across the Balkans by the old route and the other leaders made their way back as best they could.

Casimir and Zajaczek in Smyrna without funds were in worse position than those at Constantinople, but his fortune changed. Friends were found to give him some assistance and to put him, Zajaczek and a couple of other officers who had found their way to Smyrna, on a ship bound for Marseilles. It was just in time, for within six hours after Pulaski had put to sea, a Russian battleship appeared in the harbor and demanded the surrender of Mr. Romer. When the captain learned that his quarry had escaped, he set out in pursuit and almost overtook the boat on which was the fleeing hero. The ship prepared to repel an attack but the Russian captain changed his course and the voyage to Marseilles was finished without incident.



The group landed there about the middle of October. Pulaski's situation was a little better and a little worse. During the summer Louis XV had died and Louis XVI and his Minister Vergennes were not interested in Poland. The old friends of Casimir were out of power, but despite that fact, they succeeded in bringing about an order on October 19 to the governor of Marseilles, allowing him to live in that city in complete seclusion and quiet, under the incognito of Roemer. It was a humiliating end of a foolhardy expedition.

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## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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### IMPRISONED FOR DEBT

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CASIMIR PULASKI was back in France and sure that he would not fall into the hands of the Russians. He was faced with a new problem. How could he live? The new French government was withdrawing all support from the influential Polish refugees in Switzerland. What could he expect? They had given him 5,000 francs almost as charity but this had remained in the pocket of Saint Priest to cover the note which he had been compelled to give to Brentano.

There was no place for him to turn at this moment. The Turkish fiasco had discredited him even more fully than the episode with the King. More than that, it had involved him in a mass of debts which he had no way of paying and it had saddled him with five officers including Zajaczek and Guillon who depended upon him for support and whom he did not have the heart to order to leave and support themselves. Now for the first time it seemed as if his enemies could deliver a crushing blow and remove him from the scene for good and all.

He was twenty-eight years old with the fashionable education and tastes of a wealthy Polish gentleman and no knowledge of any occupation except the profession of arms. For seven years he had been engaged steadily in military campaigns and he had won an enviable reputation in that field but it could not help him in his need. No army would give a commission to a man who had been condemned as a regicide. He renewed his efforts to get into the French service. For a while it seemed as if he could receive a commission in the Spanish army. That too fell through.

He could hope for no help from the Poles. His mother either would not or could not assist him, for she had disapproved of the expedition to Turkey. His sister Joanna, the wife of Athanasz Walewski, was dead. His brother Antoni was still in Russia and could not be reached. The Poles abroad with money did not want him around, for they had never really forgiven him for defending himself in such a way that some suspicion necessarily fell upon them. They would have liked to have had him vanish quietly and forever. Karol Radziwill who had encouraged him on the mad expedition to Turkey did not answer any letters for he was still too busy with the Princess Tarakanova (Roach) as both enemies and friends called his fair charmer. Prince Karl in Dresden had no money and the Saxon court was even more determined to forget the entire Polish connections. Even letters to Franciszka Krasinska brought nothing except promises to write to his mother. General Vioménil was back on active duty at Strasbourg but he could do little more than borrow small sums from Rohan, the influential coadjutor bishop of that city.

Meanwhile days passed into weeks, and weeks into months and Casimir sank deeper and deeper into debt. Every one forgot that the greater part of these debts had been incurred in the service of the Confederates and of Poland, that he had been encouraged by the very men who now spurned him, to undertake the expedition and that they were morally bound to help him out of his troubles.

Soon after his arrival in Marseilles, he had written to Bohusz in care of the Sapiehas at Nancy. He declared that he did not have a cent to his name and that he was still wearing the Tatar costume in which he had made his way from Turkey. It took five weeks for that letter to travel the short distance from Marseilles to Nancy and when it arrived, it was stained with vinegar where the French secret police had studied it carefully and tested it for secret ink. Even in his misery and helplessness, he was still an object of solicitude to the authorities.

Princess Sapieha was touched by the letter and asked Colonel Rossi to get in touch with him. The two men had been friends before Casimir had started for Turkey and now it seemed as if Rossi were the right man to win Casimir's confidence and learn the full truth about the situation. Rossi did so and what he found outdid his expectations.

Casimir Pulaski's situation was even worse than he had pictured it and besides that, there were the five officers living at his expense. Zajaczek was at least acting as Pulaski's secretary. He was preparing in French a long summary of Casimir's military career in which the young man was trying to vindicate himself. His French was none too good and it was handy for him to have some one like Zajaczek to take down his Polish and put it into a good and readable form. It is not clear why Pulaski was doing this. Perhaps he thought that it would help him to win a commission in the French army or perhaps he was doing it for Ruhlière who was interested in the Polish situation. The other four were doing nothing except being a burden to their chief.

Rossi tried to induce Pulaski to put them out and send them on their separate ways. Casimir's sense of honor refused to allow it. Rossi tried to get him to take one simple room and keep only one servant. He failed again. Finally as a last resort, he offered to share his own salary with the unfortunate Pole. He had been a refugee himself and he understood the problems of the unhappy Pulaski, especially when he was burdened with the unjust accusations which debarred him from active service elsewhere. When he returned to his post, he took up a collection for Casimir among the officers of his regiment.

All this was not enough. Casimir Pulaski was now living under the name of Eking or Heking and trying to escape notice, but all of his debtors were aware of his disguise and of his every move. They had been waiting for him, when he landed in Marseilles, just as if some one had forewarned them of his approach, a thing which is very possible. They

bothered him at every turn and threatened to imprison him for debt, if he did not pay.

In the meanwhile there were the ordinary expenses of living. He was dependent upon the receipt of 12 louis d'or from Rossi, of 25 from Prince Rohan, of 100 ducats from Princess Christina, the sister of Prince Karl, or of 70 from Antoni Lubomirski. These small sums did not pay the current interest on his debts. They merely furnished him a scanty living, they paid his rent and bought his food, but this continuous begging required a great deal of correspondence and Zajaczek was constantly busy with it.

What Pulaski needed was a settlement of the entire problem, some solution that would reduce the capital of his debts and not mere palliatives which often made the remedy worse. After the winter in Marseilles, by April 1775, the total debt was 10,000 pounds. A little later it had grown to 12,000 as the unlucky man borrowed more from other sources to pay interest or added the unpaid interest to the total which he owed.

To make matters worse, he took to gambling. Perhaps it was a relaxation; perhaps it was in the vain hope that luck would favor him and that he might somehow win enough to cover the most pressing of his debts. He was always disappointed. Yet it is interesting to note that gambling was not forbidden to the Knights of the Holy Cross. It was the one vice that was not mentioned in the code to which he had always remained true.

Summer passed and still there was no change in the steadily worsening situation of Casimir Pulaski. Nearly a year had passed since he had set foot again on French soil and that year had been taken up with unending appeals for money, as he sank deeper into debt. No one had hearkened to his pleas for no one would risk taking sides with the regicide.

On September 4, Pulaski appealed again to Karol Radziwill: "Monseigneur. There is a special pleasure of the unfor-

fortunate in their trouble, when they can find consolation in friendship. My position is now so terrible that I am forbidden even that satisfaction. Therefore with trembling hand I make this appeal to Your Princely Excellency in fear lest in creating over-sympathy for my fate, I might become an unwelcome intruder, and my firm convictions should impose silence, since it is no secret to me to what degree your tender heart bends to the suffering. I ask Your Princely Excellency for help; send it for my recovery, and you will be certain to bind to yourself one of the most grateful of men; honor itself gives me freedom for my expression and I would most willingly finish my wretched life, before I would risk being prodigal with your kindness. But what can I do? The education which I received in childhood has forbidden me to lay violent hands upon myself, and in my suffering my passing years do not bring me the desired end of life. I have received a letter from my Mother, that she can do nothing at this time except to transfer to me some of the debts that are now owing to her, among which is the sum of eight thousand Polish zloty from his Excellency Morawski (father-in-law of Karol) to whom my father in Lwow advanced it on a certain village in Ukraine; I am sure that my Mother does not have the receipt for this sum for the papers placed in a secret place by my Father have not come to her hands. Your Princely Excellency will certify of his kindness that you do not wish my destruction in giving me this sum due from the General, and you will believe my word that at the receipt of the first draft on me, I will send the desired money to the spot designated by Your Princely Excellency. My situation is so desperate that having devoted myself to the service of my country, and having lost all my possessions in Turkey, I returned with the common people to Marseilles and I have been bound to satisfy each creditor separately. I have gone in debt here; I am near to arrest for my debts, if the kindness of Your Princely Excellency will not save me. I have always been grateful to you, and now I shall forever remain in the obligations of gratefulness."

It is easy to see what the writing of such a letter cost Casimir. He had always been proud and independent. Although he had not belonged to the inner circle of the wealthy Poles and he was poor, judged by the standards of the Radziwills, the Potockis, the Czartoryskis and the Lubomirskis, yet he was considerably richer than the average of even the prominent szlachta. He had been able to play his part in the Confederation. He had been able to secure his own funds for most of his adventures and he had not hesitated to call to account for inaction in patriotic work even the most prominent of the magnates. Now with all his hopes gone, he saw himself destitute and reduced to begging for his daily bread. It was a humiliating position for the page of Prince Karl and the victor of Czestochowa.

As might have been expected, and as Casimir undoubtedly knew, when he wrote the letter, there was no immediate reply. Perhaps he had made a mistake in the address or perhaps he had forwarded it to Karol Radziwill through Bohusz in Nancy. It was more likely that the good-hearted Karol was so busy with his love that he did not have any time to read it. It always was difficult for My dear Sir to make up his mind on any matter of importance and still harder for him to pay attention to any financial question. Weeks passed and there was no relief for the unfortunate Pulaski.

Early in October the blow fell. One day, while he was taking a walk, the police of Marseilles swooped down upon him and carried him off to the debtor's prison. Here they put him in a cell filled with pickpockets and highwaymen. It seems that almost deliberately they picked out the most degraded people for his companions. They felt it was good enough for a regicide and a bandit, as Dumouriez and King Stanislas August had often called him.

Casimir Pulaski had now touched the bottom of his career. The master of tens of towns and of hundreds of villages, the man who had been celebrated throughout Europe

five years before as a patriot, a dashing military leader and a great gentleman, a man who had known and associated with the greatest figures on the European scene, a man who had sacrificed everything for the good of his country without thought of personal reward, was confined in a foul French prison with the dregs of the criminal class of Marseilles. It was a devastating blow of fortune and a less proud and a less stalwart character would have been completely broken by it.

Just then the two Rossi brothers visited Marseilles. The Colonel wanted his brother, a Major in the French army, to meet Casimir and so they came over from Avignon. On their arrival they heard the news and immediately they hunted up the unfortunate Pole. They found him in a deplorable condition. He was completely discouraged and downcast. He could not see a single ray of light in the dark future and was not far from a complete collapse. The Rossis did what they could. They approached the prison authorities and tried to have his condition mitigated by having him transferred to a private cell or at least to one with respectable inmates. The bureaucrats in charge replied that there was nothing to be done. Casimir could pay his debts or stay where he was.

The amount of money that was required to secure his release was about 7,000 French francs. The Rossis hunted up the creditors in a plea for them to relent but they were adamant. They explained that they had had to borrow the money which they advanced Pulaski and that they would insist on the literal fulfillment of the bond or he could remain in prison. It seemed as if every one was in league to remove Casimir from the scene once and for all and they were on the verge of success.

As soon as they saw that they could accomplish nothing personally, the Rossis set to work. They wrote to their friends, the Sapiehas, and broadcast in Polish and other circles the fate of the unfortunate hero. For once they secured action.



The shame of the arrest of Pulaski suddenly galvanized into action the leaders of the Generalcy. Somehow it was brought home to them that they were disgracing themselves and playing into the hands of the King and the Russians. It was one thing to ignore a disagreeable and obnoxious young officer who won their victories and annoyed them by it. It was another thing to have it published to the world that they had encouraged Casimir Pulaski in his plans, that they had advanced only part of the money for carrying on the Confederation and that they were allowing the one person in it who had a military reputation to rot in a debtor's prison. Perhaps they were afraid that the King (yes, with Russian approval) would make a grand gesture and by paying Pulaski's debts completely discredit the already shattered opposition party.

At all events they acted. Princess Sapieha sent at once to Marseilles 2,000 francs. Bohusz by an order from R. Tarnowski added 1,000 more. They appealed again to Prince Karl and to Pulaski's mother, although in a letter from prison, Casimir had remarked that she was barely able to live because of the difficulties caused her by his enemies, when she had formerly had 100,000 zloty a year. To make sure that Pulaski would be free in the shortest possible time, the Princess Sapieha ordered her banker Saltz to act as security for the creditors and secure his release. About the middle of November, Pulaski left prison again a free man.

The worst of his troubles were over. From then on he could expect at least a modest living. His mother finally sent him 1500 ducats from Poland but after so long a delay that even Bohusz admitted that he would have been dead, if he had depended upon her assistance. Casimir raised another thousand on a ring and he asked his sister Anna, a Canonist nun at Maryvil near Warsaw, for 2,000 ducats and he added that he was terribly in need for otherwise he would not accept unreturnable contributions. He evidently recognized the difference between loans for his own pur-

poses and those sums that were morally due him from the leaders of the Confederation. In all the banker Tepper handled for him 2666 zloty and again Casimir was able to think of something else besides his debts and his daily bread.

He still wanted to clear his name. He had realized the depth of the stain when from prison he had written for aid to Vergennes, the Prime Minister of Louis XVI, and the French official had marked the letter, 'NO REPLY. He still intended to remove that order of execution and to recover his property.

It was a hard task but he was hoping for a new ally. His brother Antoni had returned to Warsaw in the winter of 1775. Despite the hardships which he had undergone in his early years in Russia, he had made many friends among the wives of the Russian officials while their husbands disliked this charming, flirtatious and yet capable young man. Finally he had thrown his lot in with the Russians and by defending the city of Orenburg against the attacks of Pugachev, he had won the sympathy and friendship of the Empress herself. He had done this at the very moment when Casimir was boasting of his brother's aid to the Russian rebel at the moment of the ill-fated Turkish journey.

Antoni could, if he would, bring enormous pressure to bear upon the Russian rulers of Warsaw. It meant another humiliation for Casimir, a reversal of his former policy of unbending opposition to the Polish regime but he had had time to think. During the month in the debtor's prison, during the year that had preceded it at Marseilles, he had realized very definitely many things.

Drevich was right when he had told the self-confident young man that there was no place for him in Poland so long as he maintained his present policy. Casimir had thought that he spoke for Poland but what was that Poland? It certainly was not the Confederates, for they had let him go through the hell of poverty and prison. He might have known it from their actions during the campaigns. He was

right, he was sure of the morality of his course of action, but no one man single-handed could hope to defy a government, especially one backed by the military might of three great empires. He saw many of the Confederates returning home. He had no desire to do so and yet he had learned something from his experiences.

Life went on in Marseilles and meanwhile in Warsaw there was another Confederation to try to work out living conditions for the unfortunate country after its division. In a mild and innocent way the King was trying to help in these reforms and there was some hope that even a subservient Diet would accept some of these recommendations.

On August 15, 1776, Casimir wrote a letter to this new Confederation telling of his past sufferings and experiences and asking for a reconciliation and a reconsideration of his case. Yet again he maintained his old tone. He reminded them of his past services and then, knowing that the King was now at least in name in agreement with the new movement, he added a few kind words even for the King.

A little later he appealed to Vergennes to have the French ambassador intercede for him in Warsaw.

The appeals remained useless. All factions in Poland from the veterans of the Confederation of Bar to the King realized that the position of Casimir Pulaski stood apart from all the other problems and considerations. He had brought to the movement something of value, he had aroused strong enmities and friendships, he was the symbol of the last attempt in the old style to save his country. He had shown that Poles could fight and he had led them in battle. It was too late for that remedy. A half century earlier, a Casimir Pulaski might have saved Poland. As it was, he had merely restored its self-respect but every faction felt that his return to Poland would complicate rather than simplify the situation. So regardless of the merits of the case and the pleas of the young leader, his appeals were laid on the table.

Two years before there would have been a renewed out-

burst from the explosive leader but he received it now as merely another blow. He had already come to the conviction that his work in Poland was at least momentarily over and he was looking for another occupation. It seemed to him that he had found another cause that would give him the opportunity to work for freedom and for liberty—he planned to go to America.

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## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

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### DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA

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CASIMIR PULASKI'S profession was arms but he had come to it not by the deliberate choice of a career but by the force of his patriotic feelings. Under happier conditions, he would have remained one of the large number of Polish gentlemen who toyed with military affairs, trained his private troops and used them for purposes of show. Fate had willed differently and from the day when his father had started the Confederation of Bar and formed the Knights of the Holy Cross, he had been in the very forefront of battle for his country's independence. He had served until the end and when at the age of twenty-five, he had crossed the borders of his native land, he had no other means of livelihood. He had tried to enter various armies but had been rebuffed and in fact he would have been unhappy, had he succeeded in becoming an officer in a peaceful army with nothing to do except appear on parades, perform garrison duty and live the life of the average officer of the eighteenth century.

It was the struggle for liberty that had given him the zest for fighting and for incurring danger. As a theoretical subject, liberty had never interested him very much. He had taken no part in the endless discussions as to its meaning and significance. The theories of human rights as such had fallen on deaf ears or had passed unnoticed. He had known only that the liberty which had been Poland's for centuries had been outrageously violated, that foreign diplomats were dictating every move of the Polish government, that Polish fields were being pillaged by a foreign army. It was to stop these abuses, to restore Polish independence at home that

his father had taken up arms and he had joined with him,

Furthermore Pulaski had speedily learned something else, that only those nations deserve liberty that are willing to fight for it themselves. That had been his quarrel with the Confederates and the Generalcy. They were all looking for foreign aid. From the day when he was at Mitau, he had heard talk that Poland could only be saved by a foreign army, whether it be Prussian or French or Turkish. He had not believed it and the one victory which had resounded in the Polish history of the last century had been his fight at Czystochowa which was fought on Polish soil by Polish troops against the invaders.

His final debacle in Turkey had been caused by false hopes of the willingness of the Turks to fight for Poland. He had hoped to get from Turkey to Polish soil to raise a Polish army and he had not succeeded. He had wasted time and money and effort on what he soon had recognized was a foolish dream.

Yet experience had broadened his views. In France he had met and talked with people who had opened his eyes to the movements of Europe. He had heard, at first with indifference and then with growing interest, talks of a liberty which was similar to that of the old Poland but which differed in many respects.

All these talks and all his own reflections were brought back during the fateful stay at Marseilles when he had nothing to do but collect idle gossip and worry about his own debts and his future. It was clear to him that he was growing apart from the elegant and smug leaders of the Confederation who were still primarily interested in their own petty affairs, their own political aspirations, and who looked askance at any bold and decisive action. He could discuss the situation with the officers who were dependent upon him but the future seemed to him dark and uninteresting. Every attempt to return to Poland seemed to be checked and if terms were possible, they were such that his honor would not approve.

It was in this frame of mind that he was surprised as was most of Europe at the news of the American Revolution. The shots of the battle of Lexington on April 19, 1775, reached to London, to Paris, and of course to the commercial port of Marseilles where Pulaski was eating out his heart in his futile struggles to rebuild his shattered life. They were followed by the tale of Bunker Hill, by the calling of the Continental Congress, and by the beginning of a full-sized war. It is easy to imagine the breathless interest with which Casimir Pulaski followed all these new developments and as it became evident that here was again a war against tyrants, the young man's feelings became more and more involved.

America was a long way off across the Atlantic Ocean and he had never been on a longer voyage than from Venice to Dubrovnik or from Smyrna to Marseilles. Yet he was not bound to any place. His old friend Beniowski had met him in Paris before he had started for Turkey and had talked glowingly of adventures across the seas and had endeavored to enlist his aid. Sooner or later it was inevitable that the question should arise in Pulaski's mind as to whether or not this new conflict offered him any opportunity. He could easily be induced to believe that the Americans were in need of trained and experienced officers. Why should he not be one of them? Besides, there was the idea of liberty, of expelling a foreign foe and that was what he had been trying to do in his native land.

Yet it was a risky undertaking. He could not leave Marseilles because of his debts. He could not afford to embark upon any wild adventure, unless he could see his way clear to avoid the fiasco of his wild incursion into Turkey. All this urged caution upon him and caution was not one of Casimir Pulaski's strong points.

He had to think of his position in France. He was there only on sufferance. He knew that he would not be allowed in Paris, that any movement on his part might merely result in his being surrendered to Russia, that it might only make

matters worse. So passed the summer of 1775, the period of his imprisonment, and the gradual improvement in his affairs.

The idea never left his mind and by the summer of 1776, he was daring to put it into words. He noticed too that many of the French officers were finding excuses to secure leaves of absence and go to America. He could not fail to hear in the shipping center of Marseilles of the firm of Roderique Hortales and Co. of Vigo, Spain, a convenient device arranged by that enigmatic figure Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, who had persuaded Louis XVI to extend secret aid to the Thirteen Colonies, now the United States of America. Working with Beaumarchais was his old friend Ruhlière whom he had met on his first visit to Paris and who regarded him as the greatest soldier of Europe.

Yet how was he to reach America without money and without backing? If he got there, would he receive a commission or would he find himself again as at Smyrna helpless and penniless in a foreign land, where he did not know the language, the manners or the customs? The practical difficulties were enormous and required careful consideration.

Then in the summer of 1776 Silas Deane arrived in Paris as an open representative of the new United States. The relations between France and the new country were growing closer. Now at last there was some one to whom he could turn openly and he found the opportunity to seek the advice of his friends on the new venture.

Finally about October 17, he wrote a letter to Deane:

"Sir, — From the moment when I was obliged to leave Poland, I have sought with care occasions of exercising my military talents. My enterprise during the war of the Turks against the Russians having failed and having dragged me into misfortunes and irreparable losses, it has made me take for the present, certain measures which occasion the delay that I have in showing the zeal which I have to contribute in my particular way to the success of the cause of English America.



It is now about a year that I would have undertaken this voyage. Persons of the greatest consideration whom I have informed of my intentions advised me to it but not knowing any one well enough instructed in the affairs of this country, I was constrained in spite of my good will to remain inactive. Chance has procured for me the meeting with M. le Chevalier de Rabière de la Beaume who has a perfect knowledge of my affair and of my name, having known me by reputation in Poland. It is he who has instructed me to whom I was to address myself. This is, Sir, the motive which leads me to charge one of my friends to see you in person and it is according to the correspondence which you will have had with him that I will decide. I ask you to have in this officer all the confidence that you would have in me. Having charged him with the correspondence which I desire to have with you, I have the honor to be with all possible consideration, Sir,

Your very humble and very  
obedient servant

Count de Pulaski."

It is fair to presume that among the persons of highest consideration mentioned in this letter was Rulhière. We do not know the Chevalier de la Beaume but on October 17, on almost the same day of the receipt of this letter, Deane had recommended to the Continental Congress and its President, John Hancock, one Monsieur de Mottin de la Balme, a Lieutenant Colonel of the French Army and it is possible that he may be the friend to whom Pulaski refers. It is tempting to think that the officer who carried the letter might have been one of the group that was with Pulaski in Marseilles but they seem to play a relatively small role after his release from prison. Perhaps during that terrible month, they had found other protectors. Yet this letter remained unanswered and it was several months more before Pulaski was able to make the desired connections.

In the meanwhile Benjamin Franklin had arrived in France as another representative of the United States and

had settled down in Passy to win formal French recognition of the new Republic. With consummate tact and diplomatic skill he made himself persona grata in all circles of French society; he played on the liberal sympathies of the Masons, on his own reputation as le bonhomme Richard, and despite tremendous difficulties he found his way through the tangled skein of French politics and worked steadily and successfully toward his goal.

Franklin could not have failed to hear of the dissensions in French political and social circles that had been caused by the missions of Dumouriez and Vioménil to Poland. He could not have failed to know that the Polish circles in Paris were definitely split on the subject of America, for some of the more conservative enjoyed the friendship of Lord Stormont, the British ambassador who had been at Vienna at the time of the kidnapping of King Stanislas and who was a definite foe of Pulaski. He could not fail to know that there were groups in the French capital who were seeking under the guise of friendship to do something to discredit the American cause in the eyes of all the European monarchies.

There were many French officers seeking commissions in the American army and they were a strangely mixed group. There were some who were mere careerists, seeking posts of higher rank than they held at home. There were others who had high rank and members of the government were seeking to unload them upon the United States to get them out of the way. There were excellent men but very few of them. They were mostly mediocrities, climbers, or worse, and when they reached America, they created discontent by their manners, their claims and their insufferable egotism.

The name of Pulaski soon came up and it required very little work on the part of Franklin to discover that his case was unique. The French would not give him a commission in their own army because he was regarded as a regicide. Both his enemies and his friends admitted that he was an outstanding officer. He was personally known to Vergennes,

the Foreign Minister, to Gérard, the latter's secretary, and yet he was kept at Marseilles and had recently been in the debtor's prison. Was he a desirable man for the American service? Of his merits there was no dispute. He had easily the most distinguished record of any of the men who had been suggested for the American service but there were tremendous risks to be assumed in appointing him. It was difficult enough to present the American republican principles to the courts of Europe without taking into the American service a man who was definitely a symbol of everything that was distasteful to the sovereigns of the old world.

Yet support for the trip came to Pulaski from many circles. Friends like Ruhlière welcomed the idea of the young Pole for they thought that in America he would have a chance to retrieve his reputation and rehabilitate himself in public sentiment. Other leaders who were interested in the development of good relations with Russia and who wanted to cancel the bonds between France and Poland also thought it a good idea, for Pulaski would be occupied across the ocean, he would have other interests and he would not be a storm centre to be constantly watched in Marseilles. It was always embarrassing to have such a distinguished man isolated in a provincial city under conditions where it could be claimed that he was being unjustly treated. Even Pulaski's enemies and the foes of America thought that nothing worse could be done to him that would be above reproach.

Ruhlière was the mouthpiece of all those groups who were determined to send Pulaski to America. In the early spring of 1777, he arranged an interview with Franklin. Speaking for himself and the French government, he explained that everybody knew the falsity of the accusations against the young Pole, that everybody knew that he had never plotted to kill the King, and that everybody regarded him as an outstanding military leader of good moral character. With a perfectly non-committal attitude, the American diplomat explained that he knew nothing of the situation in Poland and still less of the career of Pulaski. More than

that, he firmly declined to offer him a commission in the American army for that was the task of Washington and the Continental Congress. He finally consented to give him passage on a ship which would sail from Lorient or Nantes to America and a letter of introduction to Washington and the American authorities. He refused to pay the balance of Pulaski's debts.

Ruhlière reported this to Gérard on March 4, 1777 and he immediately wrote Pulaski of the American offer. He gave the impetuous Pole some very good advice. He urged him to be modest in his dealings with the Americans and to keep his name and movements a secret until he landed in the United States. Then he wished him the good luck in his new country which would correspond to his merits, and he also inquired discreetly as to the amount of debts which still burdened him and which would have to be cleared up before he could sail, on the pretence that he might persuade Franklin to cover them.

This was news indeed for Casimir Pulaski. For two and a half years he had been living from hand to mouth in Marseilles with no chance of any military activity, no real hope of a brighter future. He had written to Poland of his longing to go to America but his family still remembered the results of his expedition to Turkey and they coldly advised him against any more adventures. They remembered the financial cost of that experiment and the proposal that he serve in the American army across the ocean seemed to them even more fantastic and more liable to a miserable ending.

As soon as Pulaski received the letter of Ruhlière, he started for Strasbourg. It was near to Paris and he could be reached the more rapidly, if speed were an essential item. Besides there were still some Poles living there and while he had practically broken off relations with them, he still hoped that Pac or Bohusz or the Sapiehas would advance him money to pay his debts or help him secure credit. He probably figured that whatever they really felt towards him, they

would be glad to know that he was out of Polish politics and on his way to America.

When he reached Strasbourg, he found little interest in himself or his plans. Pac had been naturalized as an Alsatian and was definitely through with Polish interests. Bohusz and the Sapiehas were thinking only of how they could secure permission to return to Poland. They were weary of the futile life of emigrés and they could not understand any more than in the past that love of liberty and that devotion to ideals that drove Casimir Pulaski further and further from their smooth and well-ordered existence. He had insisted upon fighting when they preferred diplomacy. Now, when the war was over, and all sensible Poles were making the best of a bad situation and striving to effect a reconciliation with the King, the same incorrigible upstart was tearing up all of his roots and going out again to fight for the liberty of a new nation three thousand miles away. It made no more sense to them than did their actions to him.

The French government had no intention of allowing such a minor trifle as Pulaski's debts to interfere with their plans. Franklin was going to send him to America and they would no longer be worried as to whether he would start a military adventure in eastern Europe. They could afford to be generous and the same officials who in 1775 allowed him to go to a debtor's prison rather than act in his behalf now exerted themselves to clear his record. Ruhlière, on the word of Vergennes and Gérard, persuaded the banker Grand to take over Pulaski's debts and then the Marquis de Pange was encouraged to put security for them.

It took very little time to accomplish all this and then a free man without burdensome responsibilities, Casimir Pulaski returned to Paris as the hero of Czystochowa and not as the hated regicide. He was welcomed in Polish circles with open arms as their great hero. Princess Potocka hailed him as a new star in the social firmament. Beaumarchais welcomed him. So did the canny Franklin, the most successful of the diplomats in Paris.

On May 29, everything was ready and Franklin wrote to Washington:

"Count Pulaski, of Poland, an officer famed throughout Europe for his bravery and conduct in defence of the liberties of his country against the three great invading powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, will have the honor of delivering this into your Excellency's hands. The Court here have encouraged and promoted his voyage, from an opinion that he may be highly useful to our service. Mr. Deane has written so fully concerning him that I need not enlarge; and I add my wishes, that he may find in our armies under your Excellency occasion of distinguishing himself."

A bitter smile played over the lips of Pulaski when he read this letter. With all of his directness and his lack of subtlety, he realized that the French desired to have him out of their country. He realized that it meant in their minds a definite break with his Polish activity and that it relieved their feelings toward Poland. He realized that in sending him to America, France was for the time washing her hands of Poland. He knew all this but on the other hand he was going to fight for liberty, he was going to another hemisphere to uphold the principles that he had maintained in Poland at an enormous cost and he was satisfied and confident in his future success.

Deane advanced him 480 livres for the journey and Casimir Pulaski made his final preparations for departure.

Lord Stormont heard of it and he wrote on June 4 to London, "Franklin has engaged Pulaski, one of the assassins of the Polish King, and five or six French officers, to go to America on a ship leaving Nantes the end of this week. A Nantes merchant, a Frenchman, who has the intention of settling in Philadelphia, loaded the ship; the cargo will be very rich, but will not have any military supplies. I am told that it will go directly to Boston."

Two days later, on June 6, Pulaski wrote an amazing letter to his sister Anna.

"June 6, 1777.

Before my embarkation on the ship, I am writing a letter to you, dear sister. God grant that He bless me in my intentions, and I can in time be able to improve the lot of our whole family. I have placed in trade all my capital and after the first transport, if it shall be fortunate, I shall double my capital. Please have on my intentions a service for the souls of the deceased.

Marquis d'Epange has paid all my debts, to whom there is due about 1500 livres. I trust to Providence that in time I shall be able to console you with all this, my dear sister, whatever be the means. I have to use them to pay this debt. Yet in Poland we have no hope of improving our fortune, we must seek it on the other side. I assure you my endeavors will not be lacking; yet I must have help and it is possible to hope that within a few years I will come to have a considerable capital. I have now begun a small business, but if I shall be fortunate, I can soon have my own ship in trade and if domestic means are found to help, there is no need to doubt, that in a short time I would bring a change in our interests. In the beginning credit is the most necessary thing. M. de Pange has helped me to it, so it is necessary to clear ourselves with him as soon as possible and to wait returns with me in the near future.

I repeat again my request to write a letter to Mr. de Pange. I sent from Strasbourg a copy of the letter which I hope you will sign.

We do not think of my brother. He is still queer in his head. As with years the storm of blood in his head diminishes, he can turn to something better. Meanwhile, dear sister, do not let his conduct hurt you.

I now repeat once more the important need of repaying Mar. de Epange. He is an undervalued man. All my goods are on credit from him; it is necessary of course not to miss a year in paying him the desired sum; and where it is possible, something more to put in the trade, and when I know the situation, I can come beyond my expectations to

a significant sum. Also keep some villages for your competency. Let not the property in Podberezce and Mazowia fail; the rest can be sold, and I can now for some years have the money, after which, where there is need, I will buy significant property, but now you must help me and believe what I write.

My letters will reach me at the address: 1. to Mr. Pierre Sian, Merchant at Marseilles. 2. Again to Mr. de Ruhlière, Chevalier of the Cross of St. Louis, retired captain of cavalry, secretary ordinary of Monsieur at Rue de Dophin, vis à vis d'Roch at Paris. 3. To Monsieur de Baumarche, at Paris, Rue du Temple, at his Hotel.

You must write all letters to me in duplicate, that is, to a double address and by different posts. You must not expect early news from me, since I shall be more than two months on the ocean; so it will be six months before my letters arrive. Adieu! I have seen in Paris Krajczyna Potocka. She was very kind to me and promised to interest herself on my behalf in Warsaw. Try, dear sister, to see her and persuade her in some manner to help me have the decree annulled.

Madame la comtesse de Pulaska, canoness at Marieville near Warsaw."

It is amazing to think of Casimir Pulaski, the defender of Czystochowa, coming to America to engage in trade and become a merchant prince, and that at the moment when he had in his pocket Franklin's letter to Washington recommending him for a commission in the American army. Perhaps he wrote it because his family was disgusted with his military fiasco in Turkey and opposed his trip to America and this was the only way in which he could secure the needed funds to repay the Marquis de Pange.

Perhaps there is another explanation. In view of the letter of Stormont and the complicated plans of Beaumarchais in connection with Rodrique Hortales and Co. to supply men and equipment to America under the guise of commercial



transactions, Pulaski with his customary skill in covering his tracks had merely carried to an extreme the advice of Ruhlère to keep secret his name and his plans until he landed in the New World. In that case the letter was intended for interception and only accidentally reached Poland.

There is even a third explanation. Perhaps Pulaski had already seriously in mind a plan which he had undoubtedly heard from Beniowski and hoped for some military venture which would be covered with a commercial tinge.

At all events there is no evidence that he endeavored to engage in trade on his arrival in America. From the moment he set foot on American soil he was once more the dashing military leader that he had always been in Poland.

The last farewells were soon said, the last meetings were held, Casimir received the despatches and the letters that he was to carry to the United States, he had the last interview with the Marchioness de Lafayette, and then he slipped out of Paris for Nantes and boarded the Massachusetts for his long voyage.

He was leaving France after two and a half years but he was leaving it not as a disgraced refugee but as an admired and famous soldier. All the hardships of the last years were forgotten as he realized that he had his future before him, that he had the opportunity to increase his former unblemished reputation, that a new world was opening before him, and that he was going to fight for liberty again with men who were willing to risk their own lives in the great cause.

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## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

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### THE ENTRANCE TO AMERICA

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THE final moment had come. Casimir Pulaski and three other passengers boarded the ship and then on June 13, 1777, the Massachusetts slipped out of the harbor of Nantes and put to sea. He was now under way for his adventure.

As Casimir saw the coast recede behind him and the great expanse of the ocean ahead, he must have realized how different it was from his departure for Turkey. Then Prince My dear Sir and his other friends had wined and dined him and his staff, as they set out with pomp and ceremony, with laughter and gaiety for what all confidently expected would be a triumphal march into Poland. Now he and the ship on which he was travelling stole out of the harbor to escape any watching English men-of-war almost as stealthily as he had departed from his post at Czestochowa. Then as now he was leaving for the unknown but this time the vision of a brighter future loomed large in the distance.

The three-masted brig, Massachusetts, Captain John Fisk commanding, passed as a merchant ship carrying non-military supplies, as Lord Stormont had reported to London. In reality she was well armed and was in fact a ship of the state navy of Massachusetts. On March 14 of that year the Massachusetts Board of War had authorized the acquisition of two ships to be outfitted for a cruise to Ireland, England and France to prey upon British commerce. These two, the Massachusetts and the Tyrannicide, had soon put to sea. On their way across the Atlantic, they fell in with a superior

British force and were compelled to separate. They did not meet again but on May 21, the Massachusetts had dropped anchor at Nantes and Captain Fisk reported to Benjamin Franklin. She took on a cargo and started back. The return trip was uneventful but a few days before she docked in the United States, she hailed a schooner from which she learned that the Tyrannicide had escaped and had reached Vigo, Spain, from which she returned on August 30.

The voyage lasted forty-four days and on July 23, Pulaski caught his first glimpse of the new world as the boat sailed into the harbor of Marblehead.

During these forty-four days of relative solitude, Casimir Pulaski had the time and the opportunity to take account of the situation in which he found himself. He could watch the pattern of New England life unfolding before him and he could see the difference between the world which he had left and that to which he was coming.

The difference in the attitude toward religion was the most striking. The Confederation of Bar had been launched under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. Every act in his past life had been directly connected with religious ceremonies. He had always had a chaplain in his forces. Now the departure from Europe had been without any religious ceremony. There was no priest or chaplain aboard. The atmosphere was clearly non-Catholic, and he, a Knight of the Holy Cross, must have wondered if he had not bound himself to something strange and perhaps useless. He was definitely in a Protestant atmosphere, the atmosphere of the Dissidents against whom he had fought in Poland for four long years. It was a novel experience for the devout Pole and yet he could not fail to realize and notice underneath the difference in customs something of that austere seriousness with which his father and his closest friends had undertaken the task of liberating their country.

Then too the problem of language intruded itself upon him at every step. He had never studied English and he was on a ship where English was the only language spoken. The

captain and probably one or two of the crew had picked up some French from voyages to the West Indies or to Europe but Casimir was really forced to pick up a knowledge of English, if he was to enjoy the trip. He had studied in school French and Italian. He had picked up some Tatar in his journeyings through eastern Poland. Now he had to begin again and learn another language as the price of his success.

He could notice also the social differences. In Poland he had been one of the nobles, a man of high rank and above the average, and while he felt and resented the superior claims of the great magnates, he had equally felt himself above the peasants and had rarely taken them into his army and never into his cavalry. Here on the ship there were differences in rank, there was a very considerable discipline, but there was a bond of equality between the captain and the crew that he had never thought possible. American democracy differed in many ways from that spirit which he had known in Poland and he could realize that he had much to learn.

Besides that, he could not fail to hear on shipboard many remarks that must have reminded him of his own attitude toward Dumouriez and the other members of the French mission. At one time he had proudly declared that he would take no orders from a foreign leader. Now he himself was a foreigner and he had to learn that there were many Americans who did not look with favor at the claims and pretensions of the European officers who were coming to the American army and endeavoring to introduce European customs and European ideas. He could see now why Ruhlière and others had warned him to be modest in his dealings with the Americans, even while he felt it his duty to instruct them in the military art.

More disturbing than all these considerations was the fact that he speedily learned that there was a great difference between the reality of the Revolution and the glorious picture that Franklin was spreading so industriously in France. It was brought home to him that there were rivalries between

the different states, that politics had dictated the appointment of the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy from Massachusetts, so as to balance the Virginian George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. He learned to his surprise that there were large numbers of Tories in the land and that these were openly for the British and that there were many lukewarm patriots who did nothing for the cause exactly as there had been in Poland. Finally he could not fail to hear that the debates and controversies in the Continental Congress were as bad for the national morale as had been the arguments among the Generalcy of the Confederation. By the time that Pulaski reached America, he must have realized that the American situation was almost as confused and troubled as was the situation in his beloved Poland. There were rumors too of an invasion planned from Canada by the British and all in all he came to understand that his stay in America would not be the unalloyed happiness that he had fondly pictured, when he first dreamed of offering his sword to the young country.

From the first moment he could see the differences and he must have been struck even more by the different attitude toward trade and commerce. His cavalier promise to his sister to engage in business seemed childish and amateurish in comparison with the grim determination and enterprise of the stalwart Massachusetts sailors.

Yet Casimir Pulaski was not stopped by all of these things. He had weeks to study and to watch the men around him, but he used the time also for preparing a series of proposals to present to Congress and to General Washington. He was not going to wait for the decisive moment to come, when he would enter the service, to decide what he was going to do. He knew very little of America and less of the details of the military and political setup but he was going to advance his own theories and during the years of his American service, he constantly kept in mind these plans and adapted them as best he might to the situation as it developed. Of course these proposals were often impossible and impracticable but

at least they were Pulaski's own and they throw a strong light upon the character and tastes of the man.

First on the list was the idea of preparing an overseas expedition to seize the island of Madagascar, which was then in British hands, and to use it as a base for operations against the British commerce in the Indian Ocean. Such a plan was fantastic in the highest degree. The young Republic was in no position to undertake and support such a venture but it is easy to see the inspiration that launched it. It was nothing but the old dream of his friend Beniowski. This adventurer, after falling into Russian hands at Okopy, had been sent to Kamchatka and from there he had escaped and made his way to France. Pulaski had met him there and Beniowski had undoubtedly talked to him of Madagascar, for at that very moment he was in that island and endeavoring to set himself up as its uncrowned king. Pulaski undoubtedly knew this and hoped to get permission to go there and join his former comrade.

A second idea was the formation of a noble guard of European officers in the American service. The salons of Paris were filled with the tales of returning officers who were disillusioned with the United States. They spread unfavorable propaganda at the expense of the new Republic and Pulaski reasoned rightly that if they could be formed into a special unit with their own traditions and customs, it would flatter their vanity and put a stop to much of the gossip that was running around Paris.

A third idea was the fortifying of the Canadian frontier with a chain of small but well-equipped posts. Pulaski on the ocean could not know that Burgoyne had already invaded from the north. He knew that such an attack was threatened. Dumouriez and Vioménil had both planned such a chain of fortresses in Poland and his own capture of Czestochowa had been part of such a plan. Without realizing the size of the American forests or the length of the frontier, Casimir tried to adapt this strategy to the American scene.

Still another proposal was the formation of independent partisan bands to prey upon the enemy wherever he ventured out in small detachments. Pulaski visualized another use of these groups in forcing the Tory elements and the lukewarm to cooperate with the American cause. For him in America as in Poland, whoever was not for him was against him. He had not hesitated in his native land to appropriate the horses of even Prince My dear Sir, when the latter had declined to come out openly for the Confederation. Why should Count Korwin de Pulaski, as he at times styled himself, be any more hesitant in exacting contributions from the Tories for the sake of American freedom?

Besides that, Pulaski suggested that such bands could take many prisoners. Those who were older and married could be used for the exchange of American prisoners in British hands. Of those who were younger and more capable, a certain number could be incorporated in the American army. The others who declined this change of service could be sent in the fields to labor under armed guard and take the places of Americans who had entered the service.

Again Casimir was thinking of conditions in Poland and of the plans of Dumouriez to recruit soldiers for the Confederation from Prussian and Austrian deserters. These were European methods and he had seen them in practice. A large part of his father's forces was composed of deserters from the regular Polish army, who were angry at the subservience of the King to the Russians and were glad to strike a blow for Polish liberty. A large part of the British army in America was composed of German mercenaries who had been trained on continental lines and might be expected to act in the same way as they had in Europe. Finally those who were compelled to labor were to meet their fate because Casimir did not approve of the half-way measures that he learned were common in America as in the Generalcy.

Back of all these plans was the fundamental hypothesis, that he, Casimir Pulaski, would receive a commission high enough to allow him to operate more or less independently

with his own force, as he had done in Poland. He had always been practically supreme commander of his own men. He hated subordination and paper work. He made reports when it suited his fancy and neglected them when there was fighting to be done. He had raised his soldiers by his own personal prestige, he had appointed his own officers, and he sought from the beginning to achieve almost the same position in the United States. His attitude in this was to cost him dearly on more than one occasion but he maintained it to the end.

When he reached Marblehead on July 23, Pulaski had his ideas already in definite shape. He was too eager for active service to waste time on needless preliminaries and he went at once to Boston to confer with General William Heath, the commander of that city. General Heath had served in the campaign around Boston and then had been with the American armies near New York. Now he was back in his native state. He could give Pulaski only the most discouraging news. The British under Lord Howe were definitely reported to be planning an attack by sea on Philadelphia. The army of Burgoyne had captured the fortress of Ticonderoga and was pressing south towards Albany, more hampered by the difficulties of the terrain than by the opposition of the American troops.

A military crisis was evidently approaching and after five years of inactivity, Casimir Pulaski was eager to get into battle and take his part in the summer campaigns. He hurriedly sent off a report to the Continental Congress containing his ideas and he wrote to Washington of his arrival. Then he secured a horse and started for Philadelphia.

His precise route is doubtful but as New York was in British hands, he must have crossed the Hudson River near the Highlands and he undoubtedly visited the American camps in the area. He went down through New Jersey to Philadelphia but again unlike the vast majority of European officers coming to America, he did not pause there for the social gaiety of the capital but hurried on to Washington's,



headquarters on Neshaminy Creek south of the city, where the American commander was waiting for the landing of General Howe.

He was well supplied with letters of introduction. There was of course the formal recommendation of Benjamin Franklin to Washington. There were many more letters from influential French leaders to their friends in the United States. More important than these was a letter from the Marchioness de Lafayette to her husband, a distinguished Major General and a close personal friend of Washington. It was the first direct communication that the young Frenchman had had from his beloved wife since he had stolen away to come to America. She had written most glowingly of the brilliant military reputation of Pulaski in Poland. His friends and hers had served him well in having him deliver this letter and from the time when he received it, Lafayette became one of his most ardent supporters.

Lafayette took him personally to Washington and the young Pole by his seriousness and his evident desire to be of assistance in every way possible and by the modesty of his requests made a good impression upon the Commander-in-Chief. Here was a man who was interested in fighting even more than in securing money and rank.

Yet it was a disagreeable surprise to Casimir to learn that the issuing of a commission was not vested solely in General Washington. It was necessary to secure the approval of the Continental Congress. It was a sad blow to his hopes, for the entire army realized that fighting would start any day and after his years of inactivity, Pulaski wanted action and not delay and consultation. There was nothing to be done and so on August 21, Washington sent him back to Philadelphia with a friendly but formal letter to George Clymer, member of Congress from Philadelphia and one of the committee named by that body to inspect Washington's Army. Washington stated that he had received a letter from Deane about Pulaski but referred the whole matter of his appointment to Congress.

Lafayette for his part wrote a warm letter of introduction to James Lovell of Massachusetts, setting forth the great virtues and military skill of Count Casimir Pulaski, one of the outstanding members of the Confederation in Poland, a most excellent officer, and a most dangerous foe to the tyrants of his own country.

Pulaski delivered these letters in person in Philadelphia and also met John Hancock, the President of the Continental Congress. He gave the latter a very characteristic letter in which he asked for command of a company of volunteer cavalry but with a rank that would allow him to command a division. He recounted his own successes in the field and stated that in Poland he had 18,000 men under his orders. His one desire was to serve only under the Commander-in-Chief or Lafayette and he expressed the hope that he might be sent into territory occupied by the enemy and allowed to establish posts in those areas in which previous experience in defending fortified positions would justify such use of his services. He emphasized again his desire to see active service as soon as possible and reiterated his confidence that he could be of great use to the American cause.

The Military Committee did not look too favorably upon this request which was so at variance with the American policy. James Lovell reported "The Committee to whom was referred the memorandum of Count Pulaski in which he solicits for such a rank and command in the army of these United States as will leave him subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief alone or to Him and Marquis de Lafayette, report, as their opinion, that a compliance with this expectation would be as contrary to the prevailing sentiments in the several states as to the Constitution of our army and therefore highly impolitic." The Committee may have misunderstood Pulaski's purpose and assumed that he was seeking a large command instead of a small and independent partisan group, but in opposing his request, they did not reject his application. They referred him back to Washing-

ton for a more detailed report on the post to which he could best be assigned.

Their action hurt Casimir keenly for he was eager for an immediate commission and assignment. Yet it was not in his character to dally around Philadelphia and try to secure what he wanted by political manoeuvres. He merely sent to John Hancock a detailed plan for the establishment of a Corps of Vallenteurs consisting of 200 officers and men and added in his strange English:

"I have Dought it not my Duty to stay here any longer, in as much as I have heard: that his Ex. Genl. Washington is gon to meet the Enemy; wherefore I will go to the Army, it is. I can not do much, but Hover I will show my good will. I depent upon His Excelly. and leef him my Memorials. I shall sent to France for every Artichel Necessary and Congress will to me advancing of money, of it I will waight for a Swift and decisiv Answer. If On is possible before that I shall get or optain a Commission, by which I may not stand under any other Command as onter General Washington in such a case I shall think it my indispensible Duty, to Exert my self to the utmost in my Power, this is the supstange Conserning my Afars. But Your Favour to uptain I atest my greatest Desier and Respect by which I remain Your

Excelencys

Most opitient hunble

Servt

Cr. Pulaski"

Back he galloped to the army for another interview with Washington and Lafayette. This time he found the Commander-in-Chief more sympathetic and definite, inasmuch as Congress had asked him for precise recommendations as to how he would best employ Pulaski's services. According on August 27, Washington wrote to John Hancock:

"Having endeavored, at the solicitation of Count Pulaski, to think of some mode of employing him in our service, there is none occurs to me liable to so few inconveniences and exceptions, as the giving him command of the horse.

This department is still without a head; as I have not, in the present deficiencies of Brigadiers with the army, thought it advisable to take one away from the line for that command. The nature of the horse service with us being such, that they commonly act in detachment, a general officer with them is less necessary than at the head of the Brigades of infantry. In the absence of General Smallwood who is ordered to put himself at the head of the Maryland militia, we shall have two Brigades without general officers. But though the horse suffer less from the want of a general officer than the foot, a man of real capacity, experience and knowledge in that service, might be extremely useful. The Count appears, by his recommendations, to have sustained no inconsiderable military character in his own country; and as the principal attention in Poland has been for some time past paid to the Cavalry, it is to be presumed this gentleman is not unacquainted with it. I submit it to Congress how far it may be eligible to confer the appointment I have mentioned upon him; they will be sensible of all the objections attending the measure, without my particularizing them, and can determine accordingly.

This gentleman, we are told, has been, like us, engaged in defending the liberty and independence of his country, and has sacrificed his fortune in his zeal for these objects. He deserves from hence a title to our respect, that ought to operate in his favour, as far as the good of the service will permit; but it can never be expected we should lose sight of this."

The Commander-in-Chief sent the letter to John Hancock and Pulaski remained at headquarters. To his mind there was nothing now but to receive his commission and undertake his new responsibilities. Two days before there had come news that General Howe had landed on Chesapeake Bay and was beginning to march northward to Philadelphia. Casimir rode out with Washington on various reconnaissance missions and waited impatiently for the decision of Congress. Day after day he waited impatiently with rising temper, but the expected appointment did not come.

He could stand it no longer and on September 3, he hurriedly left the camp and returned to the capital. He found the Continental Congress still discussing the appointment and other matters of no vital consequence and it refused to be hurried.

To him it was all the same old story. How many times in Poland he had begged and pleaded and stormed and threatened, when the Generalcy had refused to make necessary decisions! How often during the years of the Confederation of Bar had he had to create new gatherings, new assemblies to secure the semblance of a hearing! It was the same in America. The Comander-in-Chief of the American army on the eve of a decisive campaign had definitely asked for his services and a few miles away a gathering of civilians was daring to question that request as if there were no war and no danger of battle. They were refusing to carry out the will of the man whom they had charged with protecting them.

The British were coming nearer and on September 5 after a Council of War, Washington had transferred his headquarters to a point along the Brandywine River and was preparing for a decisive battle before Philadelphia. The city was filled with French officers waiting for commissions. Pulaski knew some of them personally; he knew others by reputation, and he was well aware of his own superiority to them. They were careerists looking for ranks and titles and money. He wanted to serve the American army to strike a blow for liberty, and to show to all concerned what he could do, if he had a chance. He wanted his new friends to understand that he, Casimir Pulaski, the leader of the Confederation of Bar, the regicide, was determined to fight and die for liberty regardless of rank and personal feelings.

Yet he could not hurry Congress and meanwhile General Howe was drawing nearer and nearer. Any day now there might be a battle, the first real battle in which he could take part for five years, and that battle might be decisive in the cause of American liberty. At such a moment he was not going to be sitting behind the lines in the American capital,

inactive and silent. With a new explosion against the delay, he rushed back to the army. He appeared again at Washington's headquarters and he made it clear to all that he was ready to do his duty, that he had come to fight for America and liberty, and that he would do what he could, without any question of rank or command, until the coming battle was over.

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## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

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### WINNING HIS SPURS

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**D**URING the three weeks preceding the battle of the Brandywine, Pulaski, between his hurried trips to Philadelphia to expedite the receipt of his commission, spent his time with Washington and the other leaders of the American army. He came to know personally the men in Washington's personal staff and he had opportunity to study the strength and weakness of the army and its leaders.

His own training had been received in the hard school of experience. He had had advice from professional soldiers but he had had to work out for himself many of the problems both of tactics and supply. His methods were often unorthodox in the eyes of the trained professional soldier but he had made them work in Poland and he was therefore much more charitable to the American attempts to create an army in the middle of hostilities than were many of the elegant and polished officers who were offering their services to the United States and complaining bitterly of the indignities and difficulties which they met. He remembered also that he was a foreigner and he knew from personal experience the attitude which any army takes toward aliens who come to exercise command.

Yet the thing that impressed him more than anything was the weakness of the American cavalry and the fact that even such men as Washington did not seem to realize its importance. This was the more amazing because he saw from the very first day when he went out with the American commander that Washington was a finished horseman. He knew horses and he knew how to handle them. Of course he was

not a stunt rider. He could not perform and was not interested in the feats of horsemanship that Casimir had practiced ever since his youth and with which he startled and amazed his American friends.

Thus for example Casimir would drop his hat on the ground and then circling and riding at a gallop, he would bend over and pick it up. Or at other times he would hurl a pistol into the air and after complicated manœuvres with his horse would catch it again before it struck the ground. All these and many other similar stunts of a hard riding Polish gentleman who had practiced them since boyhood made a great impression upon the American observers. They were something essentially new and strange to the onlookers, but when it came to consistent, hard riding over long distances and across country, there was less difference between him and the leading Americans.

It was the more surprising then to Pulaski that the American leaders and especially Washington were unaware of the significance of cavalry. He found it hard to understand that they had learned their knowledge of war in the forests of the west in combat with the Indians, where the horse was a handicap rather than a help. Washington on his campaign with the Virginia militia had saved General Braddock in the French and Indian War by his adoption of the Indian methods of fighting and now in the Revolution, he found it difficult to grasp at once the possibilities of cavalry in battle and was very weak in using it even for purposes of reconnaissance.

The same held true of the subordinate commanders. Most of them had passed through the same school and it amazed Casimir that though they were well-mounted and the officers usually rode, there was none of that feeling of the superiority of cavalry to infantry that had been so marked in the Polish army. Dumouriez had lost his last opportunity of influencing the Polish gentry to adopt his policies by trying to dismount them. Now in the American army, it seemed to



make little difference to any one whether he were mounted or not.

As for the mass of the soldiers, they were relatively undisciplined in the European sense,—at least their parades and evolutions were not done with that faultless precision and rhythm that he had seen in the armies of Prussia and France and which seemed so important to many of the foreign officers who had come to America. Their uniforms were ragged and diverse. Many of the men carried their own hunting muskets and wore their homespun clothing with but a few distinguishing military marks.

Yet they were excellent shots. They were devoted to their cause and their commanders and what more was needed? He himself had carried on too many campaigns with newly recruited volunteers to sneer at the deviations from strict conventionality. He remembered the impression that his own troops in Poland had made upon the elegant French officers who scorned them, while they admired the show units of the Generalcy which were carefully kept out of battle. Pulaski realized the American weaknesses but he understood also that Washington had to fight with these men, supply their deficiencies and profit by their strong points. With all of his aristocratic and European traditions, Casimir Pulaski was not going to condemn the American army in advance and he waited with interest to see how the men would behave under fire.

The test came at the battle of Brandywine on September 11, 1777. The British forces advancing in two columns to cross the river were obviously planning an attack. The left column under Colonel Knyphausen was making a definite feint for a direct passage of Chad's Ford, while the British right column under Lord Cornwallis was sent to make a wide detour into the rear of General Sullivan's divisions on the American right. It was a bold manoeuvre that Howe was attempting and it worked admirably. It was the same plan that the same general had employed against the same Amer-

ican defence at the battle of Long Island in the preceding year.

The manoeuvre succeeded for the reason that Pulaski could very well have indicated — the American inability to understand the proper use of cavalry. General Sullivan could not credit the early dispatches that Cornwallis was in his rear. He could not receive information as to the movements of the enemy and despite all proper precautions and all possible vigilance, without efficient cavalry, he could not learn in time of the British movements.

The battle lasted all day with disastrous results for the Americans. As the tide of battle swung in favor of the British, Washington, to secure his baggage and supplies, ordered the trains to withdraw toward Chester. By the time the British were in a position to intercept them, the movement was well started and the soldiers wearied by their long march before the battle, were unable to pursue their advantage. Yet the Americans had been forced to abandon a position which allowed them to protect their capital. Lafayette was severely wounded and carried away by his soldiers. The reputation of many generals was severely damaged. General Deborder, one of the French officers who had been given the rank of Brigadier by Congress, was so disgusted that he resigned his commission and returned immediately to France in order to retire from a service which did not accord with the ambitions and the honor of a French gentleman and soldier.

Pulaski's attitude was very different. He remained with the staff of Washington as a volunteer aide. There was little for him to do, for he had no command, no commission. Yet he had written to John Hancock that he would do his best regardless of everything. Even this mild activity was far more to his liking than sitting quietly in Philadelphia, waiting for Congress to make up its mind or waiting, waiting, waiting hopelessly in Marseilles.

As the position of the Americans deteriorated, the spirits of Pulaski rose and he decided that it was his duty to be still

more active. When the right wing of the American army began to break and the center was imperilled, he could wait no longer. He rode up to General Washington and though he had no definite power or rank, he asked the American commander to put him in charge of the headquarters cavalry detachment of some thirty men. They were among the best mounted troops in the army. They were good riders, and even if they were not skilled cavalry men in the traditional sense, they could serve a useful purpose.

It was no time for ceremony and formality. The harassed Washington gave the permission and Pulaski jumped into action. With his usual impetuosity and with his mixture of English, French, and Polish, he galvanized the little troop into making an effective charge upon the enemy. His own example served better than his orders. The British had not expected such a diversion, and the brief delay caused by the little band was effective for the American withdrawal.

Casimir was now in his element. The fire of battle was in his blood and he had overcome his first hesitations. He soon asked Washington for permission to rally what soldiers he could and with them he executed another advance on the enemy's front and effectively protected the retreat.

The battle was over and lost and the period of recriminations started. Congress evacuated Philadelphia and retired to York. There were charges and countercharges. One officer accused another. The civilian leaders attacked everybody. But there was one thing certain. One man had acquired a reputation and that man was Casimir Pulaski. He had shown that he was not one of the foreign officers who had come to the United States merely for increased pay and for political ambition. He had come to fight for American liberty.

The very men who had been holding up his commission because he was merely another foreigner with a scanty knowledge of English realized that he had plunged into the battle and had risked his life and his career by taking soldiers whom he did not know and leading them against all obstacles. He had jeopardized his chances by volunteering to

do a difficult task, when he could have followed the conventional course and remained in glorified inactivity.

Within four days, a Congress that had been hesitating for three weeks made up its mind and on September 15, it formally voted to commission him as Brigadier General and commander of the horse. On September 21 Washington published the order and Brigadier General Count Casimir Pulaski saw himself faced with the heartbreaking task of creating an efficient cavalry force.

The material at hand was negligible. There were only 727 men in the four cavalry regiments. None of them were well trained. None of the regiments were full. The campaign was still going on. The Americans were still retreating and Howe was entering Philadelphia in triumph. It required a trained soldier and a diplomat to reorganize and discipline the men under such conditions and Pulaski felt that he could not temporize or delay, that he had to act speedily and vigorously, come what may.

He had already met and become friends with the officer who was to be his closest friend in America, Paul Bentalou. He was a young Frenchman who had come to America at the end of 1776 in the hope of receiving a commission in the cavalry. He was disappointed in this, as there were no openings in any of the four regiments and so he took a commission as lieutenant in the German battalion which was attached to General Greene's division. He had met Pulaski directly after the battle of the Brandywine and a strong friendship sprang up at once between the two men. On December 10, Bentalou resigned his commission but he remained with Pulaski until the latter was able to secure him a satisfactory post and as his special aide he continued with him until the end. Bentalou's accounts of Pulaski's actions at this time are the most detailed and probably the most reliable that we have.

According to him, on September 16, Pulaski who was out with a scouting party, discovered the British army preparing to attack the American camp. He hurriedly reported it to

Washington and estimated that with his cavalry detachment and one hundred infantry, he would delay the British until the American army was in battle position. Washington gave him the infantry under the command of Brigadier General Scott of Virginia. However a severe storm came up, as the battle was beginning, and so wet the powder of both armies that serious fighting was impossible and the British withdrew.

The process of bringing order out of chaos was complicated for Pulaski by the American habit of calling for details of cavalry for every conceivable purpose. A large proportion of his force was always being detached for periods ranging from two or three days to weeks and he found it very difficult in the middle of a campaign to begin any consistent plan of training.

Thus on September 30, Washington ordered him to send fifty men from Colonel Moylan's regiment in their red uniforms to General Reed. He added, "I can give you no better directions than what are contained in General Reed's letter, for the Route that the party is to take I only recommend it to you, to put it under the command of a good officer and send them directly." (Letters B. IV, p. 154)

The very next day, Colonel Bland received another order to send fifty good horses to attend Generals Reed and Cadwalader upon special business. Still other men under Major Jameson were to be similarly assigned and the remainder were to move to Pulaski's headquarters as soon as possible. Washington's orders as transmitted directly seemed in conflict with those sent through Colonel Alexander Hamilton. They confused Pulaski and he complained but he did his best to obey the orders as he understood them.

It was just at this time that Washington was making plans for the attack on Germantown which took place on October 4. The American plan of attack was complicated, for it involved simultaneous attack by four columns. Pulaski could hardly work on any consistent plan, for his diminutive forces were still further reduced by additional detachments and he

really found himself at the head of little more than a small scouting force. He was able to do practically nothing in covering the American armies even in their retreat after an unsuccessful attack.

There is little definite information about Pulaski's role in this battle except a brief statement by Bentalou. It gave rise, however, to a curious controversy between Judge William Johnson of Charleston and Captain Bentalou almost a half century later. In 1822, Judge Johnson, in a volume entitled *Sketches of Life and Correspondence of Nathaniel Greene, Major General of the Armies of the Revolution*, made the charge that Washington had found Pulaski asleep in a farmhouse before the battle and suppressed the fact from motives of policy. Bentalou responded hotly that the statement was false, that it was inconsistent with all of Pulaski's actions and that Washington could not have failed to mention the fact, had it occurred. Lafayette in 1824 seems to have added his denial to the story but the resulting controversy lasted for many years with many theoretical arguments and no evidence being advanced by either side.

The incident is extremely unlikely. There were too much jealousy and too many ill feelings in the army to suppress for forty-five years such a story, only to have it appear then in a bad-tempered volume. Besides Pulaski's weakness was always rashness and a craving for action. It is almost impossible that such a man would have neglected his duty on the eve of the first battle, after he assumed a new and responsible position. It is possible that Pulaski was taking a well deserved rest of a few hours before the battle but the way in which the story was put suggests that it was a canard that emanated from circles hostile to him and his memory even after his untimely death. There is no allusion to any such episode in the later relations of Washington and Pulaski and the Commander-in-Chief frequently went out of his way to make allowances for the actions of the brave and reckless cavalry officer who was doing his best to bring order into a small and neglected part of the American army.

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## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

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### THE COMMANDER OF THE HORSE

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**M**AJOR operations came to an end with the battle of Germantown and Pulaski was from that time on able to concentrate upon his task of reorganizing the cavalry and carrying on scouting operations with relative freedom from distraction. His success was going to rest upon the campaign of 1778 and he wanted a free hand to train and practice his men as he would.

All this did not mean that Pulaski had broken off military operations. He was continually in the saddle, leading small bands of men on patrols in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, checking British attempts to exploit their victories, and aiding Washington in his efforts to keep them confined to the city, where General Howe and his officers were enjoying the hospitality of the wealthy Tories and a pleasant winter. It contrasted with the desperate position of the Americans in the windswept hills of the surrounding country and the hardships which were experienced by general and private alike.

The various raids had little of individual importance. They were carried out by pitifully small numbers of men but trifling as they were in size, they took up a great deal of Pulaski's time and he showed his skill in the way in which he utilized his tiny force. Thus at the battle of Chestnut Hill on November 23, the forces of Charles Armand, the Marquis de la Rouarie, became involved with a British force. Pulaski arrived with his cavalry and took command of the Americans to win a victory. All in all, he did a useful

piece of work but this was only a small part of the task which had been laid upon him.

His major work was in the field of organization. He had to train the men in cavalry tactics, secure the necessary supplies, and reform the entire organization. Yet, if there was one period in the American Revolution when such a task was difficult, it was during this winter, when it seemed as if the disruptive forces in the American government were going to prevail.

The campaign around Philadelphia under the personal command of General Washington had failed. That in the north under General Gates had resulted in the capture of General Burgoyne and his entire force at Saratoga. It was a period of political intrigue, with ambitious officers and discontented members of Congress trying to oust Washington. The malcontents had secured a reformation of the Board of War and General Gates was in a position to interfere with the plans of the Commander-in-Chief.

Pulaski took no part in any of these intrigues. There were many reasons for this. He had an ardent admiration for General Washington whose calm and dignified bearing even in moments of the greatest trial was so different from his own irascible and quick-tempered nature. He realized the integrity of the Commander-in-Chief. He saw in him something that he had failed to find in the leaders of the Confederation and he held loyally to him.

Besides that, he had had too much experience with the political administration of war. His own difficulties with Congress about his commission on the very eve of the battle of the Brandywine reminded him too strongly of the disappointments that he had had in Poland. He saw that Washington and the army were being neglected, just as the Generalcy had refused to support him, when he was winning their victories. Pulaski was never interested in politics. He had not bothered with them in his native land. Now he was in America to fight and all he asked was intelligible orders and the means of carrying them out. He could hope to con-



vert Washington to the value of cavalry by showing results and he had no desire to dabble in the intrigues at York or elsewhere.

There was a more personal reason that would have made Casimir Pulaski suspicious of the political movement. The idol of the hour, General Horatio Gates, had a Polish engineer on his staff, Colonel Thaddeus Kosciuszko. The two Poles might have met in Paris some years before, for Kosciuszko was there with his protector, Adam Czartoryski, a member of that family with which his father had broken before he started the Confederation of Bar. Kosciuszko had been a student at the Cadet Corps of Warsaw and that meant that he had been on good terms with the King. Pulaski, the leader of Bar, was still in his heart suspicious of all those who had sided with the King, and when he found Kosciuszko loyal to Gates, it certainly could not have raised Gates in his estimation. The two Polish leaders do not seem to have met or even tried to communicate with one another. The calm engineer and the dashing cavalry officer had little in common except their ideals and these they interpreted differently. Besides, he could not have failed to hear of the feud at Saratoga between General Gates and General Benedict Arnold. Colonel Hamilton, if no one else, would have reported it after his return from the north, and Pulaski would certainly have preferred the headstrong bravery of Arnold to the smooth and polished Gates who always kept an eye upon the political constellations.

Besides Casimir Pulaski was largely isolated by his ignorance of the English language. It was far easier for him to express himself in French but there were relatively few of his comrades who understood the language and it handicapped him in many ways. He was apt to seem either too sharp or too irascible and in many cases it was due to a poor choice of words which burst out in moments of excitement.

The first step in the reorganization of the cavalry was to bring the four regiments together and try to drill them in a mass. This had never been done. The regiments had been

raised in different parts of the country, in different states and under different auspices. Their commanders were of different origins and inclined to be jealous of one another and of course of the foreigner who was put in command of them. In some cases this led almost to open disobedience and defiance of the orders of the new Brigadier General who was not the most tactful man in the world, once he appreciated the importance of the work which he was assigned to do.

Of the men with whom Pulaski had trouble, the most offensive to him was the senior cavalry colonel, Stephen Moylan. He was an Irishman, brother of the Roman Catholic bishop of Cork, and after his arrival in America he had served as an aide to Washington and also as Commissary-General. Now as the senior colonel of the four, he had looked forward confidently to obtaining the rank of Brigadier General and receiving the command of a division. He had the tremendous advantage of knowing English and of not being hampered by the linguistic difficulties that bothered his chief. As an officer, he was none too efficient but he made up for his defects by swagger and by insults. It was obvious very soon that Pulaski's position was going to succeed or fail, depending upon the outcome of the coming clash with Moylan.

On the other hand, Colonel Theodorick Bland of Virginia, one of the great gentlemen of the American army, saw eye to eye with Pulaski. From almost the first moment when Casimir took command, he and his regiment were approved by the new leader. With no special mastery of military knowledge Bland did not try to pose as an authority. He maintained his regiment in fairly good order and when the new general tried to offer suggestions, he was willing to accept them in good part and do his best to carry them out. The relations between Bland and Pulaski stand in strong contrast to those with Moylan and it is very obvious that many of the Pole's difficulties with his subordinates were in large part due to Moylan and his ambitions.

It was only natural that Bland and Pulaski should be

friends and respect one another. There was much that was similar in the early lives and the social background of the Polish nobleman and the great Virginia planter. Both had been brought up on a scale of aristocratic liberality. Both were sure of themselves socially and personally. Both felt themselves independent and bound only by their sense of honor. It was men of this type that admired Pulaski and won his sympathy or they were men of the type of Mad Anthony Wayne who loved fighting and daring and reckless courage and gallantry.

Around Pulaski gathered a group of other Europeans. Former officers who had served with him in the Confederation, such as Jan Zielinski, almost certainly a relative, had heard of his coming to America. To a lesser degree they had shared the humiliation and disgrace that had been his after the collapse of the movement. Some had heard of the American Revolution and sympathized with it wholeheartedly. Others had heard that their old commander was being employed in the new cause and they had made their way to the United States in the hope of an opportunity to serve under him. Most of them had been brought up in the European cavalry tradition and they were overjoyed to find in the new army some one who understood it.

Previously they had not found too sympathetic a hearing from the American authorities. Some of the patriots looked with scorn and amazement at the gaudy uniforms that these men affected. Thus John Adams had written some time previously of the appearance of one of these gentlemen: "A few minutes past a curious Phenomenon appeared at the Doors for Congress, a German hussar, a veteran in the Wars in Germany, in his Uniform and on horse back, a forlorn Cap upon his Head with a streamer waiving from it half down to his Waistband, with a Death's Head painted in Front, a beautiful Hussar cloak ornamented with Lace and Fringe and Cord of Gold, a Scarlet Waist coat under it, with shining yellow, metal buttons — a Light Gun strung over his shoulder and a Turkish sabre, much Superior to an high

Land broad-sword, very large and excellently fortified by his Side Holsters and Pistols upon a Horse — in short the most warlike and formidable Figure I ever saw." (Charles Francis Adams, *Studies Military and Diplomatic*, 1775-1865, p. 82). This Hussar had promised to bring fifty comrades into a corps, if one was organized. Of course his application was rejected but there were many such men drifting around the United States, and it can be well understood that with the appointment of Casimir Pulaski as Brigadier General, they felt that they now had a friend in the high command and tried to offer him their services. This again inflamed that portion of the army which looked askance at foreigners, and if Dumouriez had antagonized the Poles by trying to make them infantry, it was easy to see that Pulaski with the best of intentions might annoy many Americans by his ardent advocacy of the cavalry.

He naturally wrote home of his new appointment. Unfortunately these letters have not yet come to light but there is considerable evidence that they aroused a sympathetic feeling among his family. Even those relatives who had warned him against such a foolish venture could not restrain a feeling of pride and satisfaction when they learned that he was now a Brigadier General in the American army and commander of all the cavalry, at the time when France had recognized the new Republic and was actively aiding it. They little knew the small size of his forces. They thought of the cavalry in the Polish sense as the main part of the army and it seemed full satisfaction for all that he had suffered. When he came to America, he had been burdened with debts but by the time he was really able to take up the work of reorganization, we begin to find traces of his own personal fortune. Apparently even his enemies in his native land were willing to let him have some of his money, if only for the sake of keeping him away.

His first task was to assert his authority over the recalcitrant officers and it was Jan Zielinski who was the direct occasion for the first encounter. Towards the end of Octo-

ber, Colonel Moylan deliberately struck him and then insulted Pulaski who had intervened. At the time Zielinski was only a volunteer in the cavalry and had not received a definite commission. It was possible therefore for Moylan to pretend that Zielinski had no real military connection and he could plead that as a defence, although every one knew he was doing it only as a direct insult to his superior.

Pulaski did not delay in accepting the challenge. He at once preferred charges against Moylan for "cowardly and ungentlemanly action in striking Lieutenant Zielinski, a gentleman and an officer in the Polish service when disarmed, and putting him under guard and giving irritating language to General Pulaski." Perhaps in the confused state of the Army, the latter charge weakened the former. It might have been more appropriate, had he left his personal feelings out of the matter, but Casimir Pulaski never did things by halves and he was in a hurry to have the matter brought to a head. Moylan's trial was set for October 22 but at the express wish of Pulaski, it was postponed until the 24. Colonel Bland was president of the court martial. The general sentiment of the army against the foreign and specifically the continental officers, aided by the prestige and influence of the Irish groups succeeded in freeing Moylan and he was duly acquitted. Washington approved the verdict on October 31 and released Moylan from arrest.

It was a severe blow to Casimir's pride but the case was not yet finished. Zielinski challenged Moylan to a duel through Major Thompson. Moylan refused in an insulting message that he did not consider Zielinski a gentleman and would horsewhip him if he ever met him again. Instead of being properly cowed, Zielinski waited his time and one day in the presence of a French officer, Captain Baillyville and a dragoon, he gave Moylan the same treatment that the latter had threatened. Moylan drew his sword and then with his lance Zielinski neatly and painlessly unhorsed the proud colonel. Moylan complained to Washington, and Pulaski, interceding for the young man, sent his report by the

same dragoon who had witnessed the incident. Colonel Moylan blustered and raged and threatened to prefer charges but he never dared to take even the first step and contented himself with intrigues against Pulaski, with disobeying his orders, if possible, and in making himself a general nuisance. In the spring, when Pulaski tried to get a commission for Zielinski, Washington refused on the basis of the incident but he later changed his mind and Zielinski met a soldier's death in the south as a Captain of the Legion.

Annoying as such breaches of discipline were, the problem of supply was far more so. Here again Pulaski acted true to himself and true to the philosophy which he always had that he who was not with him was against him.

The cavalry was poorly mounted. The officers had to buy their own horses but Congress refused to appropriate money for first class mounts. The horses from the neighboring areas were being sold for high prices in British money to the British officers in Philadelphia. It offended Pulaski's sense of justice and on the basis of some verbal orders from Washington, he set about requisitioning the best horses in the countryside. The best were none too good for his men. He took other supplies, as he had done in Poland. The farmers, whether they were Tories or only lukewarm patriots, appealed to Washington and Congress and on October 29, Washington sternly forbade further requisitioning by Pulaski and also sent the orders directly to the four colonels.

By this time, winter was actually approaching and Washington held several councils of war to decide on the policy of the army for the winter. The great question was the desirability of an attack on Philadelphia during the winter. The vast majority of the generals voted against it. Pulaski and Wayne were for it. The plan was given up. Next came the question of staying in the field or going into winter quarters. Again the vote was almost the same way.

Pulaski was acting in this in accordance with his own experience. Perhaps his armies in Poland were never reduced to such straits as were the Americans during this winter.

Yet he had never had enough supplies and each year during the fighting in Poland, he had distinguished himself in winter warfare. He had fought at Okopy in early March. He had held Czystochowa directly after New Year's. He had never allowed the winter to hinder his operations and he could not see why the American army should not follow his example. He was here to fight and not to pay attention to the weather. So when he was overruled again and it was decided that the army should go into winter quarters, he begged that he be left in the field with part of the cavalry and a small detachment of infantry to continue to harry the British.

For weeks he did not lose hope of obtaining at least partial permission for this and at the same time he began a long series of memoranda to Washington, setting forth the theory of the cavalry service and outlining methods of training and listing needed supplies. In the first of the series, dated November 23, he urged the formation of a special unit of dragoons to number 120 men to be kept in service and then urged that the rest of the cavalry regiments be sent back to their home areas for training and recruiting. This unit would remain in the field until the entire army was in winter quarters. Then it would be divided and half of the men would be sent back to their regiments, while he would train the other half as a squadron of bosniques and drill them in the use of the lance. He wanted to increase this squadron to 120 men and he suggested the securing of 200 mounted militia to take over some of the less important duties of the cavalry. He was vitally interested in securing cavalry who were prepared to charge and fight and he was ready to leave to mounted militia the tasks of minor reconnaissance and despatch bearing. At the same time he sought to have Henry Bedkin, the adjutant of Moylan's regiment, a trained cavalryman, detached and made a special adjutant for the training of the entire cavalry. Very obviously Bedkin was not a close adherent of Moylan and very much preferred to serve directly under Pulaski at this time.

This plan was not accepted and Pulaski was compelled to go with his men to Valley Forge. Here he was quartered in the house of John Beaver and he worked zealously on new memoranda. Yet it was soon proved that if Valley Forge was bad for the infantry, it was worse for the cavalry. There was no shelter for the horses and no supply of fodder. During the few weeks that he was there, Pulaski drew up regulations for the cavalry, urging again that the cavalry be trained as a body and not be detached at the wishes of any commander except the Commander-in-Chief. It was the first sketch of regulations for the American cavalry and simple and obvious as the facts stated in it appeared to Pulaski, Washington and the other officers found it difficult to think of cavalry in any other terms than those of scouting and reconnaissance.

Ten days later, not having received the desired supplies, Pulaski wrote another memorandum, announcing his intentions of basing the final text of the regulations on those of the Prussian cavalry and urging that the number of cavalry be greatly increased. He suggested adding 180 privates to each of the four regiments with a corresponding increase in the number of officers and non-commissioned officers. He also repeated his request for a troop of lancers to be trained and used under his personal orders. He pleaded for a special magazine for the cavalry and stated that he knew a gentleman in France who could secure the necessary equipment at the same price as was paid by the King of France. He declared his willingness to order personally through this friend, or if it were decided to place the contracts through the Quartermaster General, he would be glad to furnish all necessary information and put that officer in touch with the proper persons.

The increasing sharpness of the tone of Pulaski's memoranda show that he was becoming more sure of himself. He was beginning to reestablish contacts with his old friends. He was becoming more certain that he would be rehabilitated in Poland and furthermore the growing friendship be-



tween France and the United States made him even more sure of victory and more certain that he had not made a mistake in coming to the New World. At the same time when things went bad or when his desires were unsatisfied, he never failed to become pessimistic and to lament that he could not do more than he was doing.

On December 31, Washington ordered him to take the cavalry from Valley Forge to Trenton and put them through a relatively severe course of training in preparation for the spring campaign. It is of interest that in this order, the Commander-in-Chief showed his knowledge of horsemanship by writing, "No pains should be spared to inspire the Men with an affection for their horses, and make them perfect in the management of them." The great task of Pulaski was to show the Americans the use of cavalry, not the virtue of riding.

Pulaski started for Trenton and reached there on January 9. The place was unsuitable. Again there was no fodder for the horses in the neighborhood and there were no quarters for the men. A considerable number of galley men were already in the town and they refused to make room for the new arrivals. Pulaski looked around the country and finally he sent the regiments of Moylan and Baylor to the nearby village of Flemington, and he quartered those of Bland and Sheldon at Pennington. He asked now that Colonel Michael de Kowacz of the German battalion be assigned to him to aid in the training of the cavalry. He appealed to the authorities of Trenton in a public statement urging assistance and promising to use his troops to protect the city from the enemy who were not far away. He was still bothered over the need for fodder. Washington urged him to billet the cavalry on the inhabitants so that each man could be near his horse at all times. He also warned him against his tendency to fill his officer's corps with foreigners who knew little of the English language or American ways. It was in a way a good piece of advice. Pulaski was in many cases drawn to them simply by his own language difficulties but it did not make his posi-

tion any easier and gave still more opportunities for evil-minded and ill-disposed people to attack him.

All through the winter he was troubled by the insubordination of the officers, especially of Moylan's regiment and of the general ill will which was inspired from that source. Discipline was very lax and when one of his officers, Taccsi, tried to arrest two dragoons for insubordination, one resisted. Taccsi seized a sword from a sentinel and attacked the dragoon and maimed him. Pulaski at once arrested the officer and imprisoned the dragoons. It led to more controversy and this was followed soon by another. One of his waggoners took a manger from a civilian named Clumm to feed his horses. The civilian had the soldier arrested for theft by the civil authorities. Pulaski interfered, released the soldier and put him in military custody but he was much troubled by his ignorance of American law as to the proper procedure.

These were but petty and repeated aggravations. His main problem was that of supplies. Washington sympathized with him but he was helpless. The appropriations for the purchase of new horses, of saddles, of all the multitude of objects necessary for a technical arm rested upon the approval of Congress and the committees were too busy to take the disagreeable trip to Valley Forge to see the extremities of the army and too self-confident and self-important to accept the word of a mere Commander-in-Chief. It was in vain that Pulaski wrote appeal after appeal, now for horses, now even for rum. Washington had none to give and the states were equally slow in making up their quotas. The Continental currency was plunging daily and inflation was raising its ugly head. The people were refusing to sell, for they had received no money for former sales and large masses of the population remained sullenly indifferent to the needs of the soldiers.

All through January and February the struggle went on. Washington was sympathetic but he continuously sought to show Pulaski that all of his additional supplies had to

come from Congress or the states. He held firm to his belief that the Revolution should be won with the civil authorities in control. Pulaski could not understand. It was no new situation to him. He had seen his country's liberty lost, because of the weakness of the government. He had seen the disasters brought upon the liberating movement by the weakness and the dilatory methods of the Generalcy and every step during the fateful winter seemed to him but a repetition of those mistakes which had cost him so dearly already.

Yet he worked away. He drilled his officers and men so hard that they began to grumble. He designed a new saddle and sent a model to Washington for forwarding to Congress. He found men who could make lances and he found the wood out of which they could be made. By February 14, he had a few men ready and on that day he sent a fully equipped lancer to Washington in the hope that he might create interest in Congress. It was no use. The supplies were not forthcoming and he was forbidden to requisition.

There was the problem too of recruiting. Recruits were few and far between and Washington advised him to appeal for men on the usual terms, that is, twenty dollars bonus for men engaging themselves for three years or the duration of the war. He warned him against the enrolling of volunteers who would promise to serve with a great deal of enthusiasm and then when the service became arduous, they would either desert or endeavor to be taken into the army on their own terms. In all this Washington may have seemed at times cold and pedantic to the enthusiastic Pulaski with those alternating moods of optimism and pessimism which had come over him since his departure from Poland but the Commander-in-Chief had for three years been meeting the same difficulties with his own men and he was sincerely warning Pulaski of what he might expect in his new environment. The army was unpaid and there was little assurance of any decent livelihood for men who might otherwise have enlisted.

When Pulaski had been fighting in Poland, he had been

responsible to no one but himself. He had defied or disregarded the orders of the Generalcy, whenever they became too oppressive. He had seen his plans thwarted but he had been a free agent, able to attract men and to take supplies where he would. Here in America there were the same faults in organization but Washington refused to allow him to go beyond the essential rules which he had laid down for the American army. Congress too was constantly on the alert. As he saw the winter months passing, his temper became worse and on February 24, he wrote to his sister Anna:

"You will know, my dear sister, that my health is good, my success varied as in the time of war. I command the entire cavalry; I have been in several attacks quite successfully. I do not expect to stay here long; the customs here do not agree with my humor; besides there is a definite loss of time in this service. It is impossible to do anything good. The people here are too jealous; in the whole army every one is against me, but I will have one more campaign. Then, if it is possible, I shall commence to trade, something which is most profitable. I remember the debt to the Marquis d'E-pange; if it is possible to send me anything, it will come to me through his hands. Adieu. I fall at your feet and I greet the entire family."

There is again the same mysterious reference to his desire to trade, as there was when he wrote his farewell letter to Anna before he sailed from France. Yet it is no clearer than it was then. Casimir Pulaski was not interested in the amassing of money. His heart and his desires were for the army, in the struggle for liberty, justice, and right and he had moments of depression, whenever he found his way blocked or was forced to turn from his path.

The real fly in the ointment and the obstacle that hurt him more than anything else was the American refusal to treat the cavalry as an independent arm with a separate promotion list. When he had sent his proposed regulations for the cavalry to Washington, he had added a final paragraph.

"The Cavalry in an Army Generally forms a separate division and has greater privileges than the Infantry, which the honor of the service exacts, but here I find it is the Contrary, not that I aim at a Superiority over the rest of the Army, but am desirous of having Justice done the Corps I command."

His plea did not find favor in the eyes of Washington. The generals were ranked by seniority, whether they were of the infantry, the cavalry or the artillery. Under these conditions Pulaski was destined always to be junior to many other officers who had served far longer in the American army than he had. He found no one to sympathize with his point of view which seemed so natural in Europe and which was here so strange.

Nevertheless he continued his never-ending struggle against the powers of inertia and the lack of supplies. He seemed to be beating against a stone wall and no matter what he did, there were no results. The cavalry still remained weak and neglected. Spring was coming on and he was only too well aware that he had not succeeded in building up that large and efficient force in which he believed so firmly. He began to wonder whether he should not resign his commission as the commander of the cavalry. But the war was not yet over. He had come to America to do his best for the new country, and his feeling that he was out of place did not mean that he was finished with the American service. About the middle of February, he began to intimate his feelings to Washington and to look around for more congenial activity. Yet before he definitely made up his mind, there was a sudden call to action.

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## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

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### HADDONSFIELD AND RESIGNATION

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PULASKI'S letter to his sister was written at a time when he was thoroughly enraged at everybody and it was typical of the man and of his feelings of obligation to the United States and to its service that it came at a moment when he was starting out on a dangerous and brilliant expedition. The same circumstances brought to a head his determination to resign his post to maintain his own point of view. Perhaps at no time in his service either in Poland or the United States did the conflicting emotions of the gallant soldier flare up to greater strength and with greater fury. Nowhere did his quick temper and his unbending sense of honor conflict and cooperate more with his desire for victory and his willingness to face danger, if only the cause for which he was fighting could be advanced.

The incident was precipitated by the lack of supplies at Valley Forge. Washington was forced almost to desperation by the sufferings of his men. Congress still remained indifferent to their necessities and as appeals and entreaties alike had no effect, Washington finally sent out General Wayne with five hundred Pennsylvania troops to collect cattle in south Jersey. He confidently expected that in a few days Wayne would drive to the camp about a thousand head and the shortage of meat would be relieved.

Wayne with his men moved southeast into Delaware and then near Wilmington they crossed the river into New Jersey and commenced to move northward. He apparently intended to swing around to the Delaware north of Philadelphia and thus complete the circle around the British po-

sition. From the material side his trip was largely a failure. The natives of the region had no intention of exchanging real cattle for the dubious Continental currency, and he was able to gather only some hundred thirty head. It was too few to relieve the starving army and Wayne's temper itself was by now frayed. He was disgusted with the lack of patriotism shown in the region and was not averse to making his feelings clear.

The British heard of the foray and judged it an opportune time to strike a counter blow. Howe sent out a party of two thousand men and six guns to intercept Wayne's little force and carry away the cattle. This expedition also hoped to forage on their own account but their main object was to inflict a severe blow upon the American forces. They went up the Delaware in boats and landed on the east bank so as to get in the rear of the Americans.

Wayne learned of this counter movement and decided to fight and not to avoid them. He knew that Pulaski was near Trenton with his cavalry and without reflecting on the touchy character of the Polish leader, he wrote him an order to come at once with the available men and meet him at Mount Holly. At the same time, he sent a letter to Washington, requesting him to order Pulaski to send the cavalry to his assistance.

Wayne's letter to Washington was delayed, because it had to make a wide detour to escape the British lines. The Commander-in-Chief at once despatched an order to Pulaski on the subject. He ordered the cavalry commander to cooperate with Wayne, not necessarily by going himself but by sending a detachment. "A sufficient number to furnish Men for keeping a look out, and preventing any sudden enterprise of the Enemy against his parties is all that is requisite."

This letter was again delayed and in the meanwhile Pulaski had received Wayne's order. This was exactly the situation that Casimir had been expecting. What right had any ordinary general to order the commander of the cavalry to support him? Didn't Wayne know that such actions inter-

rupted his training schedule, exhausted his men, and were furthermore a direct insult to the cavalry of all nations and of all times? He sent back an angry answer, defending his rights and dignity.

But here was the chance for a good battle. It was the first real opportunity that he had had since he took command to show what he could do with his revived cavalry, small as it was. He looked over his little group and decided that only the cavalry of Colonel Bland was fit for the undertaking. Of this regiment there were only fifty that suited his exacting eye, and so not having received Washington's letter, he hurriedly dashed off his despondent letter to his sister, wrote out his resignation as commander of the cavalry, and started at top speed for Burlington, so as to pass on to Mount Holly and join the very officer whose actions he was condemning. It was typical of the old Pulaski, the officer of Bar, who never allowed his personal feelings to conflict with the call of duty and who never concealed his feelings.

Pulaski spent the night of the 28th of February at Burlington and it was because he had already started that Washington's letter of instructions failed to reach him. Had he really intended to stand on his dignity, had he been one of the politically minded officers in the army, he would have stayed quietly at Trenton and allowed the storm to break but he was not going to miss a battle and disgrace the cavalry.

He joined Wayne late on the afternoon of March 1 and he made absolutely no secret of his attitude. He roundly berated Wayne for sending him an insolent and improper order. He emphasized again and again that he was an independent commander by direct orders of General Washington and he had no intention of disobeying orders by serving under General Wayne on this expedition. He raged and he stormed in English and French and Polish but the violence of his explosion was equalled only by its shortness.

A severe snowstorm was coming up and Pulaski had no time to waste in arguments. Now if ever was the time to strike a blow. Just at dusk he led his fifty dragoons out of



Wayne's camp and unexpectedly charged the British outposts. They had certainly not expected a cavalry charge. The outposts broke and fled in the darkness and reported to their amazed commander that the Americans had received enormous reinforcements. Colonel Stirling believed the truth of these reports and hurriedly made preparations to withdraw. He had with him some fifty-six head of cattle which he had seized. He hurriedly moved his men back to the ships and by morning they were ready to embark, if they could.

When dawn came, his preparations were well under way. The bulk of the British troops were already concentrated near the shore of the Delaware at Cooper's Ferry, trying in haste to prepare a crossing and to get away with their booty. The high winds and the storm which was still continuing impeded their movements and Stirling was waiting anxiously for further news of this strange attack of the night before.

Wayne and Pulaski and their personal staffs rode out to investigate. The two generals were still at loggerheads. Pulaski was asserting most vehemently that he was not acting under the orders of General Wayne, for he was a cavalry commander, subject only to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief which he had not received. Wayne was equally emphatic in maintaining his own theories, and while the two were thus disputing, they looked over the situation.

The British were crowded near the shore and between his tirades, General Pulaski wanted to order an immediate charge on their positions. Wayne, Mad Anthony Wayne, refused. He opposed an attack of fifty men in daylight upon the British camp. He was afraid that the light would reveal the small numbers of Pulaski's men and renew the courage of the enemy. That would destroy the effect of the surprise of the preceding evening and induce the British to change their plans again.

He finally persuaded Pulaski to wait until the nearest infantry detachment under Captain Doyle could come up.

In the meanwhile the two generals continued their quarrelling over their mutual relations and their disputes were interrupted only by trips to reconnoitre the British position. As soldiers engaged in the American cause, they were in perfect harmony. As generals they held diametrically opposed points of view as to their own responsibilities.

Towards afternoon the first portion of Wayne's infantry appeared and the other detachments were in the neighborhood, although they were wearied by long marches during the last few days. The stage was then set with Pulaski's cavalry taking the centre and the infantry supporting them on both flanks. Casimir was again in his element. He gave the signal for a charge and the little band struck the British forces. The impact of the cavalry and the attack of the infantry again hurled back the British and they withdrew under the protection of the guns on their ships.

Then unable to face this fire, the Americans stopped their advance. To cover his retreat, Colonel Stirling ordered a large number of his men who were already embarking to return to the battle and drive back the Americans. The latter retreated but as soon as the British were some distance from their ships, they again attacked and drove them back. Then for the rest of the afternoon, they kept alternately attacking and retreating, trying to draw the British from the shore, but Colonel Stirling resisted the temptation. During the whole fighting, Pulaski was always in the thick of it. He tore from one part of the battle to another and seemed absolutely unwearied. His horse was shot under him. He secured another and kept up the fight.

When it became dark, Stirling abandoned all of the supplies which he had not yet been able to take across the river, including the cattle. Other detachments in the neighborhood also caught the "horrors" and hurriedly made their way across the river as best they could.

In his report, General Wayne, one of the most audacious fighters in the American army, paid high tribute to Pulaski. "General Pulaski behaved with his Usual Bravery

having his Own with four Other Horse wounded — the little handful of Infantry who had an Opportunity of Engaging behaved with a Spirit that would have done Honour to the Oldest Veteran." It was a tribute from one brave soldier to another. "His Usual Bravery"—it was not the first time that Wayne had seen Pulaski in action. For five months the two men had been the advocates of an aggressive American policy and when they came together in the attack, they understood one another, and their petty quarrels about precedence stopped at the beginning of the battle.

In his report (and Pulaski was resolved to make one to show that he was not Wayne's subordinate in any stage of the affair) he paid equal tribute to his companion. "In regard to General Wayne, I gave him to understand that he has abused his authority and that he knows that his orders do not concern me in view of the special Order which I had from Your Excellency, and moreover, that I ought to be exempt from all other orders, as the Commander of the Cavalry and as one who had entered the Service under no other condition than that of not being in subjection to any other than the Chief of the Army, but that my Zeal for your service surpassed this point of honor and that after an Agreement I would do every thing that he should find advantageous to put in operation. I have acted accordingly and I cannot complain of the General in any other way; on the contrary according to his way of doing, he was too frank for me to do him justice."

The confusion was cleared up when Pulaski returned to Trenton and found there Washington's specific order for him to send only what troops he could conveniently spare. The whole episode made no difference in the relations of Wayne and Pulaski. Both men were too eager for the victory of the common cause to let personal feelings pass beyond the first moment of battle and both were resolved to seize every opportunity to hasten the moment of final American freedom.

Yet the fundamental issue was unsolved. What was to be

the role of the Commander of the Cavalry? Was he to be an independent leader with sufficient force at his command to carry out important and definite missions or was he merely to prepare small detachments to cooperate with the various enterprises that were planned and directed elsewhere? Washington, the other generals, and Congress were not ready to accept the first answer. Pulaski, who understood the significance and importance of independent cavalry, absolutely refused to accept the second alternative.

Pulaski and Washington had discussed this point many times during the preceding months and it had become very evident that there could be no effective compromise between the two positions. Casimir's act in submitting his resignation on the eve of the battle of Haddonsfield now brought the matter to a head. Washington in acknowledging the receipt of the letter, wrote:

"I have received your favour of the 28th. Ultio. informing me that you were proceeding with a part of Bland's Regiment to join General Wayne; you will have received my instructions relative to the Service which you are to render.

Your intention to resign, is founded on reasons which I presume make you think the measure necessary. I can only say that it will always give me pleasure to bear testimony to the zeal and bravery which you have displayed on every occasion."

Proper measures are being taken for completing the Cavalry and I have no doubt of its being on a respectable footing by the opening of the Campaign."

Pulaski's resignation had been offered in a fit of irritation and bad temper. Yet Washington did not accept it in that spirit. He did not feel that Casimir Pulaski was trying to escape responsibility nor did his action cloud his reputation or ruin the esteem that the Commander-in-Chief felt for him. As he and Pulaski had gone over the situation, he had finally made up his mind that he would not develop the cavalry along the lines which the Commander of the Horse desired. The cost of building up an adequate cavalry divi-

sion was too great. Congress would definitely refuse to appropriate the money. Besides that, Pulaski's dream of outfitting a troop of lancers seemed out of place in America. The lance did not impress the average soldier favorably. He was usually an expert with the musket. Most of the men were excellent woodsmen and crack shots. Besides that, rifles were making their appearance in the American camp. Morgan and his riflemen had long since shown the supreme value of accurate fire, fire still more accurate than was possible with the average musket and this arm impressed Washington even more than did the possibilities of the lance.

So the Commander-in-Chief determined that there would be no special emphasis laid upon further cavalry development. He had decided not to build up that independent force which was so dear to the heart of Pulaski and which he had hoped to find in the four regiments of the American cavalry. Washington was planning to allow those regiments to go on their own sweet way and use them as in the past to furnish details for scouting and reconnaissance.

Yet it cannot be said that he was unconvinced by the work of Pulaski. At Haddonsfield, at Brandywine, and during the intervening months he had seen what the Pole had been able to accomplish with inferior resources and he was too keen an observer not to grasp the significance of many of these developments. Perhaps Pulaski's temperament and his unwillingness to compromise had had much to do with the final decision but he had left behind him the vital elements of his work and instead of accepting the total program Washington preferred to pick out their chief points and to apply them in detail.

Curiously enough this was very near another of the original proposals of Casimir Pulaski — the organization of small, independent commands of cavalry under officers of relatively low rank who were free to operate independently or by temporary attachment to a division. It was a combination of Pulaski's original idea and traditional methods of using the militia.

So during this winter, while Pulaski was struggling with the organization of a cavalry division, we find the first real emergence of Lighthorse Harry Lee. A young Virginian and a relative of Colonel Bland, the one officer who had tried to understand and comply with the orders of his chief, Lee had been one of the ablest captains in Bland's regiment. He had passed through the hard school of cavalry training which Pulaski had introduced and he had learned much of what Pulaski had to teach. A personal friend of Washington, the latter soon began to use him and his troop on independent missions, for Lee, without being a slavish imitator of the Polish general, could adapt his ideas to American conditions and fit them into the general pattern of the American theory of war. At about the same time Colonel Armand, Marquis de la Rouarie, also appears as the head of an independent cavalry command. There were many more in the Continental army and in the south, even more than in the north, there were militia units which were speedily organized on the same model, and many of their leaders achieved fame in the later years of the war. They used the sword and the musket but they tended to approximate mounted infantry, rather than cavalry of the European school.

Once it was decided in the mind of Washington that this was to be the future development of the American cavalry, the post of Brigadier General and Commander of the Horse was destined to become one of administration and of training rather than of battle leadership. What Steuben had done for the infantry, Pulaski could not hope to do for the cavalry, for he was bored and annoyed by administrative duties and by long continued training. He thirsted for activity. He was ready to move to battle with but fifty men, rather than stay behind and send out detachments under some subordinate leader.

Undoubtedly in their interviews Pulaski had assured Washington he had no intention of quitting the American service. He was not resigning so much the commission of Brigadier General as he was the post of Commander of the

Horse and he was still seeking for other ways of being useful. It is highly significant that Washington took no steps after accepting the Pole's resignation to replace him in the cavalry until after he had formally written to the new President of the Continental Congress, Henry Laurens, on behalf of Pulaski and the new plans had been approved by the Board of War.

Then on March 20, he wrote to Colonel Moylan instructing him that Pulaski was leaving the cavalry, "never, I believe, to any general command in it again." He therefore ordered Moylan to go to Trenton and take command, until Congress determined who was to be the head of the force. He sent to the other colonels at the same time a statement that henceforth they were to receive their orders from Colonel Moylan.

The Irishman was jubilant. He had his old post back, for Washington had not carried out Pulaski's suggestion to put Colonel Bland in charge. After five months of subordination to the hated foreigner, he was again the senior officer and could look forward again with confidence to a speedy promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General. It did not come through. The coveted title was just beyond his reach and he remained only the senior colonel. Later when he was serving under General Greene, he had the same difficulties as those which he had with Pulaski. The years of the Revolution rolled on and only in 1783 after the conclusion of hostilities was he brevetted a Brigadier. The cavalry regiments remained as they were. Again and again under a skilled leader they might have rendered valuable service but the regular establishment of the Continental cavalry remained as it was to the very end.

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## CHAPTER NINETEEN

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### THE FOUNDING OF THE LEGION

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FIVE months of struggle with Congress and his subordinate officers and five months of failure to convince General Washington of the imperative need of organizing a regular cavalry division showed Casimir Pulaski that he was in the wrong post. His difficulties had not cooled his ardor or his faith in the ultimate victory of the United States, of liberty, and justice. He now decided to undertake a new task, to seek a new position, and in order to continue his services, he presented a more modest plea. He decided to ask for the establishment of an independent force of infantry and cavalry on the lines which he had projected, when he first came to America. With this he believed that he could justify his theories and by selecting and training the men himself, he was sure that he could create a force which would come up to his expectations.

There was plenty of material. He was surprised by the number of men who had served in various capacities in European armies. Some of them had heard of him in Europe and had made their way to America to serve with him. Some had come from Poland where they had been trusted associates in the armies of the Confederation. Many others had drifted to the United States for personal reasons and were living here when the Revolution broke out. There were still others who had come with the Hessian and other detachments in the British army and had then deserted and were only too ready to enter the American service. Most of them were living in the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland where there were relatively large non-Anglo-



Saxon colonies. He undoubtedly believed that he could draw these men together and create an efficient force out of them.

General Washington was sympathetic to the idea. It seemed a good way to heal the discord in the regular cavalry regiments and he was still convinced that Pulaski could render valuable aid, if he were only used in the right way. He was willing to give the idea a fair trial, the more so as it fitted in with the general plans of army development. Accordingly within ten days after he received the resignation of Pulaski, he wrote to Henry Laurens, the new President of the Continental Congress:

"Sir — This will be presented to you by Count Pulaski, who, from a conviction that his remaining at the head of the cavalry was a constant subject of uneasiness to the principal officers of that Corps, has been induced to resign his command. Waiving a minute inquiry into the causes of dissatisfaction, which may be reduced perhaps to the disadvantages under which he labored, as a stranger not well acquainted with the language, genius, and manners of this country, it may be sufficient to observe, that the degree of harmony, which is inseparable from the well-being and consequent utility of a corps, has not subsisted in the cavalry since his appointment and that the most effectual as well as the easiest remedy is that which he has generously applied.

The Count, however, far from being disgusted with the service, is led by his thirst for glory, and zeal for the cause of liberty, to solicit further employment, and waits upon Congress to make his proposals. They are briefly, that he be allowed to raise an independent corps, composed of sixty-eight horse and two hundred foot, the horse to be armed with lances and the foot equipped in the manner of light infantry. The former he thinks he can readily fill with natives of good character, and worthy the trust reposed in them. With respect to the other, he is desirous of more latitude so as to have the liberty of engaging prisoners and deserters from the enemy.

The original plan for the lance-men was to have drafted them from the regiments of horse. But, as this method would produce a clashing of interests and perhaps occasion more disturbances, the Count prefers having a corps totally unconnected with any other. My advice to him, therefore, is to enlist his number of cavalry with the Continental bounty; and if it should be found consonant to the views of Congress to allow his raising the number proposed over and above the establishment for the horse, then he would have them on the footing of an independent corps; if not, he might at all events have them on drafts; and in this case there would be no ground for complaint.

With regard to the infantry, which the Count esteems essential to the success of the cavalry, I have informed him, that the enlisting deserters and prisoners is prohibited by a late resolve of Congress. How far Congress might be inclined to make an exception, and license the engaging of prisoners in a particular detached corps, in which such characters may be admitted with less danger than promiscuously in the line, I could not undertake to pronounce.

I have only to add, that the Count's valor and active zeal on all occasions have done him great honour; and, from a persuasion that, by being less exposed to the inconveniences which he has hitherto experienced, he will render great services with such a command as he asks for. I wish him to succeed in his application.

P.S. It is to be understood, that the Count expects to retain his rank as Brigadier, and, I think, is entitled to it from his general character and particular disinterestedness in the present situation."

Such a letter is in striking contrast to those which Washington had written five months before. Perhaps at first, despite the pleadings of Lafayette, he had been inclined to think of Pulaski as another of the European officers who were often a bane to his existence. He now knew the Pole as an ardent lover of liberty, an excellent soldier, a fearless leader, and a generally valuable man. He was in agreement

with Pulaski's resignation but he felt as did Casimir that this should not mark an end to his services in the United States and the flurry with Wayne which had precipitated the crisis was only an unfortunate episode.

Washington's request was referred to the Board of War under General Horatio Gates. After the disintegration of the Conway Cabal, sentiment had turned away from Gates toward Washington and that clever politician was less inclined to reject a request from the Commander-in-Chief than he would have been some months previously. However before giving a decision, he referred the matter to General Charles Lee.

This man had had a stormy and varied career. He was a professional soldier of the British army and had come to America with the British troops during the French and Indian War. He had made many friends but at the conclusion of hostilities he had returned to England. As a result of some difficulty, he had resigned from the British army and served for a while as aide-de-camp to King Stanislas August of Poland with the rank of Major General in the Polish army at the time when Pulaski was leading the forces of the Confederation of Bar. He must therefore have been familiar with the military record of Pulaski in Poland. Then he had passed into the Russian service with the same rank and must have known the Russian opinion of the young Pole. Finally he had returned to America and by tales of his wide experience had dazzled the Americans into inviting him to enter their army and he had received a rank next to Washington. He was later captured by the British and was now out on parole awaiting a formal exchange.

Naturally Lee had never met Pulaski in Poland but he could not have failed to know of him. Now for his own reasons, he emphasized the fact that he did not know him personally but he warmly approved the plan of the Legion with the recommendation that it be increased to 1200 horse and 800 foot. Similarly in another report to Charles Thompson, the Secretary of Congress, he added that he did not ap-

prove of a commander of the horse, since there were not five tolerable cavalry officers in Europe. He recommended however the formation of independent corps and added: "Pulaski's Scheme of dressing, arming, and manoueuering his Legion appears to me admirable—I sincerely wish that Congress may double the number of his Legion, as I am persuaded from his Principle that he will render thus most essential services."

Lee's warm approval of the proposed organization removed the last doubts in the minds of the Board of War and on March 19, General Gates, Pickering and Peters formally signed the report to Congress recommending that the Legion be formed in accordance with the recommendation of Washington. Another hurdle had been crossed and on the next day Washington relieved Pulaski of his command.

Then there began for Pulaski another period of impatient waiting. With all the ardor of his soul, he wanted the final permission to set to work and it was not forthcoming. He went to York where the Congress was in session and he tried to hurry their decision. He found again the same delays that he had met five months before. Day after day passed. Casimir Pulaski who was jubilant at the news that the Board of War had adopted his proposal became more and more anxious. He wanted to get to work and the next week of inaction seemed longer than the years of waiting at Marseilles.

On March 28, he wrote in his impossible English:

"Gentil Men—My Zeal for Your Serryce is veriwell know. It won't deserve to be rejected. I beg you as a favour to permit me to serve You or If my proposal disples You let me no. The answer for which I am expecting sins ten dais. which the honourable Congress well give mi, shal be the recompens of my ( ) willing to conduct the Publick Interes. I expect it, and I reman with respect

Gentil men

Your most humb servant  
Cr. Pulaski, Gl."

The project propose by me  
"Is to Wil to Support of Our Army  
That I belev many business ought not to stoping  
decision of this  
Saturday morning."

The affair was meanwhile dragging its slow length along. Congress finally took the report under consideration and on April 4, it voted to create the Legion in these words:

"Congress took into consideration, a report of the 19. from the Board of War; whereupon, resolved, that the Count Pulaski retain the Brigadier in the Army of the United States, and that he raise and have command of an independent corps to consist of sixty-eight horse, and two hundred foot, the horse to be armed with lances, and the foot equipped in the manner of light infantry; the corps to be raised in such way and composed of such men as General Washington shall think expedient and proper; and if it shall be thought by General Washington that it will not be injurious to the service, that he have liberty to dispense, in this particular instance, with the resolve of Congress against enlisting deserters."

Pulaski's spirits rose when he received the news. For the first time since he had come to America, he was going to have command of a new unit to be formed on the lines which he recommended and to be trained from the very beginning according to his own system. He would know now whether he could carry over to America those ideas which he had formed on the plains of Poland. He had received exactly what he had asked for and the only thing that had been refused him was the minor provision about enlisting prisoners of war who were willing to serve. He could recruit deserters as he had in Europe and he felt that he was really going to have a free hand. In addition to that, Washington gave him permission on April 9 to select his own officers and it was easy to guess whom they would be. His old friend and loyal assistant Paul Bentalou became Captain and really the Adjutant and Aide of Pulaski. Zielinski received

his commission as lieutenant and was later promoted to Captain. Michael de Kowacz was made Colonel Commandant. He was either a Pole or a Hungarian who had served in the Prussian Army before coming to America, Then Henry Bedkin, who was dissatisfied with Moylan's service, was made Brigade-Major, Count de Montfort became a Captain; Baron de Botzen, Lieutenant Colonel and commander of the Infantry, James de Segurd, a Captain and Joseph Baldeski, Captain and Paymaster. It will be seen at once that Pulaski had chosen his officers almost entirely from men who had served in the European armies and had there learned the system which he was trying to introduce. All of them spoke French and other foreign languages that Pulaski knew himself, so that the language problem which had bothered him earlier was almost completely eliminated, for a considerable number of the privates and non-commissioned officers were also drawn from the same sources and from the Germans of Pennsylvania and Maryland.

On April 6, Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the raising and outfitting of the Legion. Each man was to receive equipment worth \$150 and it was to consist of a carbine, a cap, a pair of trousers, a coat, two pairs of stockings, two pairs of drawers, three pairs of shoes, and a cartridge box. Each of the cavalymen was also to have a lance, boots, a saddle, a bit, a currycomb, a cloak, saddle bags and a halter. Yet even this money was not forthcoming in a lump sum. The Treasury doled it out only as they thought Pulaski needed it. It was a month before he received anything and then on May 7, he received \$10,000 from Joseph Nourse. On May 11, he received \$16,000 more and finally on May 27, he was able to get the balance of \$24,000.

He selected Baltimore as his headquarters and he stayed there a great deal of the time training men but to recruit the privates, he sent his officers up and down the coast. Major Bedkin was in charge of the recruiting at Trenton, and there on April 23, he printed an advertisement in the *New Jersey Gazette*, Vol. 1, No. 21, which shows the lan-

guage of the day and the general spirit with which Pulaski regarded his undertaking:

"Congress having resolved to raise a Corps consisting of Infantry and Cavalry, to be commanded by General Count Pulaski. All those who desire to distinguish themselves in the service of their Country, are invited to enlist in that corps, which is established on the same principles as the Roman Legions were. The frequent opportunities which the nature of service of that corps will offer to the enterprising, brave and vigilant soldiers who shall serve in it, are motives which ought to influence those who are qualified for Admission into it, to prefer it to other corps not so immediately destined to harrass the enemy; and the many captures which will infallibly be made, must indemnify the legionary soldiers for the hardships they must sustain, and the inconsiderable sum given for bounty, the term for their service being no longer than one year from the time that the corps shall be completed. Their dress is calculated to give a martial appearance, and to secure the soldier against the inclemency of the weather and seasons. The time for action approaching, those who desire to have an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in that corps, are requested to apply to Col. Kowatch, at Easton, to Major Julius, Count of Mont-Fort at head-quarters, or at Major Bedkin's quarters at Trenton."

Congress facilitated the enlistment by counting men who applied in the quotas of the various states from which they came and they also extended to the members of the Legion the same Continental bounty that was offered to men enlisting in the regular line.

From the time when he began his training of the men about May 1st, Pulaski was constantly occupied. He supervised every detail of the training and of the organization. He visited all the centres where he had recruiting officers not once but several times. He himself interviewed large numbers of the applicants. The work went well but slowly and finally Pulaski had in his Legion not 268 men as au-

thorized but 330. It was a small and almost insignificant command for Pulaski after the forces which he had led in Poland but it was his own unit, his very own, and he was intensely proud of it.

Yet even this small number was not secured without difficulties. Washington had strictly ordered him not to enlist prisoners of war. They had been included in Casimir's first scheme and with his usual disregard for details, he casually overlooked this prohibition. He began to recruit prisoners and while the Continental Congress had approved the enlisting of deserters to a total of one third of the infantry, they refused further concessions. Washington on May 1 was obliged to write him.

"I am exceedingly concerned to learn that you are acting contrarily both to a positive Resolve of Congress and my express orders, in engaging British prisoners for your Legionary Corps. When Congress referred you to me on the subject of its command, to facilitate your raising it, I gave you leave to enlist one-third deserters in the foot, and was induced to do even that, from your assuring me that your intention was principally to take Germans, in whom you thought a great confidence might be placed.

The British prisoners will cheerfully enlist, as a ready means of escaping, the Continental bounty will be lost and your Corps as far as ever from being complete. I desire therefore that the prisoners may be returned to their confinement, and that you will for the future adhere to the restrictions under which I laid you. The Horse are to be, without exception, natives who have ties of property and family connections. I am sorry it is not in my power to grant your request relative to draughting four men per Regiment for your Corps, as this would be branching ourselves out into different Corps without increasing our strength, and Men cannot conveniently be spared from the line at present."

Washington had allowed him to take two men from each of the four regiments and a sergeant from the regiment of Colonel Sheldon so as to have a partially trained nucleus



but the number of two or four made very little difference, since men were eager to serve under the celebrated Polish commander. So marked was this tendency that men began to leave the regular Maryland line to join the new corps. General Smallwood protested and on June 13, Washington again ordered Pulaski to send back these men.

The problem of supplies was even more exasperating than the problem of men. The state of Maryland now appropriated two messkits and other pieces of equipment. Now they gave three more. All of them increased the paper work. Pulaski had to run around to the various shops in Baltimore and the various army depots to secure cloth for the uniforms and then he had to buy this in small quantities. It was all a terrible waste of time and Pulaski bitterly felt it.

Yet amid his occupations there is a curious interlude. In Poland, he had been a devout Roman Catholic and in the United States there were very few Roman Catholic priests. We have no record of his attending any church services but on Maundy Thursday, April 16, he and Colonel Kowacz suddenly appeared at the evening service of the Moravian sisters at Bethlehem near Easton. It is said that Pulaski had been obliged to protect the sisters against the outrages of some soldiers. Be this as it may, it is interesting to note that there is this definite record of his attendance at a Protestant service, when we consider his former devotion as a Knight of the Holy Cross.

The Moravian settlement at Bethlehem was an outgrowth of the same movement in Bohemia and Germany. At the time of the Revolution, German and perhaps some Czech was used in the community, for the Moravians were living a rather isolated existence and trying to keep from too deep involvement in the war. We are led to wonder if perhaps the sound of a service in other than English stirred in Pulaski's heart some memory of his past life. Did he find there some Slav speaking individuals with whom he could talk? We cannot tell but at all events, he not only attended this service but a month later on May 17 when he returned to

Easton, he attended the service with his entire staff. The sisters carefully noticed it in their records and it stands now as one of the few non-military incidents recorded in the life of the gallant General.

There was in the American army at the time a very definite anti-Catholic as well as anti-foreign feeling. It was not shared by the leaders but there were many attacks on different officers for also being Roman Catholic. It is highly significant that no charges of this kind were ever made against Pulaski. His religious views never caused him any trouble and this despite the ardent attitude towards matters of the Faith which he had taken at home. On the contrary, his worst enemies were to be found among the members of his own Church, who attacked him on racial rather than on religious grounds.

It was on his second visit to Bethlehem that he received the guidon which was to be the standard of his regiment. It was red and ornamented with orange embroidery trimmed with green and on one side was the initials US and the Latin phrase *Unita Virtus Forti* (United Virtue is strong) and on the other is the all-seeing eye with the phrase *Non Alius Regit* (No Other Rules.)

There has been a persistent tradition that this guidon was presented to Pulaski by the Moravian sisters out of gratitude for the help which he showed them. The story goes on to say that it was made by Joanna von Gersdorf, Rebeka Langley, Julia Bader, Anna Beam, Anna Hussey, and Erdmuth Langly. There is no record of this presentation and neither is there preserved any proof that Pulaski on his first visit had noticed the beautiful embroidery of the sisters and had definitely ordered and paid for it, nor can we be sure that it was ordered for him by some ladies of Baltimore. We only know that the guidon came from Bethlehem but we do not know under what conditions.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow described the episode in a famous poem.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM  
AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER

When the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowed head;  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The crimson banner, that with prayer  
Had been consecrated there.  
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,  
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

“Take thy banner! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner! and beneath  
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it, till our homes are free!  
Guard it- God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner! But when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him! By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him! he our love hath shared!  
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

Take thy banner! and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee!"

The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

It is a beautiful poem but it rests on very little historical basis. The flag was only a guidon about two feet square and after Pulaski's untimely death it was preserved by his friend Bentalou and deposited in Baltimore. The whole poem fits well into the attitude that sent Pulaski into the Knights of the Holy Cross and the Confederation of Bar. He loved such ceremonies. He was responsive to the beautiful and the mystery of religion, but here in Bethlehem in the simple church of the sisters, there was none of the ritual and the pomp that had marked his former entrance into a campaign.

Pulaski continued his work in unusually good spirits but even so he was not entirely satisfied. As he wandered around the waterfront of Baltimore and pursued his search for the necessary supplies for the Legion, he noticed an unused brig lying in the harbor. It gave him another idea of the way in which the Legion could be rendered even more useful to the American cause and also of a method whereby the necessary supplies could be obtained. On June 10, he wrote to Governor Johnson to ask that this ship be put at the disposal of the Legion. He was positive that training as marines would be useful when the British began to evacuate as they would have to do when America had definitely won the war. In the meanwhile he would have the opportunity to prepare his men for that day by sending groups of them on maritime expeditions. Here again was a relic of the ideas of Beniowski who had tried to enlist him in overseas ventures. It was more modest than was his proposed dream of an invasion of Madagascar but it was along the same lines. "My soldiers

must then be instructed. Soon, and be like the Roman troops which were obliged to make their Service everywhere." He hoped that the individual soldiers would contribute of their own funds and that they would be more than compensated by the rich prizes which they would capture. The ship was to be fitted as a privateer with those additional articles of equipment which were necessary for landing and battling on shore. He could make money for his men by raiding British shipping, he could either capture supplies which were not allowed by the Continental authorities or secure the money to buy them himself. Later as his dreams grew more roseate, he added that if he succeeded in securing the brig and making enough out of her prizes, he intended to buy a frigate for the Corps. He visualized the Legion as a great amphibious force able to decide the fortunes of war on land and sea with its own navy, its own infantry, its own cavalry and artillery.

The Council of Maryland disapproved the entire venture. They pointed out that Captain Stone, the owner of the ship, was unwilling to make any agreement with the state and that the title of ownership was so involved in lawsuits that any man who tried to solve them or take over the ship without being perfectly familiar with American law would be at a severe disadvantage. They added as a final word, "General Pulaski's Defence of the Liberties of mankind in general, and his attaching himself especially to the liberties of America, intitles him to our attentive regard." (Journal and Correspondence of the Council of Maryland, 1778-1779, p. 129f) So the matter ended. Pulaski was unable to find any other ship and he allowed his plan of training the Legion on land and sea to slide into the background.

Impatiently Pulaski worked away. He was getting his men and his supplies together, for he wanted to have the Legion duly accepted by Congress and return with it to the field for the summer's campaign. He wanted to carry out his plan of raiding the enemy-held territory and he chafed at the inactivity that was forced upon him by the work of organization.

Meanwhile great events were occurring. There were persistent rumors that Howe was making preparations to evacuate Philadelphia and return to New York. Pulaski prayed that his departure might be postponed until after the Legion was ready. It was not to be. On June 18, long before the Legion could be ready, the word came that Howe had started north. Washington pursued him and then on June 28, there came the battle of Monmouth, which was ineffectual in stopping the British owing to the actions of that same Charles Lee who had been in the service of King Stanislas. Pulaski was furious that he had not been present and he groaned as he realized that proper use of the cavalry might have swayed the course of the battle. Even one charge by a few well trained troops would have done wonders for the Americans. It inspired him to new efforts and it drove him to still more strenuous attempts to secure the needed supplies.

There was only one way to get them and that was to buy them out of his own money. He had received a considerable sum from Poland and without hesitation he opened his own purse to supply his men. Later he could secure refunds from Congress but that meant the presentation of vouchers for the supplies which he had purchased with his own money or from government advances. His paymaster, Captain Joseph Baldeski, tried in vain to keep the records of the Legion straight and in the prescribed forms. Pulaski had never been a man for paper work. In Poland he had had many quarrels with the Generalcy over his carelessness with his accounts. Here it was even worse. It was none of his business to preserve receipts for a couple of messkits or the bill for six pairs of shoes for his soldiers. He had more important work to do and it was far simpler for him to jot down long lists of items of supplies bought with the price which he paid, have the totals added, and forward them to Congress with the notation that these bills were correct. He simply signed his statements and turned them over to the Paymaster for proper action.

The Continental Congress and its auditors strongly disapproved of this procedure and they made their displeasure plain. There was something to be said for their attitude. The Congress was dependent upon the states for all of its funds. It knew the jealousy of the various states and the refusal of contributions, if there was anything that savored of favoritism. They were going to be careful. They were not going to approve these accounts unless they were in the proper form. But to Pulaski it was merely another interference of the civilian authorities in the prosecution of war. He knew and they knew that the listed supplies were at the disposal of the Legion. He knew and they knew that the items were necessary for the morale and happiness of the men, for efficient service in the field, and he was not going to waste his time on further discussion. It was the same with the number of the men. He now had 62 more than Congress had allowed. What of that? It meant sixty-two men more in the battleline when the Legion went into action.

Congress stormed and Pulaski fought. The Committee of Arrangements took the matter up with Washington and with superb common sense, after the dispute had lasted for months, he wrote on October 8 that "the principal motive for authorizing the Count to raise his Corps, was to induce him voluntarily to relinquish the command of the cavalry, with which the officers under him were in general dissatisfied, and it was thought better to submit to the defect in its composition, than either to leave the cavalry in a state, which occasioned a total relaxation of discipline or to force the Count out of it, whose zeal and bravery entitled him to regard, without compensating in some way that might reconcile him to the sacrifice, he was required to make." Washington also pointed out that it would be no gain to force Pulaski to discharge the extra men. They had been equipped and trained and the American army was not so over supplied with men and equipment that it could afford for technical reasons to dispense with sixty-two soldiers, most of whom would at once leave the army and their outfits would be lost

to the government. There is not a shadow of reproach for the enthusiastic Pole. Washington understood what Casimir was after and he sympathized with his efforts. Yet it was as it had been in Poland and despite the favorable letters and reports, the difficulties only made Casimir more obstinate and more determined that he would develop the Legion in his own way and file the reports that he wished in the way he wished to make them.

More serious were complaints regarding the discipline of his troops. Here again Casimir acted up to his old convictions. He had always believed that it was the duty of a competent military commander to adopt a stern attitude toward lukewarm and indifferent civilians as well as toward those who were disaffected and hostile. Here as in Poland he found himself surrounded by people who were only platonically for the cause of liberty or were secretly hostile to it.

The situation was made worse because around Pennsylvania there were many Quakers, who refused to support the war, however much they sympathized with American independence. There were German groups that belonged to various pacifistic sects, and declined to cooperate. Finally there were the Tories who were in their hearts loyal to the king of England.

Pulaski made no attempt to discriminate between these groups. He placed them all in one category and with a clear conscience, he allowed his men to requisition supplies from them and give them bills payable in depreciated Continental currency. If they objected, he allowed his men to take the supplies. When Congress or other officials objected, he brushed aside their arguments with a clear conscience, just as he had neglected the temporizing arguments of the Generalcy in Poland.

Again and again Washington had to write him to urge him to be more careful of the feelings and wishes of the inhabitants. The governor of Pennsylvania and the authorities stormed and protested, but they left Pulaski cold. He saw only that his men were hungry and that the supplies were



there and he had no intention of allowing them to starve, while the foes of America were enjoying good food, good shelter, and a comfortable life.

His men were encouraged by this attitude on the part of their leader and it is very possible that they went beyond his orders in some cases. Thus on June 24, Washington wrote him of a complaint that some of his regiment with the support of Colonel Kowacz had abused a Sergeant of a Guard and a prisoner. Pulaski made a formal apology but that was all.

The situation came to a head in the autumn on the very eve of his taking the field. Chief Justice McKean of Pennsylvania formally had him arrested for requisitioning private property. Pulaski refused to pay any attention to the Chief Justice and he appealed to Congress. The case was so perplexing and so many points were raised that the members of Congress realized that they had to back up Pulaski or reveal their own impotence. They mulled over the situation and finally on October 10, they produced a resolution that justified Pulaski's actions:

**"Ordered that the Board of War be directed to inquire into the claim made against Count Pulaski, on which he has been lately arrested and if such claim has arisen for articles furnished to the Legion, that the Board of War pay what shall appear to them reasonable and if not accepted, that the Board procure Bail to the Suit and that the Board be directed to inform Brigadier Count Pulaski that it is the duty of every military officer in the service of these States to yield obedience to any process issuing from any court, judge or magistrate within any of these United States."**

The case disappears from history and it is very evident that it was nothing but an attempt of Pulaski to secure supplies and pay for them in Continental currency when the owners preferred British money or species. Yet that provision that the military must yield obedience to every civil officer in any court must have rankled in the breast of the proud General. Washington many times had seen his best laid plans checked

and thwarted by these methods. He had adopted a stern and deliberate policy to obey the civil authorities but he must have been inwardly pleased at the determination of the enthusiastic Pulaski to get those supplies and maintain the dignity of the army. He could not follow him or approve him, but he did not have it in his heart to reprimand or punish too severely a dashing and courageous officer who was risking everything in the American cause and who expected that other Americans would do the same.

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## CHAPTER TWENTY

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### EGG HARBOR

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THE vexations and the difficulties in regard to payment and requisitions kept Casimir Pulaski annoyed and irritated. They did not stop his working. Day in and day out, he went about his appointed tasks, never pausing for a moment. Now he was in Baltimore. Now he was in Easton. Now he was riding somewhere else to interview some recruits, to secure supplies, to drill his men and by the end of July the work was done. The ranks of the Legion were filled and more than filled. The men were outfitted and as they passed in review before the critical eye of the commander, he felt that he had a good force at his command. It was small but with it he felt that he could do great things. He could aid in the American struggle for liberty and he could vindicate to the American people the confidence and the trust that they had reposed in him. Yes, and he could show again to his friends and enemies in Poland that his victories had not been mere accidents, that he was still a great leader, still a great patriot.

There was just one more hurdle to overcome — the acceptance of the finished Legion by the Continental Congress. What would be their impression of the men whom he had drilled and uniformed and equipped often at his own expense? After that would come the final test by fire when the Legion for the first time would enter into active service and oppose a determined enemy.

Casimir heard rumors that Congress intended to use his appearance before it as an opportunity to air all the charges that had been made against him by his enemies. He was

always suspicious of civilian deliberative bodies and his experience both in Poland and the United States had only strengthened his suspicions. He had no political training and his blunt nature put him always at a disadvantage before them. So as to avoid incident, he had the scattered units assemble at Wilmington. The cavalry reached there on August 11. The infantry arrived on the 15th and while he was waiting for them, he wrote on August 13 to his friend Richard Henry Lee to intercede for him and help him in his interview with Congress. Then when the infantry arrived, the entire force marched to Philadelphia. Again there was great excitement. Buttons were polished to the last degree of perfection, the horses were groomed, the equipment was prepared for inspection, and all was ready. The review was held and Congress was duly impressed and cheered the new unit.

That was not all. Pulaski had written to Congress from Wilmington and his letter was duly referred to a committee to inquire into the state of the Legion. That Committee met. There was no talk of defects in its organization and training. There were no objections to the uniforms and accoutrements. There was a great deal of oratorical fireworks over Pulaski's accounts. He told them that he had spent \$16,000 of his own money. They wanted to know for what, what items had been furnished by the government and what by himself. They interrogated him as to his method of handling accounts and they did everything to annoy and embitter the haughty Pole.

He stood the cross-examination well and again the Committee seemed satisfied but they were still unable to take a final vote and definitely approve what they already admired. Then they issued a new directive. He was to stay near Philadelphia until he could learn from General Washington where he was to go with the Legion. He had written to Washington and reported but had received word from him to wait until Congress or the Board of War definitely authorized him to take the field.

It was the same old game. Washington was near New York. The Congress and the Board of War were at Philadelphia. It took days for messages to pass back and forth and the summer was passing. In the main theatre of war there was little activity but there were plenty of small missions that the Legion could perform. In the meanwhile weeks passed and the Legion seemed no nearer active service than when General Pulaski had led it to Philadelphia.

The general's mood became gloomy and irritated. As always in periods of inactivity, he became depressed and unhappy. He believed that every one was against him and he could not be convinced that the delays were anything but malicious opposition. So on September 17, he again protested to Congress and said in his letter:

"I am a Republican, which the love of glory, and the honour of supporting the Liberty of the United States drew hither. I blush tho to find myself languishing in a state of inactivity, animated with the zeal of serving ye, and the support of my reputation, urged me, gentlemen to write ye . . . The revue is passed, there remained but for me to ask the payment of the soldiers, and commissions of the officers, with permission to march against the enemy, that is what I take the liberty to request in waiting your answer."

On September 19, Washington wrote him:

"I think it will be proper for you to join the Army with your Corps, as there yet remains more than two months in which the Enemy may operate in the Field. However, you are not to proceed with it till you receive orders from Congress or the Board of War for the purpose. If Congress or the Board of War direct you to join the Army, you will proceed to Fredericksburgh on the East side of the North River, in the state of New York.

P.S. If you are directed by Congress to proceed to the Army, and you hear as you pass thro' Jersey, that the Enemy have landed in that state, you will give General Maxwell every assistance that you can with your Corps."

This was a direct order, subject to that necessary confirma-

tion but Washington had spoken and so the entreaties of Pulaski and the activity of his own friends and the supporters of the Commander-in-Chief prevailed. After nearly six weeks of waiting around Philadelphia, while expenses increased and the morale of the men suffered from idleness, the moment had come. Washington's definite orders were issued on September 29 and Pulaski at once started.

The British had sent a large raiding force into the state of New Jersey to collect supplies and prey upon the population. They hoped that they could lure Washington into a general attack on New York but he was not yet ready and so he sent Major General Lord Stirling toward Paramus to watch the enemy and defeat the raiding detachment. The Commander-in-Chief ordered Pulaski and the Legion to put himself at the disposal of Lord Stirling. "As the Enemy are out in considerable force in Jersey, near Hackensack, you will make particular enquiry of their situation as you advance lest you should fall in with their parties."

These orders were never carried out. Hardly had the Legion started to move, when there developed another and more serious threat to the American positions in south Jersey, where the British were threatening to send landing parties into the various bays and so on October 4, Washington changed the orders and instructed Pulaski to hurry to Egg Harbor on the New Jersey coast.

The various bays and inlets in southern New Jersey were of vital importance to the Americans. Howe had evacuated Philadelphia and returned to New York but the superior naval forces of the British remained at the mouth of the Delaware River and prevented the free importation of munitions and supplies through that important artery. On the other hand American privateers could use these little bays and inlets as a base of operations against the British supply coming into New York harbor. Then by moving up Mullica Creek, it was a relatively short haul to send the captured equipment to Philadelphia. Too large a proportion of British munitions were taking this road and on September

30, Lord Howe sent a British vessel under Captain Collins, with a force of 400 men (largely loyalists) under Captain Patrick Ferguson to occupy Egg Harbor and disperse the "pirates."

It was to meet this threat that Washington sent the Legion and Colonel Proctor's Artillery to the "Middle of the Shore," a little village on Pohatcong Creek now known as Tuckerton. Pulaski arrived on October 6 and took up his position about a mile from the shore in the residence of James Willett. He placed the cavalry of the Legion near by and sent the infantry to a thick wood half way between his own camp and the coast. Still further in front was a picket of about fifty of the infantry under the command of Colonel Baron de Botzen. Colonel Proctor's Artillery was stationed some distance away, and the New Jersey militia from Leads Point and Egg Harbor were on the alert in their respective communities. A detachment of Philadelphia militia was also moved to a point about sixteen miles away.

The stage was set when Ferguson's expedition landed near the house of a Captain Pain on Little Egg Harbor River. They burned it and destroyed some ships which were anchored in the neighborhood and which had not gone so far up stream as they should. The British landed from sloops and row galleys and might have advanced further and done more damage, had it not been for the rumors of the presence of the artillery which consisted of two brass twelve pounders and one three pounder.

The next events showed the folly of Pulaski in his policy of relying upon Hessian troops who had deserted to the Americans. Washington had yielded to him in this point with many misgivings and he turned out to be right. A certain Lieutenant Gustaw Juliet who had been taken into the Legion at the request of the Board of War deserted with three companions and with two other men whom they forced to accompany them. Apparently no special attention was paid to this. Colonel de Botzen had had a bitter argument with Juliet and the man was thirsting for revenge. De Botzen paid no at-

tention to this desertion and did not change his dispositions. It is even doubtful whether he informed Pulaski of it at the time. It was a definite mistake but the Legion was prepared for action and Pulaski was so busy scouting and patrolling that he also paid little attention to the incident, if he knew it.

Juliet and his friends made their way to Ferguson's camp and induced him to make a surprise attack upon Botzen and his picket. On the night of October 14, a force of about 250 men in rowboats with muffled oars, stole up. They hid their boats and at dawn were not far from De Botzen's camp. They left 50 men to secure a defile and a bridge and the rest pushed on.

The surprise was complete and Juliet had his revenge. The British caught and killed the sentries silently and then rushed the house. De Botzen attempted to rally his force but he was killed by a bayonet. Lieutenant de la Borderie and some 25 or 30 of the infantry in the outpost were slain. The noise of the fighting aroused Pulaski who was always on the alert. He hurriedly gathered the cavalry and dashed to the scene. In the early dawn, before the British had finished their work, within a quarter of an hour after the tumult started, Pulaski was on the scene. With slight delay, he compelled the British to retreat. They retired across the bridge which they destroyed behind them. Then they scattered in a swamp and although they lost some prisoners, the majority escaped. The Americans were held up in their pursuit by the wrecked bridge. The Light Infantry and part of the Rifle Company got across but they were in a difficult situation since they were separated from the main body of the troops by the stream and Pulaski had no intention of falling into another ambush while his chief forces were unable to act. He called off the pursuit and the British returned to their boats. About 25 were cut off, hid in the neighborhood and were sheltered by the Tories, much to the disgust of Pulaski who in his report to Henry Laurens announced that he intended to compel the inhabitants to sign the Oath of



Fidelity. The militia also in the neighborhood did not come up to the expectations of Pulaski and he accused their officers of not obeying his orders and of threatening and abusing Count Montfort.

The Americans secured considerable booty and the success of Pulaski in driving off the raiders is indirectly confirmed by the report of Captain Ferguson of the 70th Regiment that "We had an opportunity of destroying part of the baggage and equipage of Pulaski's Legion, by burning their quarters, but as the house belonged to inoffensive Quakers, who, I am afraid, may have sufficiently suffered already in the confusion of the night's struggle, the injury to be done there by the enemy would not have compensated for the sufferings of these innocent people." With the record of burnings and destruction on the entire expedition, it is easy to see that Ferguson and his men had been in turn surprised by the speed with which Pulaski and his cavalry put in an appearance and had not had time to execute their intentions.

In his report Ferguson gives the name of the deserter as Bromville and calls him a Frenchman. It is probable that he had taken a false name when he came over to the Americans, perhaps with a deliberate desire to repay them in some such way and the large number of foreigners and deserters in the Legion had encouraged him to get himself assigned to that unit. He seems at any rate not to have been originally selected by Pulaski but to have reached his post by the use of influential American friends. He also carried back word to Ferguson that Pulaski had issued an order to his troops to give No Quarter and Ferguson in his report plays up this theme.

There was of course no truth in the rumor. The British from Polish days had never been well disposed to Pulaski and they seized the opportunity of raking up the scandal of the attempted murder of King Stanislas and duly gave it publicity. During the summer of the next year there was published in the London Times a poem ostensibly written by a loyalist in Philadelphia and it received wide circulation.

Turn out Black Monsters; let us take our choice.  
What devilish Figure this, with devilish voice?  
Oh! 'Tis Polaski, 'tis a foreign chief,  
On him we'll comment, be our comment brief.  
What are his merits? Judges may dispute.  
We'll solve the doubts and praise him for a Brute.  
"No Quarter," is his motto; sweet and short,  
Good Britons, give him a severe retort,  
And yet he escapes the shot deserved so well.  
His noble horse in Carolina fell.  
He fears not in the Field, where Heroes Bleed;  
He starts at nothing but a generous Deed.  
Escaped from Poland where his murd'rous knife  
'Tis said was raised against his Sovereign's Life.  
Perhaps he scoffs, with Fashionable Mirth,  
The notion of a God who rules the earth.  
Fool! not to see that something more than Lott,  
Conducts the Traitor to his distant spott.  
Rank with congenial Crimes, that call for Blood,  
Where Justice soon must pour the purple Flood.  
A parricide, with Parracides to die,  
And VINDICATE THE POWER THAT RULES ON HIGH.

(Am. Hist. Record, 11, 439)

It was a great blow to Casimir Pulaski that the first test of his Legion had not been more successful. The Legion was his favorite child. He had put his whole heart into its development and to have the infantry surprised and its commander killed cut him to the quick. Worse than that, the disaster and the losses aroused all the opponents of the force to new torrents of abuse. They protested at the waste of money on such a useless and unsuccessful conception. Of course some one had blundered. That was evident, but on the other hand the British expedition had been driven off and the Americans had suffered less damage than they had in many other forays of the British, when the only protection had been that offered by the local militia. Yet the mere

fact that Pulaski was a foreign officer led to all of his reverses being magnified and his gains underestimated.

He stayed with the Legion at Egg Harbor for a few days more until the expedition had put to sea and started on its return trip. Then he took the Legion back to Trenton to reorganize the shattered infantry and to secure new recruits. This done, he again wrote a letter begging for permission to take the Legion northward and to operate in the neighborhood of King's Bridge, New York, where he could be near the British garrisons and maintain a constant threat against the British forces in New York, in case the strength of the forces there were weakened or there was a relaxation of vigilance. He emphasized again that the proper use of such a partisan and independent corps was independent of the main army, that the commander usually selected his own missions and that these were only rarely ordered as part of the general strategic plan.

His request fell upon deaf ears and instead Congress ordered him and all of the cavalry at or near Trenton to move to Sussex Court House to await the orders of Washington and it also decided to write the Commander-in-Chief to select a place for the winter quarters of all the cavalry where there would be a suitable supply of fodder for the horses. Winter was again coming on. During the past season and in fact ever since his retirement as commander of the horse, nothing had been done to provide supplies for the cavalry. The four regiments had remained relatively quiet all summer. They had undergone no fundamental training and their efficiency had not improved.

The attacks on Pulaski and the Legion continued. They had been gaining in volume and ferocity ever since the affair at Egg Harbor and the commander was becoming more exasperated and nettled by them. On the 27th, he again picked up his pen and wrote a fundamental defence of his men.

"Gentlemen — It is most useless to try of Justifying my Self since to the prejudice of my Corps composed only with

men of honour ye have so fund of hearing the Complaints of men only I... of of others Reputation besides all I could say would be Contradicted by their falsehood, and I know perfectly well their Right will always be above those of foreigners. My only prospect is this is take the Defence of my comrades, which surely Deserve not to be insulted. I have been in ye service sixteen months ago and certainly ye never had a man more Devoted and perhaps more able of being usefull to ye but as far as I can see I would doe all the best things in the world. They should always turn to my Disadvantage in the mind of Such Bad persons which on pretext of taking the publick's interest are only thinking to their own and which Look's with Jealous eye anything above their merit. We come near the time in which all noise against foreigners shall be over in being separated with your Republick it is nevertheless very hard to Cary away with us the Regret of not having pleased you in a time our intentions was never other than to sacrifice our selves for your welfare. I am acquainted with the complaints ye have had against my corps. I beg of ye, Gentlemen, to be kind enough to examine the matter, and I can sure ye'll recover the wickedness of our accusers. Now I will begin from the time I was authorized by ye Gentlemen to raise this Independent Corps in the month's of April. I did send the officers Here after mentioned to Recruit, viz. at Easton— Colonel Kowacz, at Lancaster, Major Montfort, at Baltimore Captain Segourd and Baltimore, at Boston Captain Paskes, in the Jerseys, Captain Bedkin, in Virginia Lieutenant Woolf Palmer and Welch, in Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Rompell, at Albania Major Dubois and on Berlin what's at Easton (?), as for me I went from one place to another to Look at every think to get all the Recruits together, get them Dressed, and Exercise them. I was never informed of any bad conduct of any persons under my command without giving all the satisfaction in my power. I have not been always used so far from it, I have been abused by some of the Justice of this country. The last affair I had in Philadelphia and the insult I had in

particular by one of this members will never be advantageous to the reputation of this country. I just come from doing all in my power to fulfil the Difficult Expedition I was sent and I am told my corps is accused of misconduct because I suppose some of my soldiers has taken some trifles for which they were punished most severely tho' they wanted everything which they could not be supplied with for their money being amongst Torys, that Looks upon us worse than their own Enemies. They fired several times in the night upon my patrols and sentrys and I was obliged to force them to show me the Road to the Enemy in the last action. I had. The Retreat to thirty men which was Hidden by the said Torys and when my soldiers were seeking for them they were fired at without knowing where it came from; now do ye think Gentlemen such conduct from the inhabitants of that place could get them the friendship of my soldiers who did behave so well for sake of their welfare, now to compleat their Badness they told ye the English would have hurted them less than we did. And I suppose you believe them. I shall say no more about that matter, it is sufficient I think to make you perceive the injustice of our calumniators. You say my corps behaved ill in Baltimore. I will send you the certificates I have from the Justice of that place about the contrary. I show you also the certificate of the Quarter Master and furage master of Trenton of whom I heard you had complaints, Colonel Hupper from Easton can also give you an account of the Behavior of the Corps when he was laying there, in fine M. Suliman the bearer of this will tell you further. I desire nothing Gentlemen so much as being justified in ye minds and Having once fulfilled my Duty carry away along with me your Good opinion I hope also Gentlemen you'll Grant 2 favors, the 1st to give me an opportunity to make you acquainted with the valor of my soldiers, the second is to settle my accounts with Captain Baldesqui and Reimburse the Money I have laid out for the Legion, if he chuse at the same Time for you own interest, to Deliver a Commission of Captain to Mr. Sulima who will

be appointed Quarter Master to the Legion you'll oblige me as to. . . . I am

Casimir Pulaski de Corwin."

The use of his name with the additional defining phrase was a sign of his exasperation. It almost invariably follows that he employs it only when he is asserting his own dignity in his letters and standing up for the reputation of his men. It becomes more frequent as he was angered by the repeated attacks upon the Legion and the objections that were made to the proper settlement of his accounts.

From Sussex Court House he reported to Washington on November 6 and as he was ill he sent his reports by M. Gérard, one of his officers. Now for the first time there appear allusions that he was becoming disgusted with the American service and was thinking of returning to Europe. He was beginning to feel that he was definitely out of place in the New World but he still hoped before his return that he would have the opportunity of doing valuable work for the new Republic.

We do not know definitely what he had in mind. There is certainly no hint of his turning to business as he had intimated to his sister. There was of course the constant stream of petty irritations and his failure to impress the American leaders with the real purposes and use of cavalry. Perhaps he had received word from his family that he could return to Poland. Perhaps Antoni was beginning to interest himself in clearing his brother's name. Perhaps he felt that with France actively in the war, he could do something valuable for Poland in that country. Perhaps the revival of the charges that he was a regicide induced him to return and try to clear his name. Perhaps it was dreams like many that stirred in his mind during the years since Czestochowa but at all events he began to play with the idea of returning to Europe.

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## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

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### ON THE FRONTIER

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PULASKI had barely reorganized his Legion and recovered from his illness when he saw another opportunity for service opening before him, — service on the frontier. He knew very little about this part of America. Undoubtedly he had heard from Washington and other of his friends about the futile campaigns which the British had launched against the French during the French and Indian War. He had heard tales of the helplessness of the British regulars at the time of the defeat of General Braddock but all these stories could mean little to him.

In his very first memorandum after his arrival in America he had urged the formation of fortified posts along the Canadian border. He had visualized these very much as he had the seizure of Czestochowa or of Okopy and he had wondered why nothing of the sort had been attempted. The great primeval forest was a sealed book to him. Now he was to have his chance to learn it.

All during the summer of 1778, the British from Fort Niagara together with Indian detachments under Chief Brandt had been raiding the American settlements in the Wyoming valley and rendering the interior unsafe for the few settlers. As winter came on, there was danger of more such parties coming in over the frozen snow on snowshoes and the frontier communities were loud in their demand for adequate military protection. Again with the scantiness of the American forces, there were no troops available but Washington finally thought of the Legion. Here was the place where Pu-

laski could be on active service all winter, if he so desired. There may have been a slight touch of humor in Washington's designation of the Legion to go to the frontier. He had never been too convinced of the utility of cavalry and might have thought it a good opportunity to see how Pulaski with his abundant theories would react to the situation in which he had himself received his earliest military training.

At all events on November 10, in acknowledging Pulaski's report, he replied: "Upon consulting Governor Clinton of the State of New York, upon a position, in which your Corps can be employed to advantage, and at the same time be plentifully subsisted in the Article of Forage, he advises the Minisink settlement upon Delaware. You will therefore be pleased to march immediately for that place, and take your station as near Cole's Fort, as you conveniently can. Let your Cavalry and Infantry be quartered as near together as possible, that you may, in case the Indian Enemy make any attempts upon the settlement, draw your forces quickly together. I must beg you to make use of all means to keep your Corps from marauding or in any way distressing the inhabitants, who will cheerfully contribute everything to your support if properly demanded. There are two Gentlemen of particular influence in that Country, Mr. Deput and Mr. Van Camp, who will assist you very much in procuring Forage and other necessities."

The possibility of action always aroused Pulaski's spirits and this time it was no different. He thrilled at the chance to be on his own and in his imagination he saw his little Legion winning new laurels and proving its value to the American cause. He visualized the Indian raids as very similar to the sorties of the Russian detachments against which he had fought in Poland and everything seemed rosy, as he started on the march to the southern edge of New York state.

Yet as he plunged further and further into the wilderness, he began to realize what the seemingly endless forest meant. Here and there were little clearings connected by almost im-



passable trails. Here and there were rude log cabins, very few frame houses, and the men of the frontier with their long rifles and muskets and their coonskin caps seemed to him a race apart. They were largely accustomed to solitude and their independent outlook on life and their isolation showed him how different they were from the people whom he had known in Poland or whom he had met along the seaboard.

As he came near Cole's Fort, where he was to be stationed, he became still more surprised and astonished. Here was no fort as he had known them in the old world. These were merely rude stockades built of wood, as places of refuge for the neighboring population. He heard alarming tales of the sudden onslaughts of the Indians and the Tories who were wilder than the Indians themselves. He heard of the Rangers who appeared and disappeared without a trace and spread fire and havoc throughout the valleys, carrying off prisoners, and scalping all whom they killed.

It did not take him long to see that the woods were no place for the cavalry. As he started out with his mounted patrols, the horses had to pick their way in single file over stumps and fallen trees. If they covered but a few miles, they were worn out and exhausted. This was no campaign against a visible foe. It was the struggle against a mysterious unseen enemy whom he could not track down or even discover. He had nothing to do but wait, wait, wait, until some raiding party put in an appearance.

The inaction began to get on his nerves. Was this what he had come to America to do? At the same time, the old problems began again. He had settled down at Rosecrantz on the other bank of the Delaware, for Cole's Fort had been surprised and burned during the late summer and there were no supplies or fodder. It was not long before the horses had made serious inroads upon the supplies at Rosecrantz and he had again to think as during the previous winter how he could secure the necessary forage.

Whatever may have been his intention or his enthusiasm

for forest warfare, he very soon came to the conclusion that the woodsmen with their unmilitary bearing and their independent discipline were far better suited to this type of warfare than were the lancers and the infantry drilled on European models. It was a question of days and not of weeks for him to realize what General Braddock had learned to his cost years before, that Indian fighting demanded other tactics and other equipment.

About this time there appeared in his camp another old friend, Colonel Kotkowski. There is a mystery about the movements of this officer. When Casimir first came to America, over a year before, Franklin had written to Washington that he was sending Kotkowski over and that Pulaski could vouch for him. Apparently something must have happened for there is no word of Kotkowski's arrival or movements until he appeared at the camp of the Legion along the Minisink. He apparently had landed in Boston in October and finally reached his friend. Pulaski asked that he be given the rank of Captain in the Legion with the pay of Lieutenant, until he had proved himself. Kotkowski travelled down to Philadelphia, secured his commission and then returned.

Yet even his arrival did not cheer Pulaski or rouse him from a fit of depression which grew deeper with each succeeding day. He asked Washington for some cannon and received the disappointing answer that it would not be practicable to send them until the ground froze solid. He had no blankets for his men. He had no ammunition and again there were the terrible problems of transportation over the muddy and freezing trails.

It was too much for the ebullient nature of Casimir Pulaski. The news that Kotkowski brought suggested to him that there might be better use for his services in Poland. He was obviously doing nothing here except exhausting his men and his horses. On November 26, not two weeks after he reached the Minisink, he was writing to Congress that "he desired to be employed near the enemy's lines and finds

himself placed in a wilderness where there is nothing but bears to fight." He wrote accordingly that he wished to return to Poland and resign his commission.

He wrote the same thing to Washington and the Commander-in-Chief answered in a cordial letter. "The motives which incline you to leave this Country, at the present juncture, are laudable. When you have arranged the affairs of your Corps, you have my consent to go to Philadelphia as you propose. I assure you, Sir, I have a high sense of your Merit and services and the principles that influenced the part you have taken in the affair of this Country. The disinterested and unremitted zeal which you have manifested in the Service gives you a title to the esteem of the Citizens of America, and have assured you mine."

To provide for the well being of the frontier, Washington then ordered Brigadier General Edward Hand to go to Minisink and take command and he also ordered the two detached corps of Colonel Armand and Captain Schott to join him in the region. Then for better protection he sent the German Battalion to Easton, where the problems of supply would not be so serious.

General Hand reached the Minisink on December 17 but apparently Pulaski had already left. He may have been summoned to Philadelphia by Congress over the continued problem of the debts of the Legion, for on December 5, he had written Congress; "I am not very rich, although I could have been it, but surely it is not upon your Expenses I shall enrich myself." It was the same old problem. The auditors of Congress were treating him as if he were dishonest, they were seeking for receipts and papers, while Casimir was interested only in securing supplies for his men.

Apparently when he withdrew himself from the Minisink, he took with him the cavalry which had proved its uselessness in the woods for we find the horses at Easton about the time that Hand, an experienced Indian fighter reached his new post. The frontier was now under the command of a man who knew it.

By the time Pulaski got back to civilization, the mood of depression had again passed. Perhaps it was the incorrigible optimism of the soldier, perhaps it was the receipt of more news from Europe or from Poland, but Pulaski again changed his mind. He realized that he would be held for some time in Philadelphia but he could not bear to leave America with the war still unfinished and so he decided to make one more campaign, to go through the season of 1779 and to try once more to vindicate his theories of military training.

All during the winter Pulaski remained in the capital with many trips to see his troops but always coming back to the eternal and seemingly endless problem of those debts. The sums were small but the auditors were going to have them in the form which they desired, and the longer they insisted, the more stubborn Pulaski became and the more determined to make his returns exactly as he wished. Poor Captain Baldeski was in despair. Neither he nor any one had any real doubts of the financial integrity of Pulaski. It was easy to find the equipment that had been bought. It was impossible to find the bills and receipts. Pulaski's moods changed continuously from the highest optimism to the deepest pessimism as he thought of his lost opportunities to help America and the shame that envious bureaucrats were trying to bring upon his beloved Legion.

More and more of his friends reached him from Europe. Among them was Alexander O'Neill, a captain in the Irish Regiment in the French army. He had been a major under Pulaski in the Confederation of Bar and later he had accompanied him as a Lieutenant Colonel in the ill-fated Turkish expedition. Now he had landed in North Carolina and like all the others had hunted up his old commander and sought a commission with him. He finally succeeded by March 1, 1779. His arrival and that of other friends made the atmosphere of the camp more and more European. The officers could talk over old times, they could joke over their difficulties and their adventures in Poland and the officers' mess

became a replica of all that was best and most individual in a European army.

Meanwhile there was still the problem of forage. It was not long before the supplies at Easton began to fail. The horses in the cavalry and indeed in the whole army were few but even these few and the teams for the hauling of supplies were too many for what small quantities of fodder had been gathered. It was very different from Poland where there were always enormous depots of fodder, where the fertile plains offered an abundance of everything that was needed for the animals. In addition to that, Congress was very slow in making appropriations. The States were slower in honoring the requisitions, the Continental currency was dropping, and the condition of the horses became as bad as it had been the winter before.

Finally on January 19, Washington ordered him to take his horses to Kent and Sussex Counties in Delaware in the hope that they might there be able to secure supplies. Pulaski did not like it. He would have preferred to have kept them near Lancaster where they would be nearer to his infantry still in the Minisink, but his old enemy Colonel Moylan with his regiment was there and Washington did not want to risk a reopening of the old feud by bringing the two forces into one community.

Pulaski took his time about the movement for as late as January 27, Frank Wade, the Deputy Quartermaster at Wilmington, reported that he had not yet heard from the Legion. Apparently as Casimir moved south, he endeavored to get supplies from the neighborhood and there came another outburst of indignation from the Pennsylvania authorities over the methods of feeding the hungry men at the expense of the disaffected citizens of Pennsylvania. Governor Reed protested to Washington, that the men "forage indiscriminately and take whatever they want from the poor terrified inhabitants, many of whom impressed by the terrors of military violence in Europe submit to the spoiling of their goods and insult to their person without complaining, while

others resent it in open clamour and complaint and will soon probably redress themselves."

So passed the month of January with Pulaski dashing from his troops to the capital, arguing with Congress, trying to help Baldeski straighten out affairs and obstinately refusing to change his policy even in the slightest detail. With unfailing regularity, Congress rejected every report of Baldeski and with every failure to gain his way, Pulaski's temper rose and his mood changed with the apparent progress or delay in the business.

Suddenly the situation changed over night with the development of a new menace to the cause of the United States — the British invasion of Georgia. While the main British force remained quietly in New York, Sir Henry Clinton had sent General Augustine Prevost and Lieutenant Colonel Campbell with a considerable army to the south and at the end of 1778 they had succeeded in seizing Savannah and making it a base of operations for a projected campaign to recover the southern states. It was obvious that with the coming of spring they would pass to the offensive, enter South Carolina and threaten the city of Charleston. A large part of the southern troops were in the north and the militia could not hope to stop this movement.

There arose at once a demand for reinforcements but the troops were not to be had. Any serious weakening of Washington's main army would only tempt the British to sally forth from New York and yet something had to be done. A few southern regiments were detached under General Benjamin Lincoln and then when more troops were needed, Washington thought again of the Legion which was obviously out of its element on the frontier. On February 2, he ordered the Legion and the troops of Colonel Armand and Captain Schott to prepare to move southward.

The order to take part in a new campaign in a new theatre of war was a tonic for Pulaski. He was able to take his mind off of the interminable questions of debts and forage.

He had something to do and with his inexhaustible energy and his care for the most minute details, he plunged into the task of preparing his departure.

It took him only two days to make his plans but many more to carry them into execution. On February 4, he outlined to Washington his demands. First and foremost was his uncompromising insistence upon being independent and subordinate only to the Commander-in-Chief in the South. Then he wanted permission to secure horses along the route, in case some of them became exhausted or sick on the long march. He proposed the commissioning of new officers to fill gaps in the personnel and to increase the efficiency of the Legion and again he named chiefly Europeans, Major Vernier, Captain O'Neill, Captain Verdier, Lieutenant Beau-lieu, Lieutenant Kertevan and Lieutenant LaClose. He begged for more men to increase the power of the force. Above all he demanded that the question of the debts be settled before he left Philadelphia.

Congress hesitated. It gave him and Colonel Armand permission to raise their Corps to the full complement of infantry and to give the Continental bounty to the soldiers. Then it changed its mind and on February 12, it clarified the order by providing that the number could only be that originally specified. Pulaski stormed and protested and on February 15, the Board of War yielded and allowed him to recruit to the size of a regular regiment, for by now they realized that he had enough officers to staff it and that it would be relatively inexpensive to add more privates.

Yet it was one thing to pass a resolution and another to secure the men. The bulk of the soldiers had enlisted for only one year and that period was about up. There was no sense in starting south unless these men reenlisted or others were recruited. Congress appropriated \$50,000 for this purpose and for supplies. Then they delayed in making the money available. On the 18th the Board of War advanced to Captain Baldeski \$15,000. A little later they gave him

\$20,000 but as late as March 28 they had not paid the final instalment.

The sum was grossly insufficient. Each soldier was to receive \$200 on enlisting for the duration of the war. Each officer who secured a recruit was to get a bonus of \$20 and while he was on recruiting service, he was to have \$3 a day for expenses. Without any provision for supplies, the sum appropriated, even if paid, would not cover the amount due for the original 268 men, let alone make any provision for an increase in the force.

Meanwhile as soon as it had been decided to move the Legion south, Washington ordered the infantry to leave the Minisink and they started very soon after receiving the command which was dated February 8. With their departure, there came new protests from the people on the frontier and in Pennsylvania. Many of them had not taken kindly to the Legion but as soon as it was withdrawn, they again protested that they were left defenceless. They again demanded more troops and refused to listen to any explanation. So went on the controversy, until in the absence of adequate protection, Brandt and his Indians again during the summer invaded Orange County and administered a severe defeat to the American militia in the battle of the Minisink.

By the end of February, the Infantry and the Cavalry were brought to Lancaster and then moved southwest to York. Here General Charles Pettit, the Assistant Quarter Master, arranged the route of march, with the aid of John Penn, a member of Congress from North Carolina and a Mr. Avery, the Attorney General of the same state. The route selected went down from York through the valley of Virginia, Winchester and Staunton, then to Diggs Ferry on the Dan, to Guilford Court House, Salisbury, and Charlotte, North Carolina, Camden to Congaree and Parrisburg, South Carolina. Here the Legion would enter the actual field of operations and its movements would be dictated by military considerations. General Pettit sent a Mr. Faicet off with money and instructions to prepare the march about February 21.



All through the month Pulaski worked without rest, presenting to Congress the most detailed requests for supplies. He wanted twenty lances and ammunition wagons. He wanted a definite order to be allowed to draw on the military supplies at Charleston. Congress was aghast at the amount of material that he was constantly demanding. They were accustomed to receiving piece meal requests but Pulaski was not the man to do things by halves and he submitted demands for every possible article of equipment that might be of use to his men and he submitted them in long and itemized statements that only added to their impressiveness and magnitude.

At the same time he kept repeating his demands that the question of the debts be settled before he left. He made even less progress in this. Neither Congress nor the auditors were in a hurry and finally it was decided that Captain Baldeski should remain in Philadelphia. The Captain was disgusted but he had to stay and continue the heartbreaking and useless labor and it was not until December 28, 1779, after Pulaski's death, that the Board of Treasury accepted his reports and stated that he had performed his duty as Paymaster with strict integrity and honor. Baldeski at once asked to be retired and received the rank of Major by brevet.

So delay followed delay. Pulaski fumed and stormed, he raged around in futile exertions but item by item the supplies were gathered, the men were reenlisted or replaced, and finally on March 18, the infantry began its march. On March 28, Pulaski and the cavalry started but not until he had written one more blast to the vacillating Congress:

"York Town, March the 28th, 1779.

Gentlemen— My March has been stopt, at My arrival in this Town, by the absence of the Q.M. who was appointed by Colonel Petit, to provide, and pay the forrages for the Legion along the Road; However my infantry went away from here the 18th of this month, and I have sent to the board of

war, a Copy of the orders, and instructions I gave, to be Observed during their march.

I will set out this day with the Cavalry, which number is no more so Considerable as it was, having turned part of it to the infantry. 336 officers, non Commissioned ofrs. and Privates, are at present the full number of my Legion, I have sent three of my Cpts. to Recruit three Companys, and Completed the others, with the number above mentioned.

Instead of fifty thousand Dollars you had ordered to be Delivered to me, to Reinlist the men of my Corps, and Recruit Some others, when possible, I received but five and thirty. 168 of my men which was enlisted for one year only, are at present Reinlisted during the war, then you can See very Easily, the Thirty-five Thousand Dollars I Received, can't be sufficient, to supply me for the future, according to the Bounty Granted by the Last Resolved of the Hble Congress. I then beg of you, Gentlemen, to Order fifteen thousands Dollars more to be delivered to Capt. Baldesqui, Bearer of this, who has already advanced to me part of said monney.

Events are, Gentlemen, Most always uncertain, but should the fate of arms, answer to the Good Dispositions of all the military persons, which Composed my Corps, I ought to believe I will have the satisfaction, of announcing to you Some Good News from the field I am going to, and I hope also, time will show if I deserve the confidence you have honoured me with.

Nine Hundred Pounds of the money printed the 20th of March, and 21st of April, was amongst my officers, and Privates, as that monney Could not be of no Service to them, and that they will surely want it in the Long Journey, we are Going to, I Desired Capt. Baldesqui to Give them Some other instead of it, being most Persuaded, you will be Kind enough to order that monney to be charged back again to him by the Treasurer."

The world seemed bright and cheerful to Brigadier General Casimir Pulaski as he started from York with his little cavalry force. As at the beginnings of all his campaigns, both in Poland and America, the approach of action convinced him that this time he was going to succeed. He was sure that he would accomplish something and he looked forward eagerly to the moment when in the south he could again face the enemy and strike a resounding blow for the cause of American liberty.

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## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

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### CHARLESTON

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**D**AYS and weeks passed as the little force moved on its weary march of nearly 450 miles. The country was breaking into spring, the charm of the southern landscape was bursting into full bloom, and Casimir Pulaski could dream of springtime on his native estate of Winiary but he had no time to lose in revery or in remembering his happy childhood in his native land. With every day there came alarming reports of the British advance and the impatient leader could only urge his men to speed and still more speed and pray that he would arrive before any decisive battles were fought. The infantry took 54 days on the march. The cavalry took 41 and finally on May 8, the reunited columns were in sight of Charleston. They were in time but just in time.

It did not take Casimir long to size up the situation. His friend, Colonel John Laurens, son of the former President of the Continental Congress, a friend of Washington, was on the ground to acquaint him with the sad situation of the city. Laurens had known Pulaski since the battle of the Brandywine. He had been wounded there. He had served at Germantown and he had passed through the hard winter at Valley Forge. A young man of undaunted courage, he was only too ready to welcome the coming of the brave Pole, for he had been standing almost alone against plans to surrender the city to the approaching British army under General Prevost, and he was afraid that at the decisive moment he might be overruled.

In general, morale in the city was at a low ebb. John Rutledge, the Governor of the state, was more than half inclined to believe that Congress had definitely abandoned the southern states to their fate and that it was up to them to save themselves as best they could, even at the price of surrender. General William Moultrie, in charge of the troops, was well known as a staunch patriot but he was not very energetic and did not believe that the American troops could withstand the approaching assault from more than a thousand British regulars who had crossed the Ashley River and were advancing on the city. The influential Tories were daring to raise their heads and demand surrender to the king, while lukewarm patriots without definite leadership were seconding their efforts. Irresolution and timidity were weakening the patriots and public opinion ranged from a willingness to surrender the city to dreams of making the city neutral in all further fighting between the British and the Americans.

It was a sad situation, for Charleston was one of the largest cities in the southern states and its loss or defection could not fail to have an important effect upon the war. It was just at this moment that Pulaski and his little band entered the city. After the long march, there were barely 150 men ready for immediate action.

Yet Pulaski did not delay. Within three days, on May 11, Pulaski and Laurens forced their way into a meeting of the Governor and Council that was debating surrender. In his explosive mixture of languages, Casimir Pulaski boldly declared that as an officer of the Continental Army, he would forbid the surrender and would fight to defend the city, whatever the Governor and Council should decide. Such plain speaking was a novelty in those days of indecision. Laurens ably seconded his friend and then General Moultrie swung to their side and came out strongly against any disgraceful course of action. The Tories and the lukewarm patriots subsided and it was unanimously agreed that the city would resist.

The very next day, before the enthusiasm cooled, Pulaski

led his Legion out into the field. He planned to place the infantry in ambush, then to charge with the cavalry and after the initial surprise, to withdraw and lure the British forces under the rifles of his infantry. It was a daring scheme, in view of the British superiority in numbers and guns, but the danger only appealed the more to the courage of Pulaski. The scheme worked well at first. The cavalry, the best trained troops of its kind in the American army, as the British themselves admitted, swept back the enemy. Then unfortunately as it began to retreat, the infantry became impatient and left their positions to charge upon the fleeing British. It gave the enemy the chance which they were waiting. They overwhelmed the little force and literally, cut the infantry of the Legion to pieces. Colonel Kowacz, their commander, was killed, Captain Zielinski was mortally wounded and lay for two months in a Charleston hospital. About forty of the infantry were slain and it might well be said that the infantry of the Legion had ceased to exist.

Yet the battle was important. Its moral effect was tremendous, for it silenced the last doubters in the city and proved that the Americans could and would take the offensive even against superior forces. They had another course than staying in their positions and waiting until they were driven out of them. The news spread to the north and Pulaski was again the hero of the hour.

The southern military leaders and the civilian population vied with one another in singing his praises. They no longer considered him an independent commander in charge of a force of a couple of hundred men. He was admitted into the inner circles of the leaders and was looked upon as the practical military adviser of the entire forces of South Carolina. He had reached a position of real influence for the first time since he had come to the United States and his naturally optimistic nature became even more optimistic, as he realized that he had won the position which he had long been seeking.

The next day General Prevost intercepted a message from

General Lincoln, the American Commander-in-Chief in the South, that he was advancing with 4,000 men to the relief of the city. Prevost did not wait for his arrival. He gave up his plans for attacking the city and withdrew his forces across the Ashley River. Charleston was saved.

During the next days, before the British intentions were clear, the remains of the Legion served as a mobile reserve with which Pulaski made several sallies outside the walls of the city. He used the same tactics that he had employed at Berdyczow and Czestochowa. He was ably seconded by the other forces but his was the inspiration and the determination of the proper moments for action and he was in charge of the execution of his plans.

As Prevost withdrew from the neighborhood, Pulaski took the rest of his cavalry, barely forty in number, to the neighborhood of Dorchester Bridge. His force was too weak to allow him to do very much in the way of scouting and patrolling but he used them with all of his old time fire and skill and soon succeeded in establishing contact with the forces of General Lincoln. For several days the little band kept communications open and both Lincoln and Moultrie gave him high praise for the skilful way in which he conducted operations and the boldness with which he scoured the country with such trifling forces. Then with his own troops and with additional cavalry detachments, he followed the retreating British, enjoying to the full the opportunities that he had for independent command.

All this improved his feelings. He was proud of himself and of his men. He no longer had doubts as to his usefulness in the New World and his mood was reflected in a letter which he wrote Congress on June 4th.

"Jacksonborough Road, 6 miles from Stone,  
Friday, June 4th, 1779.

General Lincoln will inform you of the Detail concerning my Corps. For myself I am charged with being able to inform you in particular that the Conduct of my Corps in

Country is as useful as it was displeasing, in Pennsylvania. I am vexed at their cowardly proceeding, and scorn them enough not to be desired to be revenged. I will send, by order of the General, my Accounts to the Auditor of the Army. I have lost about 40 men on the Fields of Battle. I have as many deserters. I have yet 180 Men. There are but few who are not engaged for the War. The Money which I received for the enlistment of them is not sufficient. I have expended 12000 Pounds for the Detail. You will be pleased Gentlemen to make an advance to my Treasurer and he will send the sum hither."

Pulaski was more than pleased and satisfied with his service in the south. There was an air of refinement and of culture in Charleston and on the great plantations that reminded him of life on the estates of Poland. He found himself again among gentlemen of the world, men able to enjoy those sports and pastimes which were so dear to his heart. His visit to the city always left a good impression upon him but his heart was of course in the field. He had never been merely a society general. He loved hard fighting, hard riding, and he found it here in the south. His own troops were few in number but as his fame grew, he could always secure additional detachments for some special mission. He did not feel hampered as he had on so many occasions in the past and for the first time since he had stolen away from his forces in Poland, he was the gay and happy warrior, who lived for his duty and his country and who was not tortured by doubts and by fits of disappointment and depression. It seemed as if fate had once more turned a kindly eye upon him after so many years of suffering and hardship and contempt.

Only now and then did the old moods return as he received letters from Congress about the progress of the audit or when he heard from Baldeski about the renewed difficulties that he was having in fulfilling his duties. Finally on August 19 he sat down and wrote to Congress his own defence of his career in America. It was a long letter and sure



of himself and of his prestige, he did not mince words in what he wrote.

"Gentlemen — Every information from the Northward that has reached me Since my Departure from thence, Strengthens my opinion, indeed— Convinces me that there is some Malignant Spirit Constantly Casting Such an impenetrable might before your Eyes, as to render it impossible for you to See and judge of my Conduct with propriety, and as becomes the Character of Gentlemen in your Exalted Stations.

As an enthusiastic Zeal for the glorious cause which animated America, when I came over, and a contempt of death, first introduced me in your service, So I flattered myself I should have been happy Enough to acquire honour and to give Satisfaction; but Such has been my Lot, that nothing Less than my honour, wick I will never forfeit, retains me in a Service, wick ill treatment makes me begin to abhor. Every proceeding respecting myself has been so thoroughly mortifying, that nothing but the integrity of my heart, and the fervency of my Zeal Supports me under it. I am accustomed to Explain myself very freely, and I must do it now.

Is there any one act of mine, Ever Since the battle of Brandywine down to the present period, the campaign of Charlestown, that has not demonstrated the most disinterested zeal for the public cause? I believe the most profligate of my Enemies Cannot presume to deny it. Whence comes it then, that I have so Little Credit among you Gentlemen, that no one thing wherein I am concerned is done to my Satisfaction? Since the fatal instant that I undertook to raise my Corps, which I Cloathed, Recruited and Exercised in the space of three mounths time, I have been, and still am persecuted! I cannot Express my indignation, when I recollect the infamous chicane by wick I was compelled to appear before a Court like a criminal.

The delay of Congress to send me against the Enemy was grounded upon a pretence of misbehaviour of My Corps to several of the inhabitants, even while certificates from the

magistrates wherever my troops were quartered evidenced the contrary. Altho my Corps behaved with firmness at Little Egg Harbour, and Several officers and soldiers fell or were wounded, their only reward was slander. My often repeated request to have the accounts of the Corps settled while I was present has been rejected; and, after a whole years delay, when Several officers whose presence was necessary to prove those accounts, were either killed or gone out of the Service it is pretended that they Shall be Settled with the Greatest Exactness; Lieut. Col. Bose is killed, Major Monfort, and Capt. Caillivy have quited the Service and gone to Europe: Col. Kowaths is killed and Lieut. Seydling prisoner with the Ennemy, each of those Gentlemen were entrusted with some department. You must remember that my request to settle those accounts while it Could be done with ease and while those Gentlemen were present, was repeated a thousand times; therefore if there is any irregularity in the vouchers, it cannot be imputed to me or to Capt. Baldeski; and those who occasioned the Delay ought to be answerable for the whole. Besides the sum, wich Seems so extravagant to you, is but a mere trifle to the States; indeed to me for tho I do not abound in Riches yet it is not impossible for myself to repay the whole expenses of my Legion— the Value of paper money at present is 20. for 1 in coin, so that if I apply 30,000 Livres towards it, that will produce a sum of 600,000 in paper money at Least four times the amount of the Expence that are disputed and with wich I am upbraided. Give me Leave Gentlemen to be plain with you. You are, in this case, Rather ungenerous; and here are foreigners to whom that attention has not been pay'd wich they had just Grounds to Expect from you. You cannot be ignorant, that I have spent Considerably more than the Sum in question, of my own, for the pleasure of advancing your cause, you must be sensible also that I (did not) Come to America destitute of Resources, to be a burthen on you. That I have a Letter of Credit on Mr. Moris; and that I was known by almost Every foreigner of Character.

I have lately Received Letter from my Family advising, that they dispatched 100,000 Livres in hard money to me, Should it fortunately come Safe, the pleasure to me will be truly great to repay you to the utmost farthing, the whole charge of my Legion. Change then your opinion of one foreigner, who from his intrance into your Service, has never the cause to be pleased; who, in Europe, is by Rank superior to all that are in your Service; who certainly is not inferior in Zeal and Capacity and who perhaps, may have been considered as one who came to beg your favour. Be more just, Gentlemen, and Know that as I could not Submit to Stoop before the Sovereigns of Europe, So I came to hazard all the freedom of America, and desirous of passing the rest of my life in a Country truly free and before settling as a Citizen, to fight for Liberty; but perceiving that endeavors are used to disgart me against Such a motive, and to regard it as phantom, I am inclined to believe that enthusiasm for Liberty is not the predominant Virtue in America at this time. I have been informed, that the board of war instead of detaining or punishing deserters from my Legion, have discharged them from the Service; can this be called a proper Conduct towards men who rob the State of the bounty and other wise? I have also been informed that one man hearing of this Generosity and who had Stolen a horse to desert with, apply to them, was not only favoured in Like manner: but Even presented with the Horse. The officers who would have done their duty in maryland imposed a penalty of £100 upon any man who should inlisted in my Corps. Capt. bedkin who was Left, with a detachment of Light horse, to colect men remaining behind sick or on furlough with horses belonging to the Legion, and entrusted with the sum of 5000 dollars for the recruiting Service has found protection with the Same board, who have rendered him independend altho he has failed in the Duty of an honest man. What does all this indicate? Has it not the appearance of an insidious design of disaffected persons to urge me to quit the Service in disgust, without minding the justice of their

proceedings. Such a persons I denounce to your tribunal as perturbators of the pables welfare in the military Line.

It is my disposition to Speak so as to be perfectly understood. I honour you without baseness, flattery is noxious in private as well as public bodies; it is the vice of those base animals who endeavour to persecute and injure me.

I was present when General Lincoln received an Express with a Letter mentioning Capt. Baldeski's detention and the order for appointing another paymaster wich office I believe is not very necessary, the few men we have left might be pay'd by the General paymaster of the Army, and there will be no further confusion in the Details. Moreover it seems that the destruction of the Corps is intended wich will be eased performed.

The Campaign is at hand, perhaps I may still (have) an occasion of showing that I am a friend to the cause without being happy enough to please some ind (. . .)

I have the honour to be Gentlemen with Respect your most humble and obedient Servant. C. Pulaski. Charlestown August the 19th, 1779."

The letter was destined to be Pulaski's last to Congress and it sums up his character and his aspirations. Slowly but surely the Knight of the Holy Cross, thinking only of a return to the old freedoms of Poland had turned into a proud and independent American. He had grasped the spirit that animated Washington and the other leaders of the Continental Army. He had fought and suffered with them and without dabbling in the political intrigues of the day, he was really speaking for all those who despite indifference and neglect were carrying on the battle for liberty.

His offer to pay for the entire cost of the Legion in the Continental depreciated currency hit Congress and the Treasury in a sore spot and yet they could not strike back without revealing their own pettiness and weakness. He had never asked for money for himself. All he had sought was the opportunity to fight and die for America and they had bothered him with details. His enemies did not care

whether his men were armed, equipped, and fed, even if he had to pay for them himself. They did not care that the horses and the weapons were present and in good order. They did not stop to think that he would not allow his soldiers to go hungry, in order that some Tory or indifferent patriot could make a profit. All they could see was the absence of some scraps of paper and with his habitual carelessness to financial details, they sought to make trouble for him.

Perhaps only Washington himself could have penned a more bitterly sarcastic letter, a more noble plea for putting first things first. Yet that letter shows the character of the man with his fierce confidence in his own honour and integrity, his scornful defiance of the men in Europe who had called him a regicide to flatter a puppet King, of the men in America who ignored and belittled his efforts.

Now he had spoken his last word. The letter made its way slowly north and finally it reached its goal. Yet it was already too late for, long before it was read in Congress, Casimir Pulaski had sealed his devotion to America with his life.

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## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

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### SAVANNAH

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**I**T WAS a happy summer for Casimir Pulaski, perhaps the happiest since he had left his childhood home to fight for his ideals. There were few moments of vexation, few of those periods of despair and of depression that had come over him ever since he had seen his high hopes for his native land irretrievably shattered. He had congenial friends around him. He had loyal and devoted soldiers. He had an abundance of work. He could feel that at last he was able to do for America what he had long sought. There were even signs in the scanty reports that reached him from Philadelphia that his troubles with Congress might be nearing a peaceful and satisfactory settlement.

Gone were his dreams of leaving the American service and of returning to Europe. He had found his new home in the south. He had been friendly to such men as Colonel Bland and the other gentlemen of that character. They reminded him of the best that Poland had to offer. Whether he was in Charleston or in the field, he was in an environment that suited him and that brought out his finest qualities.

The British were steadily retreating. After their failure to take Charleston in May, General Prevost slowly withdrew. He abandoned South Carolina. He retired into Georgia. Then he lost the city of Augusta and by September, he retained only the one base of Savannah where he had landed nearly a year before. The Americans could look forward with confidence to taking that port before winter and of freeing the South from hostile occupation.

Pulaski led the American advance. Now with the forces of his Legion, now with detachments of mounted militia, he pushed ahead of the main bodies of the American army. There was little spectacular work, there were few striking incidents. There was only the satisfying consciousness of an important job well done, and it brought peace of mind and popular recognition.

There came another echo from the past. Baron de Beniowski appeared before Congress and sought a commission in the American Army. He had brought no letters of recommendation and no one knew anything about him but he explained that he was the half brother of Pulaski. As a result Congress gave him a horse and one thousand dollars and he started on September 4 for the south. It was that same adventurer who had appeared several times before in Pulaski's life and who perhaps had first turned his attention seriously to the idea of crossing the ocean. There are indications that he arrived near Savannah before the attack because there are vague references to the coming of some kinsman of the General in the last days of his life. Yet Beniowski never exploited in later days this final meeting with his friend and assumed kinsman.

At about the same time, while Pulaski was on patrol in Georgia, he suddenly found a French soldier who was looking for him. The man was a messenger from Count Charles Hector d'Estaing, who was off the Georgia coast with a French squadron of twenty-two ships of the line. He had been sent the year before to cooperate with the American troops after the signing of the formal treaty of alliance between the United States and France. He had made plans with Washington for an attack on Newport, Rhode Island, but it had come to nothing and d'Estaing had sailed south to the West Indies and had won considerable success. Now on his way back to Europe, he had decided to take Savannah and help the Americans to clear up the whole situation in the south.

It was a very sound plan but d'Estaing was in a hurry. There was no harbor near Savannah, while the port was in British hands, and he was afraid of the coming winter storms. His ships were short of supplies and d'Estaing felt that he had to act quickly or not act at all.

Pulaski and he met. It was a joyful occasion for the French officer had known Pulaski's European reputation and also his position in the American army. The meeting seemed a good omen, for in the person of Pulaski he had a friend who could be expected to facilitate in every way proper liaison with the Americans.

To Pulaski the meeting seemed a godsend. He had the opportunity of renewing his contacts with Europe. He could talk with the officers about his friends in Paris. He could hear gossip of the present condition of Europe and perhaps could talk with them about the possibilities of a revival of Poland.

On September 6, about the time when he established contact with Pulaski, d'Estaing began to disembark his troops near Cockspur Bluffs and to invest more or less closely the city of Savannah. It seemed a simple task and there was apparently nothing to interfere with the speedy success. With his guns in place, he began to shell the city and then after an effective bombardment, on September 9, he summoned the town to surrender. General Prevost was inclined to yield but he asked for a few hours of deliberation and d'Estaing unfortunately gave it. Yet those few hours served the British well for while Prevost was hesitating, Lieutenant Colonel Maitland with 800 men succeeded in entering the city and reinforcing the little garrison. Prevost decided to resist.

With great energy, he and Maitland undertook the task of putting the city into condition. They built new fortifications. They impressed the Negro slaves into service and despite the continuous bombardment, the city of Savannah seemed to grow stronger by the hour. With each succeeding day d'Estaing saw that he had a more difficult task than he



had imagined, and that his own forces needed more help from the Americans than he had at first believed.

As soon as he had established contact with d'Estaing, Pulaski sent back word to General Lincoln and he began to prepare his troops for the cooperation with the French. Arrangements went slowly, too slowly for both d'Estaing and Pulaski but finally on September 16, General Lincoln was ready to start his march to Savannah and at the end of the month the two forces met outside the besieged town.

Odds were on the side of the French and Americans. They had 3000 French troops and 4000 Americans together with 53 guns and 14 mortars and they had the support of the French fleet. Prevost had only 2500 men, mostly American loyalists, but he had 76 guns of various calibres. Without any possibility of reinforcement, his chances for a successful resistance seemed slight, yet his engineers had worked hard and his redoubts covered most of the available approaches among the swamps that surrounded the city.

The allied lines grew tighter but d'Estaing became more impatient and when a three-day bombardment beginning on October 5, brought no appreciable results, he decided to give up his plans of a siege and take the city by storm. His alternative was a withdrawal for he refused to keep his fleet any longer off the coast. The Americans reluctantly consented to the plan and the date of the assault was set for the dawn of October 9.

There was a rather complicated plan of attack. The Springhill redoubt at the southwestern side of the city seemed to offer the most satisfactory approach. It was the strongest of the fortifications but once it was taken the entire position of the British would be untenable. D'Estaing planned to lead the attack with 2200 men. The cavalry under General Pulaski was to follow the left column of the French troops and to precede the American light infantry. Lincoln's orders added, that "they will endeavor to penetrate the enemy's lines, between the battery, on the left of the Spring Hill Redoubt, and the next towards the river;

having effected this, they will pass to the left, towards Yamacraw, and secure such parties of the enemy as may be lodged in that quarter." At the same plan it was planned that shortly before the main attack General Hugger with a detachment of 500 French soldiers would make a demonstration on the opposite flank to confuse the enemy and that the French fleet would bombard the British works.

It was a sound plan but unfortunately, unknown to the Americans and French, a deserter by the name of James Currie secured the detailed plans of the undertaking and took them to General Prevost. Thus equipped and forewarned, the British commander was able to take counter-measures to forestall the attack. He put his men in exactly the right positions and ordered them to hold their fire, until the last moment, so as to give the impression that the American assault was unexpected.

The decisive day came and at once everything began to go wrong. General Hugger lost his way in the dark and by the time that he had reached his position, the main attack had already started and his attempt was revealed as only a feint, even if Prevost had not already known it. The leading units in the main attack also became confused. Then when they were finally straightened out and the assault could begin, the attacking troops ran into a deadly fire from the British who were awaiting them.

Chaos broke out and very soon d'Estaing fell slightly wounded. His troops started to break with the loss of their commander, while the French officers tried unsuccessfully to rally them. The American infantry failed in their assault on the redoubt. At one moment Sergeant Jasper planted the American flag on the summit but the troops were unable to hold their advantage and they were slowly pushed back.

Pulaski saw all this. The cavalry was relatively idle, for the thick of the battle was in the other sectors. He could not stay away from danger and content himself with a minor role, even if it was in accordance with the plans. During the whole campaign he had been the chief liaison officer be-

tween the French and the Americans and now with d'Estaing out of action, he felt that he was the one person who might bring order out of chaos and prevent defeat.

He hurriedly turned the command of the cavalry over to Colonel Horry and attended only by his inseparable aide, Captain Bentalou, he galloped off for the French lines across the British line of fire. He was never to reach them. He had barely started when a swivel shot struck him in the groin and he fell from his horse. Bentalou was slightly wounded by a rifle bullet. It was the end of the battle: d'Estaing wounded, Pulaski mortally hurt, the Americans repulsed at the redoubt. There was nothing to do but to call off the assault and for the Americans and French to return to their original positions.

The young son of a Charleston physician, Dr. Joseph Lynah, and a Negro boy named Guy carried the wounded Pulaski off the field. The British withheld their fire so that the rescuers could carry away the dying general.

Dr. Lynah tried to care for the suffering Pole but he could do little. Then the finest medical officers on the French fleet were called in but they could do little more under the field conditions and they could not extract the bullet. It was accordingly decided to place him upon the American ship, the *Wasp*, and carry him to Charleston in the hope that there some relief might be found. The next day the *Wasp* put to sea but just as she cleared the river and entered the ocean, Pulaski breathed his last, early on October 11. The corpse putrified so rapidly that it became obnoxious and the dead general was buried at sea somewhere off the Georgia coast. The *Wasp* came into Charleston harbor with her flag at half mast and reported the sad news.

The city was plunged in mourning and the news of the death of the beloved general added still more gloom to the sad tidings of the defeat at Savannah. The authorities of the city and state vied with one another in expressions of sorrow. On October 22, there was held a public funeral and

the Deputy Quartermaster General of the Army was instructed to make the necessary arrangements. The pall was carried by three American and three French officers of high rank. Pulaski's magnificent horse with the arms and equipment of the dead owner followed in the procession which was so long that it was necessary to make the complete circuit of the city.

General Lincoln reported the sad news to Congress and Washington published it to the Army. Forgotten were the interminable debates over Pulaski's accounts, the charges and countercharges over the Legion that had been going on for over a year and a half. Everyone recognized that a great soldier, a man of honor and of integrity, had laid down his life for the country which he had come to serve and all felt the loss to the American arms. On November 29, Congress even appointed a committee of Elbridge Gerry, Livingston, and Barnett to make plans for the erection of a monument to the gallant Pole. Yet after passing the resolution, it relapsed into inaction and the monument was not erected until 1910.

The news was carried to Europe. Casimir Pulaski was dead at the age of thirty-two and he died as he would have wished — in the thick of a battle for liberty, for those ideals that had doomed his father, his brother, and most of his immediate relatives. He had finished his course and he left behind him a noble memory. Forgotten were the storms of his life, his tumultuous outbursts of pride and of zeal. His friends mourned him. His enemies and the enemies of Poland breathed more easily. They now could acknowledge his merits without hesitation and perhaps no tribute was better than that of King Stanislas August Poniatowski — "Pulaski has died as he lived — a hero — but an enemy of kings."